GOETHE'S FAUST

THE FIRST PART
WITH A LITERAL TRANSLATION
AND NOTES FOR STUDENTS
BY BETA



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PREFACE

WIIV, it may be asked, should there be another literal translation of Fanst? Certainly not because Hayward's book fails to meet the wants of persons who, unable to read the original, are content with such inadequate notions of it as can be got from a literal version. By common consent, he has rendered many passages so faithfully and well that, in dealing with them, other literal translators must follow his lead or do worse; and even where his interpretations have been arraigned by modern criticism, it has mostly been in matters of minor moment to the general reader. But to the student, using a translation to aid him in grappling with Goethe's masterpiece for the first time, the light thrown on numerous passages by the advance of Faust-exegesis since Hayward wrote is clearly indispensable. Without reckoning the works of Pradez and Sabatier lately given to the world, a host of annotators and metrical translators have brought to bear on the text new and

important interpretations in nearly every scene of the drama. Many of them, indeed, have been adopted by Dr. Buchheim in his much-improved edition of Hayward. Others, however, are omitted which cannot properly be ignored in any version specially designed for the student; and though a few of these may still be debatable, there can hardly fail to remain some scores of such reasons for a fresh translation in usum tironum.

Nothing more ambitious than literal fidelity has been aimed at here. Whether it be possible to present in English prose anything approaching the life and lustre of the original, is an open question. But so widely does the genius of the German language differ from that of our own that, if ever such a version appears, thus much may be safely predicted: it will abound in paraphrase, the grammatical framework of sentences will be recast in every page; to the despair of the tyro whose first object is to construe the text and find out the beauties for himself.

It was not thought necessary to swell the work with the customary essay on the Faust-legend; partly because this can be found in any good encyclopedia; partly because, in addition to what may be called the stock annotations on the drama, room had to be made for gleanings from Pradez and Sabatier. Most of the original notes are intended to help the novice over difficulties in construing. At the same time, in deciding how far such aid was needed, he has been credited with that degree of acquaintance with common idioms which may be derived from the study of any elementary German book.

The text selected by Sabatier has been followed, except as regards two disputed readings, and a few slight matters of form. For instance, in some places, the beginnings and endings of lines have been altered, to admit of their being numbered like those of the Weimar edition. This system of numeration has the merit of being broken at one point only (the Trüber Tag scene); whereas Loeper's is interrupted no less than four times. But perhaps the greatest advantage thus seemred is that the student is enabled more easily to avail himself of Strehlke's Wörterbuch zu Gorthe's Faust, in which the citations are all numbered on the Weimar plan.

It only remains for the author to acknowledge the aid he has received from Düntzer's explanatory treatise; from the metrical translations of Anster, Birds, Pradez, Sabatier, Swanwick, and Bayard Taylor; as well as from the annotated editions by Lebahn, Loeper, Selss, and by Turner and Morshead. His many obligations to these works are, to some extent, indicated in the notes, where Hayward himself is referred to under the initial H. whenever his version, as amended by Dr. Buchheim, is materially departed from. But after all, the author's warmest thanks are due to the accomplished editor of Heine's Harzreies, Mr. Moritz Lippner, without whose help in every difficulty the present volume would probably not have seen the light.

March 1895.

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ERRATA.

- 12, line 140, for bringt read bringt. Page
- 61, ,, 9, delete already.

,,

- 69, ,, 1, delete (sing). 70, ,, 913, for fich read fit.
- 100. .. 1369, for Menidenbru read Menidenbrut.
- 108, " 1473, for Stürz read Stürzt.
- 137, .. 23, after and insert should like to
- 159, ,, 3, for worm read draw.
- 169, ,, 8, for flames read flame.
- 183, ,, 3, after Mophistopheles insert (in the same position).
- 186 (Stago direction), for Sadeln read Radel. 199, after lines 15 and 20 insert exit.
- 214, line 2895, delete Maragrete.
- 245, ,, 18, for You want read He wants, and delete note. 291, ,, 10, for flame read life.
- 297. .. 12, for stem read steme: and add as note:
- equivalent to 'through thick and thin'. 299, ,, 17, for sparkles read sprinkles.
 - 309, ,, 20, insert before as.
- 343, ., 16, delete off,
- 355, note to line 555, for ben Menichen read ber Menicheit.

FAUST A TRAGEDY

Zueignung

Sie nast aus wieber, ssimountende Gestalten!
Die früß sied einst bem trüßen Wild gezight.
Versing ist wohl eund die dem Mild gezight.
Versing ist wohl eund die dem Alle sie gestalt gezight.
Versing ist dem die Bern noch zie men Wedig sie wohlten,
Wei sie nose Durth und Webel um mich sliegt wie
Wein Wellen slicht sied jogendelig erischiteret
Versing Gewertspaass, der euren Zung unweiteret.

Jhr bringt mit euch die Bilber froher Tage, Und manche liebe Schatten freigen auf; Gleich einen alter, paltverfümpen Soge, Kommt erfte Lieb' und Kreundichft mit herauf; Dere Schmerz wird nen, es wiederschof die Klage Des Ledens fladprinklich ierne Lanf, Und neunt die Guten, die, um schwenden under Dom Glide ackläche, von mit filmesenschimmben

Sie hören nicht ble folgenben Gefänge, Die Seelen, benen ich bie ersten song; Jersboben ist das freundliche Gedränge, Berstungen, acht ber erste Wieberstang, Rein Lieberstat der unbefannten Wenge, Ihr Beisalf selbst macht meinem Herzen bang; Und was sich songt an meinem Web erzenet, Bewne de noch betei, wert ihre Seelt gertreuet,

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DEDICATION

Ya approach again, wavring shapes, that, early, once presented younselves to my troubled view! May I try, this time, to hold you fast! Do I feel my heart still fain to that illusion! Ye crowd upon me! Welthen, ye may rule, as ye rise around me from vapour and mist: my bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath that floats around your train.

Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise: like an old half-forgotten legend, comes up first-love, with friendship, in their company. The pain is renewed; the plaint recalls the mazily devious course of life, and names the good who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished wave before me.

They hear not the following lays,—the souls to whom I sang the first. Dispersed is the friendly throng; the first echo, alas, has died away! My song sounds forth to the unknown multitude: their very applause makes my heart timid; and those who in other days rejoiced at my song, if yet they live, stray scattered in the world. Lud mig ergreift ein längit entwöjntels Sehnen 25 Nach jenem hillen, ernhen Geiferreich; Es schwebet um in unbestimment Zbuen Wein lishechn Lieb, her Keofsbarfe gleich; Ein Schwer leht mid, Tyrime fogt den Thrönen, Das jtrenge Herz, es sicht ich mild und vied); 30 Nas ich bestige, sei just im Verleich und Nied; 30 Nas ich bestige, sei just im Verleich und Nied; 30 Nas ich bestige, sei just im Verleich und Nied; 30 And a long-unwonted yearning for that still, solemn spirit-realm takes hold upon me. Tis floating now in undefined tones, my nurmuring lay, like the Æolian harp. A twmor seizes me; tear follows tear; the storm heart feels mild and soft; what I possess I see as if afar, and that which vanished turns to realities for me.

Borfviel auf bem Theater

Direttor. Theaterbichter. Luftige Perfon.

Direttor. Ihr beiben, bie ihr mir fo oft In Roth und Trübial beigeftanben. Sagt, was ihr wohl in bentichen Lanben 35 Ron unfrer Unternehmma hofft ? Ich wünichte fehr ber Menge an behagen. Befonders weil fie lebt und leben lagt. Die Bfoften find, bie Bretter aufgeschlagen, Und jebermann erwartet fich ein Fest. 40 Sie fiben ichon, mit hoben Angenbraunen. Belaffen ba und möchten gern erstannen. Ich weiß, wie man ben Beift bes Bolfs verfohnt. Doch fo verlegen bin ich nie gewesen; Rwar find fie an bas Beite nicht gewöhnt. 45 Milein fie haben ichredlich viel gelefen. Wie machen wir's, daß alles frifch und neu Und mit Bebeutung auch gefällig fen ? Denn freilich mag ich gern bie Menge feben, Wenn fich ber Strom nach unfrer Bube branat. 50 Und mit gewaltig wiederholten Weben Sich burch bie enge Gnabenpforte apanat. Bei hellem Tage, icon bor Bieren, Mit Stoken fich bis an bie Raffe ficht. Und wie in Sungerenoth um Brot an Baderthuren, 55 Um ein Billet fich fast bie Salfe bricht.

PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE

Manager. Dramatic Poet. Merry-Andrew.

Manager. You two, who have so often stood by me in need and tribulation, pray tell me what hopes you have of our undertaking in German lands † I should like much to please the multitude, particularly because it lives and lets live. The posts, the boards, are put up, and every one looks forward to a feast. There they sit already, calm, with raised eyebrows, and would fain be astonished. I know how the spirit of the people is propitiated; yet I have never been so embarrassed. True, they are not accustomed to the best, but they have read a terrible deal. How shall we manage it that all be fresh and new, and, while significant, be pleasing also ? For certainly I like to see the multitude when the stream presses towards our booth, and, with powerfully repeated throes, forces itself through the narrow gate of grace, -in broad daylight, ere yet it is four o'clock,-fights, with pushes, up to the pay-box; and, as in a famine at bakers' doors for bread, almost

8	Borfpiel auf bem Theater	6-85
	Dies Wunder wirft auf fo verschiedne Leute	
	Der Dichter nur ; mein Freund, o thu' es heute!	
3	digter. D fprich mir nicht von jener bunten Menge,	
	Bei beren Anblid uns ber Beift entflieht!	60
	Berhülle mir bas wogenbe Gebrange,	
	Das wiber Willen uns zum Strubel zieht.	
	Rein, führe mich gur ftillen himmelsenge,	
	Wo nur bem Dichter reine Freude blubt;	
	Wo Lieb' und Freundichaft unfres Bergens Segen	65
	Mit Götterhand erschaffen und erpflegen.	
	Ach! was in tiefer Bruft uns da entsprungen,	
	Bas sich die Lippe schüchtern vorgelallt,	
	Migrathen jest und jest vielleicht gelungen,	
	Berichlingt bes wilben Augenblick Gewalt.	70
	Dit, wenn es erft durch Jahre durchgebrungen,	
	Ericheint es in vollenbeter Geftallt.	
	Bas glänzt, ift für den Augenblid geboren;	
	Das Aechte bleibt der Nachtvelt unverloren.	
2	uftige Perfon. Wenn ich nur nichts von Nachwelt hören	
	follte!	75
	Gefett, daß ich von Nachwelt reben wollte,	
	Wer machte benn ber Mittvelt Spaß?	
	Den will fie boch und foll ihn haben.	
	Die Gegenwart von einem braben Knaben	
	Ift, bacht' ich, immer auch icon was.	80
	Wer fich behaglich mitzutheilen weiß,	
	Den wird bes Bolfes Lanne nicht erbittern ;	
	Er wünscht sich einen großen Kreis,	
	Um ihn gewiffer zu erschüttern.	
	Drum feib nur brav und zeigt euch mufterhaft;	85

breaks its neck for a ticket. This miracle, on people so various, the poet alone works: my friend, oh do it to-day!

POST. Oh speak not to mo of that motley multitude at whose aspect our spirit takes flight! Yeal from me the surging throng that draws us, against our will, to the vortex. No l lead me to the quide, heavenly nook, where alone pure joy blooms for the poet; where love and friendship, with godlile hand, create and foster the blessings of our heart.

Ah, what has there sprung forth in our deep breast, what the lip has abyly faltered out to itself—now having failed, and now perchance succeeded—the force of the wild moment swallows up! Often not till it has mado its way through years, does it appear in perfected form. What glitters is born for the moment; the genuine remains, unlost, to posterity.

Merity-Andrew. If I could but hear nothing about poterity! Suppose that I chose to talk about posterity, who would then make fun for contemporaries ? Yet this they want, and ought to have it. The presence too of a clever fellow is always, I should think, surely something. He who knows how to impart himself agreeably, him the people's exprice will not embitter; he desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Then do but try your best, and show yourself worthy

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TOO

TTO

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Laßt Phantasse, mit allen ihren Chören, Bernunst, Berstand, Empfindung, Leibenschaft, Doch, merkt euch wohl! nicht ohne Narrheit hören!

Direttor. Besonders aber laßt genug geschehn!

Man tommt zu ichau'n, man will am Liebsten sehn. Wird vieles por den Angen abgesvonnen.

So daß die Menge ftannend gaffen tann,

Da habt ihr in ber Breite gleich gewonnen,

Da habt ihr in der Breite gleich gewonn

Ihr fend ein vielgeliebter Mann.

Die Maffe tount ihr nur burch Maffe gwingen,

Ein jeber fucht fich endlich felbft was aus.

Wer Bieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen;

Und jeder geht zufrieden aus bem Haus.

Gebt ihr ein Stud, fo gebt es gleich in Studen ! Solch ein Ragout, es muß euch gluden ;

Leicht ift es vorgelegt, fo leicht als ausgebacht.

Was hilst's, wenn ihr ein Ganzes bargebracht! Das Bublicum wird es euch boch zervflücken.

Das Publicum wird es euch doch zerpflüden. Dichter. Ihr fühlet nicht, wie schlecht ein solches Handwerf seb!

Wie wenig das dem achten Künftler zieme! 205 Der saubern Herren Pfuscherei Sit. mert' ich. ichon bei euch Marime.

Direttor. Gin folder Borwurf lagt mich ungefrantt;

Ein Mann, ber recht zu wirfen bentt,

Muß auf das beste Wertzeug halten. Bedeukt, ihr habet weiches Sols zu svalten,

Und feht nur hin, fur wen ihr ichreibt!

Wenn diesen Langeweile treibt,

Kommt jener fatt vom übertijchten Mahle,

Und, was das Allerschlimmste bleibt, Gar mancher kommt vom Lesen der Rournale. of imitation. Let Fancy be heard with all her choruses,

—Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion, but—mark
me well!—not without Folly.

Maxager. But, in particular, let there be enough ineident. People come to look, people like best to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the multitude can gape astonished, then you have at one gained in breatht you are a very popular man. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventiaally picks out something for himself. He who brings much will bring something to many a one, and everybody leaves the house content. If you give a piece, give it at once in pieces! With such a ragoft, you must succeed; it is easily served up, as easily as invented. What boots it when you have presented a whole! The public will pick it to pieces for your pains.

POET. You feel not how base is such a trade; how little that becomes the true artist! The bungling of these nice gentlemen is, I observe, already a principle with you.

MANAGER. Such a reproach leaves me unmortified. A man who means to work properly must keep to the best tool. Consider, you have soft wood to split; and only look whom you are writing for! If emaid drives this one, that one comes sated from a meal of too many dishes; and, what remains the worst of all, full many a one comes from reading the journals. People hurry,

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Man eilt gerftreut zu uns, wie zu ben Mastenfeiten. Und Rengier nur beflügelt jeben Schritt; Die Damen geben fich und ihren But zum Beften. Und fvielen ohne Gage mit. 120 Bas tranmet ibr auf enrer Dichterhobe? Bas macht ein volles Saus ench froh? Refeht bie Gonner in ber Rabe ! Salb find fie falt, halb find fie rob. Der, nach bem Schauspiel, hofft ein Rartenfpiel, 125 Der eine wilbe Racht an einer Dirne Bnien ; Bas plaat ibr armen Thoren viel. Bu foldem Rwed, bie holben Mufen? 3ch fag' euch, gebt nur mehr und jumer, jumer mehr, So fonnt ihr euch vom Biele nie verirren. 130 Sucht nur bie Menichen an verwirren. Sie gu befriedigen ift fdmer --Bas fällt end an? Enisüding ober Schmerzen? Dinter. Geh' bin und fuch' bir einen andern Rnecht! Der Dichter follte wohl bas hochfte Recht, Das Menichenrecht, bas ihm Natur pergönnt, Um beinetwillen freventlich verscherzen! Woburch beweat er alle Herzen? Boburch befiegt er jebes Clement? Ift es ber Gintlang nicht, ber aus bem Bufen bringt, 140

Und in fein Berg bie Welt gurude ichlingt? Menn bie Ratur bes Sabens em'ae Lange. Gleichaultig brebend, auf bie Spinbel amingt, Wenn aller Wefen unharmon'iche Menge Berbrieflich burch einander ffinat.

Ber theilt bie fliegend immer gleiche Reihe Belebend ab. baß fie fich rhutbmifch reat?

dissipated, to us as to masquendes, and curriority alone wings every step. The ladies treat us to themselves and their finery, and play along with us, without pay. What are you dreaming about on your poetical height? What is it, pray, that makes a full house merry? Look at your patrons closely? Half are indifferent, half are coarse. One hopes for a game at cards after the play; another, for a wild night on the bosom of a wench. Why for such an end do you poor fools plague much the gracious Muses? I tell you, only give more, and ever, ever more; thus you can never be wide of your mark. Try only to mystify the people; to content them is hard—what is coming over you? Rapture, or pain?

PORT. Begone, and seek for thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to trifle away for thy sake the highest right which Nature bestows upon him—the right of Man! By what stirs he all heart's By what subduce he every element I is it not the harmony which bursts from out his bosom, and winds back the world into his heart 1 When Nature, spinning unconcernedly, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle,—when the discordant multitude of all beings sounds sullenly in confusion,—who, vivifying, so disposes the flowing, ever-level series that it moves rhythmically 1 Who calls the Individual to the

155 Des Menichen Kraft, im Dichter offenbart. Ruttige Bertan. Go braucht fie benn bie ichonen Rrofte Und treibt die dicht'rifchen Geichäfte. Wie man ein Liebesabentheuer treibt! Bufallig naht man fich, man fühlt, man bleibt. Und nach und nach wird man verflochten; Es wächft bas Glud, bann wird es angefociten:

160 Man ift entaudt, unn tommt ber Schmerg beran, Und eh man fich's verfieht, ift's eben ein Roman. 16¢ Laft uns auch fo ein Schaufviel geben! Greift nur hinein ins volle Menichenleben ! Ein jeber lebt's, nicht vielen ift's befaunt. Und wo ihr's padt, ba ift's intereffant. In bunten Bilbern wenig Marbeit. 170 Biel Arrthum und ein Füntchen Bahrbeit, So wird ber befte Trant gebraut. Der alle Belt erquidt und auferbaut.

Dann fammelt fich ber Jugend fconfte Bluthe Bor euerm Spiel und laufcht ber Offenbarung. Danu fanget jebes gartliche Gemuthe Mus enerm Wert fich melanchol'iche Nahrung, Dann wird balb bies, balb jeues aufgeregt,

Ein ieber fieht, was er im Herzen tragt.

general consecration, where it strikes in glorious acords? Who makes the storm to rage into passions, the evening-red to glow in solemn mood? Who sheds down all fair spring-blossoms on the path of the bcloved? Who wreaths the unmeaningly green leaves into a garland of honour for merits of every kind? Who ensures Olympus, brings gods together? The power of Man revealed in the Toet!

MERRY-ANDREW. Employ, then, these fine powers, and carry on your poetical affairs, as one carries on a loveadventure. Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and, little by little, one gets entangled. The happiness increases,-then it is disturbed; one is enraptured,-then comes on distress; and before one is aware of it, it is just a romance. Let us also so give a play. Do but grasp into the full life of man! Every one lives it; to not many is it known; and wherever you grapple it, there it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images, much error, and a sparklet of truth.thus is brewed the best beverage, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation: then every tender soul sucks for itself melancholy nourishment out of your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each sees what he carries in his heart. They are still equally ready to

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Noch find fie aleich bereit zu weinen und zu lachen. *8n Sie ehren noch ben Schwing, erfreuen fich am Schein : Wer fertig ift, bem ift nichts recht zu machen : Ein Werbenber wird immer baufbar fein.

Dinter. Go gieb mir auch bie Beiten wieber, Da ich noch felbft im Werben war. 185 Da fich ein Quell gebrängter Lieber

Ununterbrochen nen gebar. Da Nebel mir die Welt verhüllten, Die Knospe Bunber noch verfprach, Da ich bie taufend Blumen brach. IQC Die alle Thaler reichlich fallten ! Ich hatte nichts, und doch genug:

Den Drang nach Bahrheit und bie Luft am Trug. Gieb ungebandigt jene Triebe, Das tiefe, ichmerzenvolle Glud, Des Baffes Rraft, Die Madit ber Liebe, Gieb meine Augend mir gurud!

Buftige Berfon. Der Jugend, guter Freund, bedarfft bu allenfalls.

Wenn bich in Schlachten Zeinde brangen,

Wenn mit Gewalt an beinen Sals 200

Sich allerliebfte Madden hangen, Wenn fern bes ichnellen Laufes Krans Bom ichwer erreichten Riele winket, Wenn nach bent beft'gen Birbeltans

Die Rachte ichmaufend man vertrinket. Doch ins befannte Saitenfpiel

Mit Muth und Annuth einzugreifen. Rach einem felbftgeftedten Biel

Mit holbem Arren hinaufchweifen. Das, alte Berrn, ift eure Bflicht,

weep and to laugh; they still honour your flights, are pleased with the glitter. He who is formed—him there is no satisfying; one who is growing will always be grateful.

POST. Then give me also back the times when I mysself was still in growth; when a fountain of crowded songs sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled the world from me,—the bud still promised wonders; when I gathered the thousand flowers which filled profusely all the valleys! I had nothing, and yet enough—the ardour for truth, and the pleasure in delusion. Give me those impulses untamed, the deep, painfraught happiness, the energy of hate, the might of love—give me back my youth!

MERILY-ANDERW. Youth, my good friend, you need, at all events, when foes press you hard in fights; when the loveliest lasses hang by force upon your neck; when from afar the garland of the swift course beckons from the hard-won goal; when, caronaing after the impetuous, whirling dance, one drinks the nights away. But to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to aweep along, with sweet digression, towards a self-appointed aim,—that, old gentlemen, is your duty; and we honour Das Alter macht nicht findifch, wie man fpricht, Es findet uns uur noch als mabre Rinder.

Direttor. Der Borte find genng gewechselt; Laft mich auch endlich Thaten febn !

Indeß ihr Complimente brechfelt.

Naun etwas Nükliches geichehn. Bas bilft es, viel von Stimmung reben?

Dem Banberuben erfcheint fie nie.

Gebt ibr euch einmal für Boeten.

Co commanbirt bie Boefie.

Euch ift befannt, mas mir bebürfen.

Bir wollen ftart Getrante ichlurfen :

Run braut nir unverzüglich bran !

Bas beute nicht geschieht, ift morgen nicht gethan. Und feinen Tag foll man verpaffen :

Das Mögliche foll ber Gutichlufe Beherzt fogleich beim Schopfe faffen ;

Er will es bann nicht fahren laffen. Und wirfet weiter, weil er muß. Ihr wifit, auf unfern bentiden Bubnen

Brobirt ein jeber, was er mag :

Die Sterne burfet ihr verichwenben : Mu Baffer, Reuer, Relfenmanben.

Un Thier und Bogeln fehlt es nicht. So ichreitet in bem engen Bretterhaus Den gangen Rreis ber Schöpfung aus.

Und wandelt mit bedacht'ger Schnelle Bom Simmel burch bie Belt gur Solle !

Drum iconet mir an biefem Tag Brofveete nicht und nicht Dafdinen! Gebraucht bas groß' und fleine Simmelslicht,

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you not the less on that account. Old age does not make childish, as people say; it only finds us still as true children.

MANAGER. Enough of words have been interchanged; let me in fine see decds also! Whilst you are turning compliments, something useful may be done. What avails it to talk much of inspiration? It never comes to him who tarries. If you once give yourselves out for poets, then command poetry! It is known to you what we need-we want to sip strong drink : now brew away at it immediately! What is not doing to-day is not done to-morrow, and one should not let a day slip. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the forelock at once : she will then not let it go, and works on because she must. You know, on our German stages, every one trics what he likes: therefore on this day spare me neither scenes nor machinery. Use the great and the little light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no lack of water, fire, rock-walls, beasts, and birds. So pace out, in the narrow plank-house, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from heaven, through the world, to hell!

Prolog im Simmel

Der Berr. Die himmlifden Seerfchaaren. Racher Mephiftopheles.

Die brei Erzengel treten vor.

Raphael. Die Sonne tont nach alter Beife	
In Bruberfpharen Wettgefang,	
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise	24
Bollenbet fie mit Donnergang.	
Ihr Unblid giebt ben Engeln Starte,	
Wenn feiner fie ergrunben mag;	
Die unbegreiflich hoben Werte	
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.	250
Gabriel. Und ichnell und unbegreiflich ichnelle	
Dreht fich umber ber Erbe Pracht;	
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle	
Mit tiefer ichauervoller Racht;	
Es schäumt bas Meer in breiten Flüssen	25.
Um tiefen Grund ber Felfen auf,	
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgeriffen	
In ewig ichnellem Spharenlauf.	
migaet. Und Sturme braufen um die Bette,	
Man Maar outs gout now gout outs Maar	

Und bilben wüthend eine Rette Der tiefften Wirfung rings umber.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The Lord. The Heavenly Hosts. Afterwards Mephistopheles.

The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.

RAPIAR. The sun chimes in, after ancient fashion, with the rival song of his brother-spheres, and he accomplishes his preseribed journey with thunder-course. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him. The inconceivably high works are glorious as on the first day.

Garrier. And swift, and inconceivably swift, the splendour of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with deep, awful night. The sea foams up in broad streams against the deep base of the rocks; and rock and sea are swept on in the eternally swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL And storms roar in rivalry from sea to land, from land to sea, and, raging, form a chain of deepest

265

270

280

285

Da flammt ein bligendes Berheeren Dem Bfabe bor bes Donnerichlags:

Doch beine Boten, Berr, berehren Das fanfte Banbelu beines Taas.

3n Dret. Der Anblid giebt ben Engeln Starte. Da feiner bich ergrffuben mag,

Und alle deine hoben Werfe

Sind herrlich, wie am erften Tag. menntftonneles. Da bu, o Serr, dich einmal wieder nabft,

Und fragft, wie alles fich bei uns befinde

Und du mich fouit gewöhnlich gerne fabit.

So fiehft bu mich auch unter bem Gefinde. Bergeib, ich kann nicht hohe Worte machen,

Und wenn mich auch ber gange Kreis verhöhnt :

Mein Bathos brachte bich gewiß gum Lachen, Satt'ft bu bir nicht bas Lachen abgewöhnt.

Bon Sonn' und Welten weiß ich nichts gu fagen,

Ich febe unr, wie fich bie Menichen plagen.

Der ffeine Gott ber Belt bleibt ftets pon gleichem Schlag. Und ift fo wunderlich, als wie am erften Tag.

Ein wenig beffer würd' er leben.

Satt'ft bn ihm nicht ben Schein bes Simmelslichts gegeben;

Er nennt's Bernunft und braucht's allein. Mmr thierischer als jedes Thier gu fenn.

Er icheint mir, mit Berlanb von Ew. Gnaben, Wie eine ber fangbeinigen Cicaben.

Die immer fliegt und fliegend fpringt

Und aleich im Gras ibr altes Liedchen finat : Und faa' er nur noch immer in dem Grafe !

In jeben Quart begrabt er feine Rafe. Der Berr. Saft bu mir weiter nichts an fagen ? operation all around. There, a flashing desolation flames before the path of the thunder-clap; but thy messengers, Lord, revere the gentle wending of thy day.

THE THREE. The sight gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom thee; and all thy high works are glorious as on the first day.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Since thou, Oh Lord, drawest nigh once more, and askest how all is going on with us, and didst generally on other occasions see me with pleasure, therefore thou seest me also among the household. Excuse me, I cannot use lofty language even though the whole circle mocks me. My pathos would certainly bring thee to laughter, hadst thou not left off laughter. I have nothing to say about sun and worlds; I only sce how men are plaguing themselves. The little god of the world remains always of the same stamp, and is as strange as on the first day. He would live a little better hadst thou not given him the gleam of heaven's light; he calls it Reason, and uses it only to be more brutish than any brute. He seems to me, with your Grace's leave, like one of the long-legged grasshoppers, which ever flies, and flying springs, and presently sings in the grass its old ditty-and would he but lio always in the grass! He pokes his nose into overy mess.

THE LORD. Hast thou nothing else to say to me? Comest

305

310

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Kommst du nur immer anzuklagen?

Bit auf ber Erbe ewig bir nichts recht? 295 Dephistopheres. Rein, herr! ich finb' es bort, wie immer,

herzlich schlecht. Die Menschen dauern mich in ihren Jammertagen;

Ich mag fogar bie armen felbst nicht plagen.

Der Berr. Rennft bu ben Sauft?

Mephistopheles. Den Doltor? Der Berr.

Der Serr. Meinen Knecht! Mephikopheles. Fürwahr! er bient euch auf besondre Meise.

Nicht irbifch ist bes Thoren Trank noch Speise.

Ihn treibt die Gabrung in die Ferne;

Er ift fich feiner Tollheit halb bewußt :

Bom Simmel forbert er bie ichonften Sterne,

Und von der Erbe jede höchste Lust, Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne

Befriedigt nicht bie tiefbewegte Bruft.

Der Berr. Wenn er mir ieht auch nur berworren bient.

So werb' ich ihn balb in ble Marheit führen.

Beiß boch ber Gartner, wenn bas Baumden grünt,

Daß Blüth' und Frucht die fünft'gen Jahre zieren. Mephikopheles. Was wettet ihr? ben follt ihr noch berlieren.

Wenn ihr mir bie Erlaubniß gebt,

Ihn meine Straße facht zu führen! Der Berr. So lang'er auf ber Erbe lebt.

So lange fen bir's nicht verboten. Es irrt ber Menich fo lang' er ftrebt.

Wephiftopheres. Da bant' ich euch; benn mit ben Tobten

Hab' ich mich niemals gern befangen.

thou always only to accuse $\ensuremath{\dagger}$. Is nothing on earth ever right to thee $\ensuremath{\dagger}$

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, Lord! I find things there, as ever, extremely bad. Mankind, in their wretched days, move my pity. I would even fain not plague the poor creatures myself.

THE LORD. Knowest thou Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The doctor?

THE LORD. My servant !

- MEPHISTOPHELSS. Vorily, he serves you in peculiar fashion! Not earthly in the fool's drink nor food. The forment [of his spirti] impole him towards the distant. He himself is half aware of his madness. From heaven he demands the fairest stars, and from earth, every highest pleasure; and all the near and all the far contents not his doesly-stirred breast.
- THE LORD. Though now he sorves me but confusedly, I shall soon lead him into light. Surely, the gardener knows, when the small tree greens, that blossom and fruit will deek the coming years.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. What will you wager? You shall lose him yet, if you give me leave to lead him gently my way.
- THE LORD. So long as he lives on the earth, so long be it not forbidden thee! Man errs as long as he strives.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. There I thank you; for I have never willingly had to do with the dead. I like full, fresh

26	Prolog im Simmel	320-349
Am meij	ten lieb' ich mir die vollen, frischen Wangen.	320
Für eine	n Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus;	
Mir geh	es, wie der Late mit der Maus.	
Der Berr.	Run gut, es fen bir fiberlaffen !	
Bieh' Die	fen Geift von feinem Urquell ab,	
Und führ	' ihn, taunft bu ihn erfassen,	32
Muf bein	em Wege mit herab,	
Und fteh	beichamt, wenn bu befennen ungt :	
Ein gute	menich in feinem bunkeln Drange	
Jit fich t	es rechten Weges wohl bewußt.	
Mebhiftop	beles. Schon gut! nur banert es nicht lange.	339
Mir ift f	ür meine Wette gar nicht bange.	
Wenn id	gu meinem Zwed gelange,	
Erlaubt	ihr mir Triumph aus voller Bruft.	
Staub fu	A er freffen, und mit Luft,	
Wie mei	ne Muhme, die berühmte Schlange.	335
Der Berr.	Du barfit auch ba nur frei ericheinen ;	
Ich habe	beines Gleichen nie gehaßt.	

Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehaßt. Bon allen Geistern, die berneinen, Ist mir der Gehaft am weeiglier gur Last. Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erichlaffen, Er liebt sich von der in kome dereiten zu.

Der reigt und wirft, und muß, als Teufel, ichaffen. Doch ibr, die achten Götterfohne, 340

345

Erfreut euch der lebendig reichen Schöne! Las Werdende, das ewig wirft und lebt, Umfasse und der Liebe holden Schranken, Und was in ichwankender Ericheimung schwebt, Beseitiget mit dauernden Gedanken! cheeks the best. I am not at home to a corpsc. I am like the cat with the mouse.

THE LORD. Well then, be it left to thee! Draw away this spirit from his fountain-head, and lead him, if thou canst seize him, downwards with thee on thy way; and stand abashed when thou art forced to own,—a good man in his dark aspiration is still conscious of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Agreed! only it will not last long. I am not at all anxious about my wager. If I gain my end, allow me a triumph with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with zest, like my cousin, the renowned serpent.

THE LORD. There also thou mayst act quite freely. If have never hated the like of thee. Of all the spirits who deny, the waggish knave is the least burdensome to me. Man's activity can all too easily relax; he soon grows fond of absolute repose for himself; theefore I willingly give him a companion who stirs and works, and must, as devil, be doing. But ye, ture sous of the gods, rejoice in the livingly rich beautiful! Let that which is passing into new being, which ever works and lives, encompass you with the gracious bounds of love; and that which floats in wavering appearance, do ye make fast with enduring thoughts!

(Heaven closes, the ARCHANGELS disperse.)

Mephistopheres (allein). Bon Beit zu Beit feh' ich ben Alten gern, 350 Und hute mich mit ihm zu brechen

Und hite mich, mit ihm zu brechen. Es ist gar hübsch von einem großen Herrn, So menschlich mit dem Teusel selbst zu sprechen. MEPHISTOPHELES (alone). From time to time I like to see the Ancient One, and am careful not to break with him. It is quite handsome of a great Lord to speak so kindly with the devil himself!

Der Tragodie erfter Theil

Raci

Fauft (in einem hechgewölbten, engen, gethischen Immer unruhig auf feinem Seffel am Pulte).

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Stufftert und Medicin, Und ichte und Explosigie Durchaus fludert, mit fieligen Bemäh'n. De fley' im un, ich armer Tayer! Und bin fo Hug, als wie zuber; Delige Manglier, beife Dotter gar, Und jele' glenn an bie zehen Jöhr, Dernal, pernal, und vuer umb framm, Merim Ediffice no ber Male ferum — Und fely, daß wir uhight briffen Hammel. Das bild mir feller had Serg serberennen.

Sabe nun, ach! Bhilofophie,

Avar bin ich gelgebler als alle die de Laffen, Dottoren, Magilter, Schreiber und Pfaffen; Mich plagen teine Scrupel noch Aweifel, Kürchte mich weber vor Holle noch Arufel — Dafür ist mir auch alle Freud' entriffen, Bilbe mir nicht ein, was Kechts zu wissen,

Bilde mir nicht ein, ich fönnte was lehren, Die Menschen zu bessern und zu bekehren. Auch sab' ich weber Gut noch Geld,

30

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

Faust's Study. (1)

Night. In a high-vaulted, narrow, Gothic chamber, FAUST on his seat at the desh, restless.

FAIST. I have now, alsa, studied thoroughly, with ardent effort, philosophy, furisprudence, and medicine, and, sad to say, theology too. Here stand I now, poor fool that I nm, and am just as wise as before. I am called Magister, am even called Doctor; and for these ten years past have been leading my pupils about by the nose, up, down, across, and sury—and see that we can know nothing! That is almost enough to burn up my heart. True, I am eleverer than all the fops, dectors, magisters, elerks, and priests. No scruples or doubts plagom ne; I fear neither hell nor devil. On the other hand, all joy is torn from me. I do not fancy that I know anything out of the common way; I do not fancy that I could teach anything to better and to convert mankful. Moreover I have entire goods nor money,

32	Faust	375-493
Noch Chr' u	nd Herrlichteit ber Welt;	37:
Es möchte fe	in hund fo länger leben !	
Drum hab'	ich mich ber Magie ergeben,	
Db mir bur	h Geiftes Kraft und Mund	
Nicht manch	Geheinniß würbe funb;	
Daß ich nich	t mehr, mit fauerm Schweiß,	380
Bu fagen br	auche, was ich nicht weiß;	
Daß ich erfe	nne, was bie Welt	
Jm Imerft	n zusammenhält,	
Schau' alle !	Birtenstraft und Samen,	
Und thu' nic	ht mehr in Worten framen.	385
D jähft bu,	voller Monbenschein,	
Bum letteni	nal auf meine Pein,	
Den ich fo n	tanche Mitternacht	
An Diesem I	ult herangewacht:	
Dann über !	Büchern und Papier,	399
Trübsel'ger	Freund, erschienft bu mir !	
Ach! fount'	ich boch auf Bergeshöh'n	
In beinem !	ieben Lichte gehn,	
Um Bergest	oble mit Beiftern ichweben,	
Muf Wiesen	in beinem Dammer weben,	395
Bon allem S	Biffensqualm entlaben	
In beinem ?	than gefund mich baden!	
Weh! fted'	ich in bem Kerker noch?	
Berfluchtes,	bumpfes Mauerloch,	
	s liebe Himmelslicht	400
Trüb durch	gemalte Scheiben bricht!	
Befchräntt n	it diefem Bücherhauf,	
Den Würme	r nagen, Staub bebedt,	

nor honour and grandeur of the world. No dog would like to live thus any longer! Therefore I have devoted myself to magic—whether through the spirit's power and voice many a mystery might not become known to me, so that no more, with hitter sweat, I need say that which I do not know; that I may perceive what holds the world together in its imnost core, behold all working energy and germs, and deal no more in words.

Oh that thou, full moonlight, wert looking for the last time upon my anguish, whom I so many a midnight have watched for at this desk! Then, over books and paper, mehancholy friend, didst thou appear to me. Ah, would that I could walk in thy dear light on mountainheights, hover with spirits around mountain-eaves, move over meadows in thy glimmer, and, released from every finne of knowledge, bathe and be headed in thy dew!

Woe's me! do I still stick in this dungeon?—accursed, musty, dingy hole!—where even the dear light of heaven breaks dimly through painted panes—hemmed in by this heap of books, which worms gnaw, dust

34	Fauft	404-431
Den, bis an's h	ohe Gewölb' hinauf,	
Ein angeraucht	Papier umftedt;	405
Mit Glafern, B	üchsen rings umftellt,	
Mit Inftrument	ien vollgepfropft,	
Urväter Hausra	th brein gestopft	
Das ist beine M	left! das heißt eine West!	
Und fragst du n	och, warum bein Herz	410
Sich bang in be	inem Bufen tlemmt?	
Warum ein une	rflärter Schmerz	
Dir alle Lebens	regung hemmt?	
Statt ber lebent	igen Natur,	
Da Gott bie M	enschen schuf hinein,	415
Umgiebt in Rai	ıch und Mober uur	
Dich Thiergerip	p' und Tobtenbein.	
Flieh'! Auf! H	inans ins weite Land!	
Und bies gehein	mißvolle Buch,	
Bon Noftrabam	us' eigner Hand,	420

Ift bir es nicht Geleit genug? Erfenneft bann ber Sterne Lauf, Und wenn Natur bich unterweist, Dann geht bie Seelenfraft bir auf, Bie fpricht ein Beift gum anbern Beift. Umfonft, bag trodnes Ginnen bier Die fieil'gen Beiden bir erffart : Ihr ichwebt, ihr Geifter, ueben mir :

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439

Untwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört ! (Gr fchlagt bas Buch auf, und erblidt bas Beichen bes Dafrofofmus.) Sa! welche Wonne flieft in biefem Blid

Huf einmal mir burch alle meine Ginnen !

covers; round which, up to the high vault, sticks a besmoked paper; encircled with glasses, boxes; fullcrammed with instruments; ancestral furniture stuffed im—that is thy world! That is called a world!

And dost thou still ask why thy heart becomes cramped, uneasy, in thy boson #—why a vague pain checks every motion of thy life† Instead of the living nature into which God fashioned man, around thee are only brutes' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould.

Fly1 Up! Out hence into the wide world! And this mysterious book from Nostradamus' own hand, is it not companion enough for thee! Then wilt thou discern the course of the stars, and, if Nature instruct the then the soul's strength will rise up, enabling thee to know how one spirit speaks to another spirit. The vain that dull porting here expounds to thee the holy signs! Ye are hovering, ye spirits, near me; answer me, if ye hear me!

(He opens the book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)

Ah, what delight flows at once through all my senses at this sight! I feel youthful, holy life-joy run, newly

135

440

445

450

455

Renglübend mir burch Nerb' und Abern rinnen. Bar es ein Gott, ber biefe Beiden ichrieb, Die mir bas innre Toben ftillen.

Das arme Berg mit Freude füllen,

Und, mit geheimnißvollem Trieb, Die Kräfte ber Ratur rings um mich ber enthüllen? Bin ich ein Gott ? Mir wird fo licht!

Ich ican' in diesen reinen Rügen Die mirfende Natur par meiner Seele liegen.

Nett erft erfenn' ich. was ber Weife fpricht : "Die Geifterwelt ift nicht verfchloffen; Dein Sinn ift au. bein Gera ift tobt!

Muf! babe, Schuler, unverbroffen Die irb'iche Bruft im Morgenroth!"

(Er beichant bas Beichen,) Bie alles fich gum Gangen webt !

Ging in hem Nubern mirft und lebt ! Mie Simmeletrafte auf und nieder fteigen Und fich die golbnen Eimer reichen!

Mit fegenbuftenbend Schwingen Bom Simmel burch bie Erbe bringen, Barmonifch all' bas All burchklingen!

Beld Schanfpiel! aber ach! ein Schaufpiel nur! Mo faff' ich bich, unenbliche Ratur? Euch, Brufte, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens, An denen Simmel und Erbe bauat.

Dabin bie welte Bruft fich brangt -The quellt, the trankt, and idmodit' ich io pergebens?

(Er feblagt unwillig bat Buch um, und erblidt bas Beichen bes Erbgeiftes,)

glowing, through nerves and veins. Was it a god that traced these signs, which still my inward storm, fill my poor heart with gladness, and unveil, with mysterious power, the forces of Nature round about me † Am I a god 1—my vision grows so clear! I see, in these pure lines, Nature in action lie before my soul. Now, for the first time, I discern what the sage says: 'The work of spirits is not closed; thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up, disciple, bathe, untired, thy earthly breast in the red of dawn!'

(He contemplates the sign.)

How everything weaves itself into the Whole! Each in the other works and lives! How heavenly powers ascend and descend, and pass one another the golden pails,—press, with bliss-exhaling wings, from heaven through earth,—ring harmoniously, all through the All!

What a spectacle! but ah, a spectacle only! Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature! Ye breasts, where? Ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the withered breast presse—ye gush, ye give to drink, and am I thus languishing in vain?

(He turns over the leaves of the book indignantly, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.)

8	Fauft	460-485
Wie anders	wirft dies Zeichen auf mich ein !	460
Du, Geift be	er Erbe, bift mir näher;	
Schon fühl'	ich meine Kräfte höher,	
Schon glüh'	ich wie von neuem Wein;	
Ich fühle W	rith, mich in die Welt zu wagen,	
Der Erbe B	leh, der Erde Glück zu tragen,	465
Mit Stürm	en mich herumzuschlagen,	
Und in bes	Schiffbruchs Anirschen nicht zu gagen	
Es wölft fid	iber mir —	
Der Mond	verbirgt sein Licht —	
Die Lampe	fcovindet!	479
Es dampft!	— Es zuden rothe Strahlen	
Mir um bas	Haupt — Es weht	
Ein Schane	r vom Gewölb' herab,	

Enthülle bich ! Sa! wie's in meinem Sersen reift!

3ch fühl's, bu ichwebft um mich, erflehter Beift!

Du mußt! bu mußt! und foftet' es mein Leben!

Und faßt mich an !

In nenen Gefühlen MI meine Sinne fich erwühlen ! Ich fühle gang mein Berg bir bingegeben !

(Er fast bas Buch, und fpricht bas Beiden bes Beiftes geheimnisvoll aus. Ge undt eine rothliche Blamme, ber Weift ericeint in ber Blamme,) Geift. Ber ruft mir ?

Fauft (abgewenbet). Schredliches Belicht! Beife. Du haft mich machtig angezogen,

Mn meiner Sphare fang' geipgen. llub nun - -

Weh! ich ertrag' bich nicht! Sauft.

475

48c

485

How differently this sign affects me! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer to me! Already I feel my energies higher; already I glow as with new wine; I feel courage to venture into the world,—to bear the acath's woo, the earth's wel, to wrestle with storms, and not to tromble in the shipwreck's creath. Clouds gather over me—the moon hides her light—the lamp dies away! Vapours arise!—Rod beams dart around my head—ahorrow wafts down from the vault, and seizes me! I feel it,—thon art hovering round me, prayer-compelled Spirit! Reveal thyself! Ha! what a tearing in my heart! All my senses are upstirring to new feelings! I feel my whole heart surrendered to thee! Thon must—thou must—and though it toos my life.

(He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes; the SPIRIT appears in the flame.)

Spirit. Who calls to me?

FAUST (turning away). Torrible vision!

SPIRIT. Thou hast mightily drawn mo, long sucked at my sphero, and now—

FAUST. Woe's me! I endure thee not!

40	Faust	486-515
	erathmend, mich zu schanen, e zu hören, mein Autlit zu sehn :	
Mich neigt bei	n machtig Seelenflehn :	
Da bin ich! —	— Welch erbärmlich Granen	
	uschen bich! Wo ift ber Seele Ruf?	490
	uft, die eine Welt in fich erschuf	
	hegte, die mit Freudebeben	
	uns, ben Geiftern, gleich gu heben ? auft, beg Stimme mir erklang,	
	id) mit allen Kräften brang ?	495
	, von meinem Hand umvittert,	493
	nstiefen gittert,	
Ein furchtjam	weggefrümmter Burm!	
Fauft. Soll ich i	dir, Flammenbilbung, weichen ?	
Ich bin's, bin	Fauft, bin beines Gleichen !	500
Geift. In Leben	sfluthen, im Thatensturm	
Wall' ich auf 1	nnd ab,	
Wehe hin und		
Geburt und G		
Ein ewiges M		505
Ein tvechselnb Ein alübend L		
	m fansenden Webstuhl der Zeit,	
	Gottheit lebenbiges Kleib.	

Rauft. Der bu bie weite Belt umidweifit,

Fauft (gufanimenfturgend). Richt bir ?

Nicht mir !

Beschäftiger Beist, wie nah fühl' ich mich bir ! Bette. Du gleichst bem Beist, ben bu begreifit. 510

515

(Berichwintet.)

SPIRIT. Thou prayest, panting to behold me, to hear my voice, to see my face; thy mighty soul-entreaty bends me: here am II—What pitiful terror seizes thee, the superhuman being? Where is the soul's call? Where is the broast which created in itself a world, and hore and fostered it,—which swelled, with tremors of joy, to lift itself to a level with us, the spirits? Where art thou, Faust, whose voice rang to me,—who pressed towards me with all his energies? Art thou he? thou who, fanned around by my breath, tremblest in all the depths of life, a timidly writhing worm!

FAUST. Shall I yield to thee, Shape of Flame ? I am he, am Faust, am thine equal!

SPIRIT. In the tides of life, in the storm of action, I wave up and down, waft hither and thither! Birth and grave, an eternal sea, a changeful wearing, a glowing life—thus I ply at the whirring loom of time, and work the living garment of the Deity!

Faust. Thou who rovest about the wide world, busy Spirit, how near I feel myself to thee!

SPIRIT. Thou art like the spirit whom thou comprehendest,
—not me! (Vanishes.)

FAUST (collapsing). Not thee! Whom then ? I, image of

520

525

535

540

3ch. Chenbild ber Gottheit ! Und nicht einmal bir ! (Es flouft.)

D Tob 1 ich tenn's - bas ift mein Famulus -

Es wird mein ichonftes Glud gu nichte ! Dafi biefe Rille ber Belichte

Der trodne Schleicher ftoren muß !

Banner, im Schlafrode und ber Rachtmube, eine Sampe in ber Sant. Rauft mentet fich unmillig.

Banner. Berzeiht, ich bor' euch beclamiren ;

Ihr laf't gewiß ein Griechijch Trauerfpiel ?

In biefer Runft modt' ich was profitiren.

Denn hent gu Tage wirft bas viel, Ich hab' es öfters rühmen bören.

Ein Komödiant tonnt' einen Pfarrer lehren.

Ranft. Ra, wenn ber Bfarrer ein Komöbiant ift;

Bie bas benn wohl zu Zeiten tommen mag. Bagner. Ach I wenn man fo in fein Mufenm gebaunt ift, 530

Und fieht bie Welt fann einen Feiertag.

Raum burch ein Fernalas, nur von weiten, Bie foll man fie burch Ueberrebung leiten ?

Fanft. Benn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werbet's nicht erjagen,

Menn es nicht aus ber Seele bringt.

Und mit urfräftigem Behagen

Die Bersen aller Borer swingt. Sitt ihr umr immer! Leimt aufaumen,

Brant ein Ragout von andrer Schmaus. Und blaf't die fümmerlichen Flammen

Aus enerm Aichenbaufchen 'raus! Bewundrung bon Rinbern und Affen,

Wenn euch barnach ber Ganmen ftebt :

the Deity,—and not even thee! (A knock.) Oh death! I know it—that is my famulus—my fairest fortune comes to nought! That the dry groveller must disturb this fulness of visions!

(WAGNER, in his dressing-gown and night cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round, displeased.)

Wagner. Excuse me! I hear you declaiming; you were surely reading a Greek tragedy! I should like to pick up something in this art, for nowadays it has a great effect. I have often heard say, an actor might instruct a parson.

FAUST. Yes, if the parson is an actor; as may indeed happen now and then.

WAGNER. Ah, when one is thus confined to one's study, and hardly sees the world on a holiday—hardly through a telescope, only from afar—how is one to lead it by persuasion?

FAUST. If you do not feel it, you will not get it by hunting for it,—if it does not rush from the soul, and compel the hearts of all heavers with intense delight. Sit at it for ever; glue together; cook up a hash from the feast of others, and blow the miserable flames forth out of your little ash-heap—the admiration of children and apes, if

44	Fauft	544-574
Doch werbet	ihr nie Berg ju Bergen ichaffen,	
Wenn es ent	h nicht von Herzen geht.	545
Bagner. Alle	in ber Bortrag macht des Redners Glüd	;
Ich fühl' es	wohl, noch bin ich weit zurüd.	
Bauft. Such' (Er den redlichen Gewinn!	
Sey Er fein	fcellenlauter Thor !	
Es trägt Be	rstand und rechter Sinn	550
Mit wenig S	tunft fich felber vor;	
Und wenn's	euch Ernft ift, was zu fagen,	
Ift's nöthig,	Worten nachzujagen?	
Ja, eure Re	den, die so blintend find,	
In benen ih:	r der Meuschheit Schnitzel kräuselt,	555
Sind unerqu	idlich, wie der Nebelwind,	
Der herbstlie	h durch die dürren Blätter fäuselt.	
	Gott ! die Runft ist lang,	
Und furz ist	uuser Leben.	
Mir wird be	i meinem fritischen Bestreben	560
Doch oft um	Ropf und Bufen bang.	
Wie schwer f	ind nicht die Mittel zu erwerben,	
Durch bie m	an zu ben Quellen steigt!	
Und eh man	nur ben halben Weg erreicht,	
	in armer Teufel sterben.	565
	ergament, ist das der heil'ge Bronnen,	
Woraus ein	Trunk den Durst auf ewig stillt?	
Granidana F	all by with assumental	

Erquidung haft bu nicht gewonnen, Wenn fie bir nicht aus eigner Geele quillt. Bagner. Bergeiht! Es ift ein groß Ergeben, Sich in ben Beift ber Beiten gu berfeben, Ru icanen, wie bor uns ein weifer Mann gebacht,

Nub wie wir's bann guleht jo herrlich weit gebracht. Ranft. Dia, bis an bie Sterne weit!

570

your palate eraves for that! But you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not come from your own.

WAGNER. But delivery makes the orator's success; I feel indeed that I am still very backward.

FAUST. Sock you the honest triumph! Be you no belltinkling fool! Judgment and good sense express themselves with little art; and if you are in carnest to say something, is it necessary to hunt after words! Your speeches, I say, which are so glittering, in which you curl up shreds for mankind, are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which rustless through the dry leaves in autumn.

Wagner. Ah, God! art is long and our life is short. Yet often, during my critical efforts, I feel oppressed in head and heart. How hard to acquire the means through which one mounts to the sources! And before one gets but half-way, a poor devil, in sooth, must die.

FAUST. Parchment—is that the holy well from which one draught allays the thirst for ever? Thou hast not gained refreshment, if it gushes not from thine own soul.

WAGNER. Excuse me! It is a great pleasure to transport oneself into the spirit of the times; to see how a wise man has thought before us, and then, at last, how gloriously we have got on.

FAUST. Oh yes, as far as to the stars! My friend, the

46	Fauft	575-605
Mein Frennb, bie	Beiten ber Bergangenheit	575
Sind und ein Bu	ch mit fieben Siegeln ;	
Bas ihr ben Gei	ft ber Zeiten heißt,	
Das ift im Grunt	b ber Berren eigner Geift,	
In bem bie Beiter	n sich bespiegeln.	
Da ift's benn mal	hrlich oft ein Nammer!	580

Man läuft end bei bem erften Blid babon. Gin Rehrichtfaß und eine Rumpelfammer. Und höchftens eine Saupt- und Staatsaction, Mit trefflichen pragmatischen Marimen.

Bie fie ben Bubben wohl im Munbe giemen ! 585 Wanner. Mein Die Welt! bes Menichen Berg und Geift! Möcht' jeglicher boch was bavon erkennen. Mant. Na. mas man fo erfennen beift!

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Ber barf bas Rind beim rechten Ramen nennen? Die wenigen, bie was bavon erfannt, Die thöricht a'nug ihr volles Hers nicht wahrten. Dem Bobel ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,

Sat man bon je gefrengigt und verbrannt. 3ch bitt' ench, Frennb, es ift tief in ber Racht; Wir muffen's biesmal unterbrechen. Bagner. Ich hatte gern nur immer fortgewocht.

Um fo gelehrt mit euch mich zu besprechen. Doch morgen, als am erften Dftertage, Erlaubt mir ein' und anbre Frage,

Mit Gifer hab' ich mich ber Stubien befliffen : Awar weiß ich viel, boch möcht' ich alles wiffen. (206.) Want (allein). Bie nur bem Ropf nicht alle Soffnung ichwindet,

Der immerfort an ichalem Reuge tlebt. Mit gier'ger Sand nach Schaben grabt, 605

Und froh ift, wenn er Regenwürmer findet !

times of the past are to us a book with seven seals. What you call the spirit of the times, that is at bottom the gentlemen's own spirit, in which the times are mirrored. Then it is often, in truth, a pitiful business! One runs from it, believe me, at the first glance. A rubbish-bin and a lumber room; and at best, a high state-tragedy, with excellent pragmatical maxims, such as well beseem the mouths of the puppets.

Wagner. But the world! The heart and spirit of man! Every one surely would like to know something of these.

FAUST. Ay, what is called knowing! Who dares give a thing its right name! The few who have known somewhat about them, who, fooliably enough, did not guard their full hearts—revealed their feelings, their views, to the mob—have very been crudified and burnt. I beg you, friend—it is the depth of night; we must break off for the present.

WAGNER. I would fain have kept waking, to converse with you so learnedly. To-morrow, however, being the first day of Easter, permit me a question or two. I have applied myself with zeal to studies; true, I know much; but I would fain know everything. (Exit.)

FAUST. How on earth does not all hope vanish from that brain which cleaves continually to stale trush, gropes with eager hand for treasures, and is glad when it finds grubs!

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Mich bar ich die zu gleichen mich vermelfen. Jade ich die Kraft dieh auszeichn bekefen, So hart ich die zu halten kinne Kraft. In jenem selgen Augenblief. Ich fühlte mich je fein, je groß; Du hießeit gunufam mich zurück. Ind wieselfen die Generalen.

Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang? Uch! unfre Thaten selbst, so gut als unfre Leiben, Sie hemmen unfres Lebens Gang.

Dem herrlichften, was auch ber Geift empfangen, Drängt immer fremb und frember Stoff fich au;

- Dare such a human voice sound here, where the Spirit's fulness surrounded me? Yet ah, this one I thank thee, poorest of all the sons of earth! Thou didst suatch me away from the despair which was already on the point of destroying my senses. Ah, the vision was so gigantic that I could not but fed like a dwarf!
- I, image of the Deity, who had fancied myself ahready quite near to the mirror of eternal truth,—enjoyed myself in heaven's lustre and elearness, with the earthling stripped off;—I, more than eherub, whose free strength already dared, in forecast, to flow through the veins of nature, and, in creating, to enjoy the life of the gods—how must I expiate it! One thunder-word has swept me away.
- I dare not presume to be like thee! If I have possessed the power to draw thee to me, I had no power to hold thee. In that blessed moment, I felt so little, so great; thou creully disks thrust me back on man's uncertain lot. Who will teach met 'What am I to sham! A fust DI obey that impulse! Alba! our very actions, as well as our sufferings, obstruct the course of our little.
 - Alien, and more alien, matter still thrusts itself on whatever of noblest the spirit has conceived. When we

Weun wir jum Guten biefer Welt gelangen, Daun heißt das Befire Trng und Wahn. Die uns das Leben gaben, herrliche Gefühle Erstarren in bem irdischen Gewähle.

Erstarren in bem irdisiden Gewilhste. Wenn Phantasie sich sonst nicht fühnem Flug Und hoffnungsvoll zum Ewigen erweitert, So ist ein Keiner Naum ihr nun genug, Wenn Glück auf Gläd im Leitenstrubel ideitert.

zeens van. and wont in Zeienfrinse typeter.

Die Sorge uiffer siedig im tiefen Sergen,
Dort wirtet sie gedeime Schmerzen,
Lurnssig wiege sie sied von der Auftre Auftrussig wiege sie sied von der Sergen,
Lurnssig wiege sie sied von der Auftre von der Sergen,
Sie was geld Sonst und Hoge, als Wieb und Kind erschen zu,
Sie wan geld Sonst und Hoge, als Wieb und Kind erscheinen,
Mis Jeuer, Wassier, Dodd, und Gifft;
Du beblit von ellem, wos nicht trifft.

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Du bebst vor allem, was nicht trisst, Und was du nie verlierst, das mußt du stets beweinen.

Den Göttern gleich' ich nicht! Bu tief ist es gesühlt; Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Stanb durchwühlt, Den, wie er sich im Stanbe nährend lebt,

Des Wand'rers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt. Ift es uicht Staub, was diese hohe Wand, Aus hundert Fächern, mir vereuget, Der Trödet, der, mit tausendsachem Tand,

In dieser Mottenwelt mich bräuget? Her joll ich suden, was mit schit? Soll ich vielleicht in tansjende Bichgern lesen, Daß überall die Menschen jich gequält, Daß hie nud da ein Chlästlicher gewesen?— Was arvielet du mit. bobler Schäbel, ber? have attained to the Good of this world, then the Better is called deception and illusion. The glorious feelings which gave us life grow torpid in the earthly turmoil.

- Though fancy, with bold flight, and full of hope, dilates at an earlier time to the Infinite, yet now a little space is enough for her, when venture upon venture goes to wreek in the whirlpool of time. Care nestless straightway in the deep heart; there she produces secret griefs, rocks herself restlessly, and disturbs happiness and rest. She is constantly covering herself up with new disguises; she may appear as hosse and homestead, as wife and child; as fire, water, dagger, and poison. Thou tremblest at all that does not befall thee; and that which thou never losset, thou must continually lament!
- I am not like the gods! Too deeply is it felt; I am like the worm which burrows through the dust, which, as it lives feeding in the dust, the wanderer's tread destroys and buries.
- Is it not dust, that which, from a hundred compartments, countracts for me this lofty wall? the rubbish which crowds me with thousandfold trash in this world of moths? Shall I find here what I want? Shall I read perchance in a thousand books that everywhere men have grieved; that here and there has been a happy non!—Why grimnest thou down on me, hollow skull,

665

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690

Uls daß dein Hirn, wie meines, einst verwirret, Den leichten Tag gesucht und in der Dämm'rung schwer, Wit Luft nach Wahrheit, istmuerlich geirret!

Ihr Instrumente freilich spottet mein, Wit Rab und Kämmen. Wals' und Bügel.

Ach stand am Thor, ihr folltet Schliffel jehn :

Ich stand am Thor, ihr solltet Schlüffel sehn; 670 Zwar ener Bart ist kraus, doch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel.

Geheinnißvoll am lichten Tag, Läßt fich Ratur des Schleiers nicht berauben.

Und was fie beinem Geift nicht offenbaren mag,

Das zwingst bu ihr nicht ab mit hebeln und mit Schranben.

Du alt Geräthe, das ich nicht gebraucht,

Du stehst nur hier, weil bich mein Bater brauchte.

Du alte Rolle, du wirft angeraucht,

So lang an biefem Bult bie trube Lampe fcmanchte.

Weit besser hatt' ich boch mein Weniges verpraßt, Uls, mit dem Wenigen belastet, hier zu schwißen!

Bas du ererbt von beinen Bätern haft,

Erwirb es, um es zu besithen. Bas man nicht nütt, ift eine schwere Last;

Rur was ber Angenblid erschafft, das tann er nüten.

Doch warum heftet fich mein Blid auf jene Stelle? Ift jenes Fläschchen dort den Angen ein Magnet? Warum wird mir auf einmal lieblich belle.

Warum wird nir auf einmal lieblich helle, Als wenn im nächt'gen Wald uns Mondenglanz unweht?

Ich griffe dich, du einzige Phiole, Die ich mit Andacht nun hermterhole!

In dir verehr' ich Menschenwig und Kunft.

Du Inbegriff ber holben Schlimmerfafte,

but that the brain, once bewildered like mine, sought the buoyant day, and, in the heavy twilight, with zeal for truth, did lamentably err? Ye instruments are surely mocking me with wheel and cogs, cylinder and handle. I stood at the gate; ye were to be the key: true, your wards are intricate, but ye raise not the bolts. Mysterious in broad day, Nature does not let herself be robbed of her veil; and what she does not choose to reveal to thy spirit, thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws. Ye ancient tools, which I have not used, ve only stand here because my father used you. Thou, ancient scroll, thou hast been growing besmoked since the dim lamp first smouldered by this desk. Much better, surely, had I squandered my little than, burdened with the little, to be sweating here. What thou hast inherited from thy sires, earn it, in order to possess it! What one does not use is a heavy burden; only that which the moment creates can it use.

But why does my glance fix itself on that place? Is that phial there a magnet to the eyes? Why, of a sudden, grows all delightfully bright to me, as when moonlight gleams around us in the nocturnal wood?

I hail thee, thou unique phial, which I now take down with devotion! In thee, I honour the wit and art of man. Thou essence of kind slumber-juices, thou extract Bu neuen Ufern lodt ein neuer Tag. Ein Feuerwagen schwebt auf leichten Schwingen An mich beran! Ich fühle mich bereit,

Min neuer Bohn ben Acthe zu durchbeingen, Ju neuen Sphären reiner Thötigfeit. Die Hohn Schen, dies Göttermaue! Du, erft noch Warm, und die verbieuft du? Ju, ber noch Bohren, die die bei bei Bohren Geschlicht du? Jo, tefren nur ber fobben Erbeihogisten Entifoligien beinen Wilden zu! Berneise bich, die Verbret aufzureißen, Vor benn jeder gern vorüberisföright in dier ist es Zeit, durch Theeten zu betweiten, Daß Mannesdurch micht der Götterföße weicht, Vor jener duntfal Höhle nicht zu Geben, Jach bei fin Phannels zu eigene Anna berbammt, And jenen Durchgang hinspikreten, über fin Phannels zu eigene Land berbammt,

705

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715

720

Nun komm herab, krhstallne reine Schale, Hervor aus beinem alken Futkerale, An die ich viele Jahre nicht gedacht!

Bu diesem Schritt sich heiter zu entschließen, Und war' es mit Gesahr, ins Nichts dahin zu Nießen. of all deadly-subtle forces, show thy favour to thy master! I see thee—the pain is southed; I grasp thee —the struggle is lessened; the flood-tide of the spirit cbbs little by little; I am beckened out to the main sca; the glassy flood glitters at my feet; a new day allures to new shores.

A chariot of fire floats on light pinious towards me 1 I feel ready to penetrate the ether, on a new track, to new spheres of pure activity. This lofty life, this god-like joy—thou, but now a worm, dost thou deserve them? Ay, only turn thy back resolutely on earth's kindly sun! Dure to tear open the gates which every one is fain to slink by! Now is the time to show by deeds that man's dignity yields not to the sublimity of the gods; to termile not before that dark pit in which phantasy damms itself to its own torment; to press right on to that entrance round whose narrow mouth all hell is flaming; to resolve screaely on this step, even were it at the peril of frying that way into nothingens.

Now come down, pure crystal goblet, on which I have not thought for many years, forth from thine old case! uergenereit die ernjen woge,
Wenn einer dich dem andern gugefracht.
Der vielen Bilber fünstlich eriche Pendig,
Des Teinkers Pilloft, für eindensie zu erklären,
Anf einen Jug die Höhlung andzuleren,
Erimert mich an manche Jugeadvandig;
Zho werde jelt die finnen Andhow reichen,
Ich werde meinen Wis om beiner Kunft nicht gigen;
Siert für die Konft, der einft grunnen macht.

3ch werde meinen Beige an Deiner Knuft incht zeigen; Herr ift ein Schl, der eiffig trunken macht. Mit brummer Firthfer erhälter er deine Höhfe. Den ich bereitet, den ich wöhfe, Der Leite Termal fen nun, mit ganger Seefe, Alle feltlich höhrer Gruft, dem Mergen zugebracht!

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735

740

Glodenflang und Chorgefang. Chor ber Engel.

Chrift ist erstanden! Freude dem Sterblichen, Den die verderblichen, Schleichenden, erblichen Mängel unwanden.

vann. Medg irfel Simmen, verlig ein heller Zon Jich mit Gernell bas Glas von meinem Munde? Berfündiget für bumpfen Gloden ichon Des Diterifinds erite Beierimmk? Jic Chöre, Jingt für ich von ben tröfflichen Gefang, Der einft um Gendestagt ben Engefslippen Hang, Weinfihret inten wenn Munde. Thou didst glitter at the feasts of my rires, didst, glidden the grove guests, when one had passed thee to the other. The artistically rich splendour of many figures, the drinker's duty to explain them in rhyme,—to drain the savily at a draught,—tenind me of many a night of my youth. I shall not now such thee to a neighbour; I shall not display my wit on thime art. Here is a juice which quickly intoxicates. It fills thy cavity with a brown flood. Be the last draught hill. I have prepared, which I choose, quaffed now, with full soul, as a festally high greeting to the morn!

(He puts the goblet to his mouth.)

Peal of bells and choral songs.

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen! Joy to the mortal, whom the corrupting, creeping, hereditary defects enveloped!'

Fausr. What deep humming, what clear strain, draws the glass by force from my mouth 1 Do ye, hollowsounding bells, proclaim already the first festal hour of Easter 1 Ye choirs, do ye already sing the comforting song which once, round the sepalcher's night, sounded from angel-lips; assurance of a new covenant 1 Mit Spegereien
Hatten wir ihn gepflegt,
Hir Treuen
Satten ihn singedegt;
Tüder und Binden
Reinlich umvanden voir,
Mich umd wir finden

749-776

750

770

Chrift nicht mehr hier. Chor ber Engel.

Chor ber Weiber.

Chrift ift erftanden ! Selig ber Liebenbe, Der die betrübenbe, heilfam' und übenbe Brufung bestanden.

Ihr Jimmelstöve, mich am Staube? Allingt dort umher, wo weiche Meufchen sind. Die Bolfchaft hör ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glanbe; 765 Das Bunder ist des Glanbens liehste Kind.

Bu jenen Spharen wag' ich nicht zu streben, Woher die holbe Nachricht tont; Und doch, an diesen Klang von Angend auf gewöhnt,

Rang. Bas fucht ibr, machtig und gelind,

Ruft er auch jeht zurud nich in bas Leben. Sonft fürzte fich ber Dimmelsliebe Kufi

Auf mich herab in eruster Sabbathstille; Da klang so ahnungsvoll des Glodentones Fülle,

llud ein Gebet war brunftiger Genuß; Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen

Trieb mich, burch Balb und Biefen hinzugehn,

Chorus of Women.

'With spices had we ministered to Him; we, His faithful ones, had laid Him down. We swathed clothes and bands cleanlily round. Ah! and we find Christ no more here!'

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen! Happy the Loving One, who has stood the afflicting, wholesome, and testing trial!'

Exusr. Why, ye heavenly tones, mighty and mild, seek ye me in the dust! Ring around where there are tender men! I hear the message, indeed, but I lack faith; miracle is the deserse child of faith. I does not appire to those spheres from whence the grandous tidings sound; and yet, accustomed from youth upwards to this peal, it even now calls me back to life. In other days, the kias of heavenly love descended upon me in the solomn stillness of the subhest; then the fulness of the bell-tone pealed so pressgefully, and a prayer was fervent enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove ne to go forth through wood and mesdows; and I felt,

Und unter taufend heißen Theämen Spidien Affanen Sücht' ich mir eine Wett entflesn.
Died Nied verfündete der Ingend muntre Spiele,
Der Frühlfungkfeier freies Glüdf;
Frünkrung hölf mich nun, mit fündlichem Gefühle,
Bom lehten, ernften Schrift parind.
D idnet fort, für füßen Jimmelsfieder!
Die Thröken auffüll, die Erde den mich vieder!

Chor ber Jünger.

785

795

Roo

Hat ver Begrabene Echon lich nach oben, Lebend Erhabene, Hertfig erhoben; Jet er in Werbelinft Schaffender Frende nach; Ach 1 in ver Serbe Veruft, Simb wir zum Zeite du. Ließ er die Seinen Schandernd uns hier zuruch, Mal 1 wir betwienen.

Meifter, bein Glud!

Brüberlich ibeifenben,

Chor ber Engel. Chrift ist erstanden Aus der Berwesung Schooß!

Reißet von Banden Frendig ench fos ! Thätig ihn preisenden, Liebe betweisenden. amidst a thousand hot tears, a world arise for me. This strain harbingered the gay sports of youth, the springfestival's free happiness. Memory now holds me back, with childlike feeling, from the last grave step. Oh sound on, ye sweet, heavenly strains! The tear flows, the earth has me again!

Chorus of Disciples.

Whilst the Buried One—sublime in His life, has already mised Himself gloriously on high—whilst, in the bliss of becoming, He is already night to creative joy—ah, we are still, for suffering, here! He left us, His own, behind, languishing here! Ah, we bowail, Master, Thy happiness?

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen out of the lap of corruption! Joyfully tear yourself free from bonds! To you, praising Him by active work, manifesting love, faring like brethren, Bredigend reisenden, Wonne verheißenden, Ench ift der Meister nah, Ench ift er da!

805

Bor bem Thor.

Spazierganger aller Art ziehen binaus,

Einige Saudwertsburige. Warum benn bort hinaus? Andre. Wir gehn hinaus aufs Jägerhaus.

Die Ersten. Wir aber wollen nach der Mühle wandern. 820 Ein Saudwertsburiche. Ich rath' ench, nach dem Wasserhof au gehn.

3weiter, Der Weg bahin ift gar nicht ichon,

Die Zweiten. Bas thuft benn bu?

Ein Dritter. Ich gehe mit den andern. Vierter. Nach Burgdorf kommt herauf! Gewiß dort findet ihr

Die schönsten Mädchen und das beste Bier, 815 Und Händel von der ersten Sorte.

Füufter. Du überluftiger Befell,

Judt bich zum brittenmal bas Fell?

Ich mag nicht hin, mir graut es vor bem Orte. 819 Dienumabeen. Rein, nein! ich gehe nach ber Stadt gurud. Unbre. Wir finden ihn gewiß bei jenen Pappeln fteben.

Erpe. Das ift für mich tein großes Glüd; Er wird an beiner Seite geben,

Mit bir nur tangt er auf bem Plan. Bas gehn mich beine Freuben au!

825

preaching as ye travel, promising bliss, the Master is nigh! to you He is here!'

Before the Gate.

Promenaders of all kinds pass out.

Some Journeymen. Why, then, that way ?

OTHERS. We are going up to the Jügerhaus.

THE FORMER. But we are going to the mill.

A Journeyman. I advise you to go to the Wasserhof.

A SECOND. The way to it is not at all pleasant.

A SECOND. The way to it is not at all pleasant.

The Others. What will you do then?

A THIRD. I am going with the others.

A FOURTH. Come up to Burgdorf; there you will certainly find the prettiest girls, and the best beer, and rows of a prime sort.

A FIFTH. You wild fellow, is your skin itching for the third time † I don't like going there; I have a horror of the place.

Servant-Girl. No, no! I shall go back to the town.

Another. We shall certainly find him standing by those poplars.

THE FIRST. That is no great luck for me. He will walk by your side; with you alone, he dances on the green. How do your pleasures concern me?

830

835

8.10

850

855

Mubre. Bent ift er ficher nicht allein ;

Der Kraustopf, jagt' er, wurde bei ihm febn.

Schiter. Blit! wie bie madern Dirnen ichreiten !

Serr Bruber, tomm ! wir muffen fie bealeiten.

Ein ftarfes Bier, ein beigenber Tobad, Und eine Maab im Bus, bas ift nun mein Geichmad.

Burgermabden. Da fieh mir nur bie ichonen Rnaben !

Es ift mabrhaftig eine Schnach:

Befellichaft tonnten fie bie allerbefte haben,

Und laufen biefen Maaben nach !

Rweiter Schuler (gum erften). Richt fo gefchwind ! bort hinten fommen zwei.

Sie find gar nieblich angezogen,

's ift meine Nachbarin babei :

3ch bin bem Mabden febr gewogen.

Sie geben ihren ftillen Schritt.

Und nehmen uns boch auch am Enbe mit.

Ertter. Berr Bruber, nein ! ich bin nicht gern genirt.

Geidwind ! daß wir das Bildvret nicht verlieren.

Die Sand, Die Samstags ihren Befen führt,

Wirb Sountage bich am beften careifiren.

845 Burger. Rein, er gefällt mir nicht, ber neue Burgemeifter ! Run, ba er's ift, wird er nur taglich breifter,

Und für bie Stadt was thut benn er ? Wird es nicht alle Tage ichlimmer?

Gehorchen foll man mehr als immer.

Und gablen mehr als je vorber. Bettler (fingt). Ihr guten Berrn, ihr iconen Franen,

Co wohlgebutt und badenroth,

Belieb' es end, mich anguichauen,

Und feht und milbert meine Roth !

- Another. To-day, he is sure not to be alone; the curlyhead, he said, would be with him.
- STUDENT. Zounds, how the gallant lasses step out! Come, brother, we must attend them. Strong beer, stinging tobacco, and a servant-girl in full trim,—that now is my taste.
- Burgher's Daughter. Now, do but look at the fine lads! It is really a shame; they might have the very best of company, and are running after these servant-girls.
- SECOND STUDENT (to the first). Not so fast! Two are coming behind there; they are quite niedy dressed. One of them is my neighbour; I am much attracted to the girl. They are walking in their quiet way, and yet will take us with them in the end.
- THE FIRST. No, brother! I do not like being under restraint. Quick! lest we lose the game. The hand which on Saturday plies its broom will fondle you best on Sunday.
- BURGHER. No, he does not please me, the new Burgomaster. Now that he has become so, he grows dain more audacious. And then, what is he doing for the town † Are not things growing worse every day † One must obey more than over, and pay more than in any time before.
- Beggar (tings). 'Ye good goutlemen, ye lovely ladies, so trimly drossed and rosy cheeked, be pleased to look upon me, and see and relieve my need! Let me not

Lafit bier mich nicht vernebens leiern ! Rur ber ift frob, ber geben mag. Ein Tag, ben alle Menfchen feiern,

Er fen für mich ein Erntetag.

Anderer Burger. Richts Beffers weiß ich mir an Conn. und Feiertagen. 260

Als ein Gespräch von Arien und Ariensgeschrei,

Wenn binten, weit, in ber Titrfei.

Die Bolfer auf einanber ichlagen.

Man fteht am Feufter, trinft fein Glaschen aus

Und fieht ben Muß binab bie bunten Schiffe gleiten ;

Dann febrt man Abends frob nach Saus.

865

880

Und fegnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten. Dritter Burger. Bett Rachbar, ia ! fo laff' ich's auch

neichehm: Sie mogen fich bie Ropfe fralten.

Mag alles burch einander gehn.

Doch nur ju Saufe bleib's beim Alten.

Mite (au ben Burgermabchen). Gi! wie geputt! bas icone junge Blut!

Wer foll fich nicht in euch veraaffen ? -

Mur nicht fo ftolg ! es ift fcon aut !

Und was ihr wünicht, bas wüftt' ich wohl zu ichaffen. 875 Burgermabden. Agathe, fort ! ich nehme mich in Acht,

Mit folden Beren öffentlich zu geben :

Sie ließ mich zwar in Sanct Anbreas' Racht

Den fünft'gen Liebften leiblich feben.

Die Mubre. Dir zeigte fie ihn im Rrnftall. Solbatenhaft, mit mehreren Bertvegnen ;

Ich feb' mich um, ich fuch' ihn überall.

Mlein mir will er nicht begegnen.

go on grinding here in vain! He only is happy who likes to give. A day which all men are keeping as a holiday, be it for me a harvest day!'

- ANOTHER BURGIER. For mo, I know nothing better on Sundays and holidays than a chat of war and war's alarms; when helind, far away, in Turkey, people are belalouting one another. One stands at the window, empties one's glass, and sees the gay-doouted ships glide down the river; then, in the evening, one returns cheerfully home, and blesses need and times of peace.
- THIRD BURGHER. Ay, neighbour, I, too, have no objection to that; they may split one another's heads; everything may go helter-skelter; only let things go on at home in the old way.
- OLD WOMAN (to the Burghers' Daughters). Heyday! how smart! the pretty young creatures! Who would not be smitten with you! Only not so proud! It is all very well; and what you wish, I could perhaps procure.
- BURGHER'S DAUGHTER. Come along, Agatha! I take care not to walk publicly with such witches; true, on St. Andrew's eve, she showed me my future sweetheart bodily.
- THE OTHER. She showed me mine in the crystal, soldierlike, with other bold fellows; I look around, I seek him everywhere, but he will not meet me.

68	Fauft	884-911
Solda ten.	Burgen mit hohen	
	Manern und Zinnen,	889
	Maben mit stolzen,	
	Höhnenben Sinnen	
	Möcht' ich gewinnen !	
	Rühn ift bas Mühen,	
	Herrlich ber Lohn !	890
	Und die Trompete	
	Laffen wir werben,	
	Wie gu ber Freude,	
	So zum Berberben.	
	Das ift ein Stürmen !	895
	Das ift ein Leben !	
	Madden und Burgen	
	Miffen fich geben.	
	Kühn ift bas Mühen,	
	Herrlich der Lohn t	900
	Und die Soldaten	
	Biehen bavon.	
	Jauft und Wagner.	
Jauft. Bom Gi	ise befreit find Strom und Bache	
Durch des Fr	rühlings holben, belebenben Blid;	
Im Thale grunet hoffnungeglud;		905
	nter, in seiner Schwäche,	
	auhe Berge zurüd.	
	fendet er, fliehend, nur	
	Schauer fornigen Gifes	
In Streifen	über die grünende Flur.	910

Mber bie Conne bulbet fein Beifes ; Ueberall regt fich Bilbung und Streben, SOLDIERS (sing). 'Castles with high walls and battlements, maidens with proud, scornful thoughts, fain would I win! Bold is the endeavour, glorious the reward!

'And we let the trumpet engage us, as to joy so to destruction. That is a storming! That is a life! Maidens and castles must surrender. Bold is the endeavour, glorious the reward! And the soldiers march away!'

Faust and Wagner.

FAUST. Stream and brooks are freed from ice by the kindly, quickening glance of Spring; the joy of hope grows verdant in the valley; old Winter, in his weakness, has retreated to the bloak mountains. From thence he sends, as he flies, only important showers of granulous ice in stripes over the green-growing plain. But the Sun endures no white; formation and effort are overywhere stirring. He is bent upon cultivaning everything with

0	Fauft	913-943
Alles will sich m	it Farben beleben;	
Doch an Blumer	n fehlt's im Revier,	
Sie nimmt gepn	hte Menfchen bafür.	915
Rehre bich um, b	on diefen Höhen	
Rach ber Stadt	zurück zu sehen.	
Ans bem hohlen	, finstern Thor	
Dringt ein bunt	es Gewimmel hervor.	
Jeber fount fich	hente so gern ;	921
Sie feiern die A	uferstehung bes Herru:	
Denn fie find fel	ber auferstanden,	
Ans niebriger H	äufer bumpfen Gemächern,	
Aus Handwerts	und Gewerbesbanben,	
Ans bem Drud	von Giebeln und Dächern,	92
Ans ber Straße	n quetschender Enge,	
Ans ber Kirchen	ehrwürdiger Nacht	
Sind fie alle an	8 Licht gebracht.	
Sieh mr, fieh!	wie behend fich die Menge	
Durch bie Garte	n und Felder zerfclägt,	93
Wie ber Fluß, i	n Breit' und Länge,	
So mandjen Infi	igen Nachen bewegt ;	

lind, bis jum Einlen Abertaden,
Gutjernt jich biejer lehte Rahn.
Gelih von des Bergas fernen Sjaden
Untern uns furdige Aichber an.
36 höre ischen des Dorifs Gettimmel;
zier ih des Vollets nahrer himmel,
zhrieden jangler Groß um Rieg.
Aprileden jangler Groß um Rieg.
Zhrieden jangler Groß um Rieg.
Zhrieden jangler Groß um Rieg.
Zhrieden jangler Groß um Rieg.

Ist ehrenvoll und ist Gewinn ; Doch würd' ich nicht allein mich ber verlieren. 935

colours. The landscape, however, lacks flowers; he takes gaily-dressed folk instead. Turn round to look back on the town from these heights! Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate presses a motley crowd. Every one is so fain to sun himself to-day. They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have risen :from the dank rooms of mean houses, from the bonds of labour and trade, from the compression of gables and roofs, from the crushing narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, they are all brought to the light. Only look !- look how quickly the multitude is dispersing through the gardens and fields; how the river, in its breadth and length, sets so many merry boats in motion; and how this last wherry, overladen to the point of sinking, is putting off! Even from the distant paths of the mountain, coloured dresses glance brightly on us. I hear already the bustle of the village! Here is the true heaven of the people; great and small are huzzaing contentedly : here I am a man-here I may be one !

Wagner. To walk with you, Doctor, is honourable, and is an advantage; but I would not lose myself here alone, because I am an enemy to all coarseness. The fiddling,

72	Fauft	944-979
Weil ich ein	Feind von allem Rohen bin.	
Das Fiebelt	n, Schreien, Regelschieben	945
Ift mir ein	gar verhaßter Alang ;	
	vie vom bojen Geift getrieben,	
Und nennen	's Freude, nennen's Gefang.	
	Bauern (unter ber Linte).	
	Sang und Gefang.	
Der S	chafer putte fich zum Tang,	
Mit bi	inter Jade, Band und Kranz :	95
Shu	af war er angezogen.	
Schon	um die Linde war es voll,	
	lles tauzte schon wie toll.	
Juchh	! Juchhe!	
Judhh	rifa I Heifa I He I	95
So gir	ng ber Fiebelbogen.	
Er dri	idte haftig fich herau,	
Da sti	eß er an ein Mädchen an	
Mit se	inem Ellenbogen.	
	ische Dirne kehrt' sich um	96
	ngte: Mun, das find' ich dumm !	
	! I Juchhe!	
	rifa l Heifa ! He l	
Send	nicht so ungezogen t	
	jurtig in dem Kreise ging's,	96
	nzten rechts, fie tanzten links,	
	lle Röde flogen.	
	urden roth, fie wurden warm	
	ahten athmend Arm in Arm.	
Judih	! Judihe!	97

shouting, skittle-playing, are to me a thoroughly detestable sound. They rave as if driven by the evil spirit, and call it pleasure, call it song.

Peasants under the Lime-Tree.

Dance and Song.

'The shepherd decked himself out for the dance with party-coloured jacket, ribbon, and garland: smartly was he dressed. Already it was full round the lime-tree, and all danced already like mad. Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! So went the fiddle-stick.

'He eagerly pressed near; he pushed there against a maiden with his elbow; the buxom girl turned round and said: "Now, that I think stapid!" Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! "Don't be so ill-bred!"

'Yet sped it nimbly in the ring; they danced to right, they danced to left, and all the kirtles flew. They grew red, they grew warm, and rested panting arm-in-arm. Und von der Linde [chou es weit: Juchje | Juchje | Juchje | Deige | Juchje | Deige | Geschreit und Siedelbogen. 980

velgiert und zeweisogen.

Atter Baner. Hert Doftor, das ift igön von euch,
Daß ihr ims hente nicht verfcmäht,
Und unter dieses Bolksgedräng',

989

990

995

Als ein so Hochgesahrter, geht. So nehmet auch den schönften Arug, Den wir mit frischen Trunk gefüllt.

Ich bring' ifn ju und wünsche laut, Daß er nicht nur den Durft ench ftillt; Die Rahl der Tropfen, die er begt,

Seh euren Tagen zugelegt. Fauft. Ich nehme ben Erquidungstrant,

Ertviedr' ench allen Heil und Dank.

Das Bott sammelt fich im Areis umfer.

Ulter Bauer. Fürwahr! es ist sehr tvoblacthan.

Daß ihr am frohen Tag erscheint; Habt ihr es vormals boch mit uns

An bosen Tagen gut gemeint! Gar mancher steht lebendig hier, Den ener Bater noch guleht

Der heißen Fieberwuth entriß,

Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! And elbow upon hip.

"And don't make so free with me! How many a man has cajeled and deceived his betrothed!" Yet he coaxed her aside; and from the lime-tree sounded far Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! shouting and fiddlestick."

OLD PERSANT. Doctor, it is handsome of you not to scoru us to-day, and, great scholar as you are, to go among this crowd of people. Take, then, also the handsomest Jug, which we have filled with fresh drink. I pledge you in it, and wish aloud that it may not only quench your thirst—may the number of drops which it holds be added to your days?

FAUST. I accept the refreshing draught; I return to all of you health and thanks!

(The people gather round in a circle.)

OLD PEASANT. Of a truth, it is very well done of you to appear on this happy day; for in evil days, formerly, you have wished us well. Full many a one stands here alive whom your father snatched, even at the last, from

76	Fauft 100	00-1029
Mis er ber Seud	je Ziel gesett.	1000
Auch bamals ihr	, ein junger Mann,	
Ihr gingt in jeb	es Krankenhaus ;	
Gar mandje Leid	he trug man ført,	
Ihr aber famt g	esund heraus,	
Beftandet manch	e harte Proben ;	100
Dem Belfer half	ber Selfer broben.	
urre. Gefundheit b	em bewährten Mann,	
Daß er noch lan	ge helfen kann i	
Janit. Bor jenem	droben steht gebüdt,	
Der helfen lebrt	und Sulfe ichidt!	ioic
	(Gr geht mit Magnern weiter.)	
Wagner. Belch ei	n Gefühl mußt bu, o großer Mann,	
Bei ber Berehrn	ng diefer Menge haben !	
D gliidlich, wer	bon feinen Gaben	
Sold einen Bor	theil ziehen kann !	
Der Bater geigt	dich seinem Knaben,	1015
Ein jeber fragt :	ind brangt und eilt,	
Die Fiebel ftodt,	ber Tanger weilt.	
Du gehft, in Rei	ben fteben fie,	
Die Müten flieg		
Und wenig fehlt,	fo beugten fich bie Rufe,	1020
Mis tant' bas Be	nerabile.	
Santt. Mur wenig	Schritte noch hinauf gu jenem Stein !	
	von unfrer Wanbrung raften.	
	ebantenvoll allein,	
	mit Beten und mit Saften.	1025
	ch, im Glauben feit,	
	enfzen, Sänderingen	
Dacht' ich bas Er		
	Himmels zu erzwingen.	

the hot fever's rage, when he set bounds to the pestilence. You, too, at that time a young man,—you went into every sick house: full many a corpse was borne forth, but you came out sound, stood many hard trials: the Helper on high helped the helper.

All. Health to the well-proved man, that he may long still be able to help!

FAUST. Stand bowed before Him on high, who teaches how to help, and sends help!

(He proceeds with WAGNER.) ,

Wanne. What a feeling, Oh great man, must you have at the veneration of this multitude! Oh, happy he who can draw such an advantage from his gifts! The father points you out to his boy; every one questions, and presses, and hastens; the fiddle stops, the dancer pauses. You pass—they stand in rows, the caps fly up, and they all but bend the knee, as if the flost were coming.

FAUST. Only a few steps further, up to that stone! Here we will rest from our walk. Here I often sat, thoughtful, alone, and tormented myself with prayer and with fasting. Rich in hope, firm in faith, I thought to extert from the Lord of heaven, with tears, sighs, wringing of

Benn bu, als Jüngling, beinen Bater ehrft,

rofo

hands, the end of that pestilence. The applause of the multitude now sounds to me like moekery. Oh, could you read in my inmost soul, how little worthy have father and son been of such a fame! My father was an obscure, worthy man, who mused on Nature and her holy circles in honesty-after his fashion, howeverwith whimsical toil; who, in the company of adepts, shut himself up in the dark kitchen, and poured together contraries, after endless recipes. There was a red lion, a bold wooer, wedded in the tepid bath to the lilv, and both were then tormented with open flame from one bride-chamber into another. If thereupon the young queen appeared with variegated colours in the glasshere was the medicine; the patients died, and no one inquired who recovered. Thus have we, with hellish electuaries, raged in these valleys, these mountains, far worse than the pestilence. I myself have given the poison to thousands; they pined away: I must live to hear people praise the shameless murderers!

Wagner. How can you trouble yourself about it! Does not a good man enough in practising conscientiously and accurately the art which was committed to him? If you, as a youth, honour your father, you will willingly

Co wirft bu gern bon ibm embfangen : Wenn bu, als Mann, Die Miffenicaft bermebrit. So fann bein Sohn an hoherm Riel gelangen. Mauft. D gliidlich, wer noch boffen fann, Aus biefem Meer bes Jrrthums aufzutauchen ! 1065 Bas man nicht weiß, bas eben brauchte man, Und was man weiß, fann man nicht brauchen. Doch lag uns biefer Ctunbe icones Gut Durch folden Trübfinn nicht verfümmern ! Betrachte, wie in Abendionnegluth Die grünungebnen Sütten ichimmern ! Sie rudt und weicht, ber Tag ift überlebt, Dort eilt fie bin und forbert neues Leben. D baft fein Migel mich bom Boben bebt. Abr nach und immer nach zu ftreben ! Ich fab' im ewigen Abenditrabl Die ftille Welt zu meinen Stiffen. Entzündet alle Sohn, beruhigt iebes Thal, Den Silberbach in aplbne Strome fliefen. Richt hemmte bann ben gottergleichen Lauf 1080 Der wilde Berg mit allen feinen Schluchten : Schon thut bas Meer fich mit erwärmten Buchten Bor ben erftannten Angen auf. Doch icheint bie Gottin endlich weagnfinten : Milein der neue Trieb erwacht. 1085 Ich eile fort, iln ew'ges Licht au trinten, Ror mir ben Tag und binter mir die Racht. Den Simmel über mir und unter mir bie Wellen. Ein iconer Traum, indeffen fie entweicht. Ach! zu bes Geiftes Alugeln wird fo leicht

Rein forberlicher Flügel fich gefellen.

receive of him; if you, as a man, enlarge knowledge, your son may attain to a higher mark.

FAUST. Oh, happy he who can still hope to emerge from this sea of error! What one knows not, that very thing one would like to use; and what one knows, one cannot use. But let us not embitter the levely been of this hour with such sadness! Mark how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the glow of the setting sun! He moves and recedes; the day is spent; yonder he hurries off, and quickens new life. Oh that no wing lifts me from the ground to struggle after, and ever after, him ! I should see, in the everlasting evening-ray, the still world at my feet, all the heights kindled, every valley fulled, the silver brook flewing into golden streams, Not then would the wild mountain, with all its ravines, arrest my godlike course. Already the sea, with warmed bays, opens before my astonished eyes. Yet the god seems at last to sink away. But the new impulse awakens; I hurry on to drink his everlasting lightthe day before me, and the night behind me; the heaven above me, and under me the waves. A beautiful dream! meanwhile, he vanishes. Alas! no bodily wing will so easily accompany the wings of the spirit. Yet it is

82	Fauft	1092-1122
Doch ist es jedem	eingeboren,	
Daß fein Gefühl	hinauf und vorwärts bringt,	
Wenn über uns,	in blauen Raum verloren,	
Ihr fcmetternb S	lied die Lerche fingt,	1095
Wenn über fcrof	fen Fichtenhöhen	
Der Abler ausgel	reitet schwebt,	
Und über Machen	. über Scen	

IIO

1105

1110

usenii inter jajrojen ziginengogen Der Wiler angsplereite jajnoch, Ilan dier Jidogen, über Seen Der Ernnig moch der Seinnich firede. Bugner. Ich die Lieben die internet internet. Bugner. Ich die die in die internetienden. Nam fielj figl eichje au Weld und Herbern fein. Des Rogels Britig werd' ich nie beneben. Wile anders trangen und die Geließefenden.

Des Bogels Jütig werd ich nie beneiden.
We anders trogen und die Gescheifenden
We auch von Beneiden und die Gescheifenden
Wen Buch zu Mich, von Belat zu Actual
Den werden Weiterenächte faste und schieder,
Und ach ! entreußt du gar ein würdig Vergannen,
Go steigt der gange himmel zu die nieder,
Annt. Du sich ihr und des inne zieses deutgit;
D serne nie den anderen fennes!
Weite Gesche wochen, ach i in meiner Bruft,
Die eine will sich von der anderen trennen;
Die eine still, in derber Lebedstaft,
Eich and bie Scht, mit kommerchen Organen;

D ferne nich den anderen fennten B
gwei Seefen wochnen, ach i in meiner Bruit,
Die eine will sich von der anderen tremmen;
Die eine höllt, sich vorber ziebestuft,
Eich an die Wäch, mit stammerchen Organen;
Die ander heles getwactsjam sich von Duft
Die andere hele getwactsjam sich von den
D gieht es Geisper in der Luft,
Die zwickjam sich vim D simmer sperrischen beden,
See sieder mich von dem zwichen Duft,
Und flicht mich weg, zu neuem, buntem Leben!

inborn in every one that his feelings should press upwards and onwards, when over us, the lark, lost in the blue expanse, sings its trilling lay; when over rugged, pine-elad heights, the eagle soars outspread; and overplains, over seas, the erane is striving towards her home.

Wassell. I myself have often had whinsied hours, but never yet have I experienced such an impulse. One easily looks one's fill of woods and fields. I shall never envy the wing of the bird. How differently the pleasures of the mind bear us from book to book, from page to page I. Thence wrinter nights become pleasing and bright; a hoppy life warms all one's limbs; and all when you actually miroll a worthy parchment, the whole heaven descends to you.

FAUST. Thou art conscious of the one impulse only; on never learn to know the other! Two souls, asks I dwell in my breast; the one is bent on separating itself from the other. The one adheres, in vigorous passion, with clinging organs, to the world; the other lifts itself foreiby from the dust up to the regions of its lofty anectors. Oh, if there be spirits in the air which hover, ruling, between earth and heaven, descend ye from your golden atmosphere, and lead me away to new varied life! Aly were but a magic mantle mino, and could it

112

1130

1150

Mir follt' er um die föstlichsten Gewänder, Richt feil um einen Köniasmantel febn.

Wagner. Beruse nicht die wohlbekannte Schaar, Die strömend sich im Dunstreis überbreitet, Dem Menschen tansendsättige Gesahr, Bon allen Enden her, bereitet 1 Bon Rorden brinat der icharfe Geistersahn

Muf bich berbei, mit pfeilgefpitten Bungen;

ftreifen?

mir.

Bon Morgen giebn, vertrodnend, fie beran, Und nahren fich von beinen Lungen ; Benn fie ber Mittag aus ber Bufte icidt. Die Bluth auf Gluth um beinen Scheitel haufen, 1129 So bringt ber Weft ben Schwarm, ber erft erquidt. Um bich und Felb und Ane gu erfaufen. Sie hören gern, jum Schaben froh gewandt, Gehorchen gern, weil fie uns gern betrügen ; Sie ftellen wie vom Simmel fich gefanbt, IIIO Und lisbeln englisch, wenn fie lügen. Doch geben wir! Ergrant ift ichon die Welt. Die Buft gefühlt, ber Rebel fallt ! Min Abend icatt inan erft bas Sans. -Was ftehft bu fo, und blidft erstaunt hinaus? 1145 Bas fann bich in ber Dammenng fo ergreifen? Jank. Siehit bu ben ichwarzen Sund burch Saat und Stoppel

Wagner, 3ch fab ibn lange icon; nicht wichtig ichien er

yaup. Betracht' ihn recht l Für was hältst bu bas Thier? Wagner. Für einen Pubel, ber auf seine Weise

Sich auf ber Spur bes Berren plagt.

bear me into foreign lands, I would not barter it for the costliest garments, for a king's mantle.

Wagner. Invoke not the well-known troop which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, and prepares danger, thousandfold, from all quarters hither, to man! From the North, the sharp tooth of the spirits presses un to you, with arrow-pointed tongues; from the East. they approach, pareling, and feed upon your lungs; if the South sends from the desert those which heap fire after fire upon your erown, the West brings the swarm which at first refreshes, in order to drown you, and field, and meadow. Gladly alert for mischief, they like to listen.-like to obey, because they like to deceive us: they feign to be sent from heaven, and lisp like angels when they lie. But let us be going! The world is already grown grey, the air chilled; the mist is falling, Not till the evening does one appreciate home,-Why do you stand thus, and gaze astonished out there? What can so catch your attention in the twilight?

FAUST. Seest thou the black dog ranging through eorn and stubble ?

Wagner. I saw him long since; he did not seem to me important.

FAUST. Regard him well! For what dost take the brute?

Wagner. For a poodle, which, after his wont, is toiling and moiling on the track of his master.

1170

1175

gauft. Bemertft bu, wie in weitem Schnedentreife Er um und ber und immer naber iagt? Und irr' ich nicht, fo giebt ein Fenerstrubel Muf feinen Bfaben hinterbrein. 1155 Bagner. Ich febe nichts als einen ichwargen Bubel : Es mag bei euch wohl Augentaufdung febn. Sauft. Mir ideint es, baf er magifch feife Schlingen Bu fünft'gem Band um unfre Suge giebt. Bagner. 3ch feh' ihn ungewiß und furchtfam uns um. ibringen. TTGO Beil er, ftatt feines Berrn, zwei Unbefanute fieht. Sautt. Der Rreis wirb eng, icon ift er nab! Banner. Du fiehft, ein Sund, und fein Gefvenft, ift ba. Er fnurrt und zweifelt, legt fich auf ben Bauch, Er webelt - alles Sundebrandi. 1165 Jauft. Gefelle bich ju und! Romm bier! Banner. Es ift ein pubeluarriich Thier. Du ftebeft ftill, er wartet auf :

Du fprichft ihn au, er ftrebt an bir binauf; Berliere was, er wird es bringen. Rach beinem Stod ins Baffer fpringen. Jauft. Du haft wohl recht; ich finbe nicht bie Spur Bon einem Beift, und alles ift Dreffur.

Wagner. Dem Sunbe, wenn er gut gezogen, Bird felbft ein weifer Mann gewogen. Na, beine Gunft verdient er gang und gar, Er, ber Stubenten trefflicher Scolar.

(Gie geben in bas Stabttfor.)

- FAUST. Dost mark how he courses round us, in a wide spiral circle,—hither, and ever nearer? And if I mistake not, a stream of fire moves after on his paths.
- Wagner. I see nothing but a black poodle; there may perhaps be some optical illusion with you.
- Faust. Meseems that he is drawing magically light nooses, for a future toil, around our feet.
- WAGNER. I see him bounding doubtfully and timidly round us, because, instead of his master, he sees two strangers.
- FAUST. The circle grows narrow; he is already near!

 WAGNER. You see! A dog, and no phantom, is here. He
 growls and hesitates, lies on his belly; he wags his tail
- FAUST. Come along with us! Come here!

-all dog-fashion.

- Wagner. It is a very droll brute. You stand still—he bogs; you call him—he fawns upon you; lose anything —he will fetch it; will jump into the water after your stick.
- FAUST. Perhaps you are right; I do not find the trace of a spirit, and all is training.
- Wagner. Even a wise man gets attached to a dog when it is well brought up. Yes, he thoroughly deserves your favour—he, the rare pupil of the students!

(They go within the town-gate.)

Stubirgimmer.

Fauft (mit bem Bubel hereintretenb).

Sectalien hab' ich Feld und Kusen,
Die eine tieft Andfi ebeecht,
Nit ahnungsvollem, heit'gem Granen
I nas die befere Secte wecht.
Entfischiefen ihn unn wirde Zeisebe,
Nit jedem ungefälnen Thur,
Es recet fich die Menkonfiche.

1185

1190

HIGS

Die Liebe Gottes regt fich nun.

Md, wenn in unfrer engen Zelle Die Lampe freundlich vieder breunt, Dann wird's in unferm Bufen helle, Im Herzen, das sich selber tennt. Beraunts sind vieder an yn brechen, Und Hossimus wieder an yn bish'n; Nam jehnt sich and, dos Lebens Buschen, Kal j nach des Lebens Linelle hin.

Faust's Study. (2)

FAUST (entering with the poodle).

I have left field and meadows, which a doep night covers, and, with inspiring, holy awe, wakes the better soul within us. Wild impulses are now fallen asleep, with every violent action. The love of man is stirring, the love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poedle! Run not to and fro! What are you snuffling at here on the threshold! Lie down behind the stove! I give you my best cushion. As outside, on the mountain path, you have amused us with running and bounding, so accept now from me attention in return, as a welcome, quiet guest.

Ah, when, in our narrow cell, the lamp burns cheerfully again, then all becomes clear in our bosom,—in the heart that knows itself. Reason begins again to speak, and hope again to bloom; one longs for the streams of life,—ah! for the source of life! Rnurre nicht, Bubel! Bu ben beiligen Tonen, Die jett meine gange Geel' umfaffen. Mill ber thierifde Lant nicht poffen. Bir find gewohnt, baf bie Meniden verhöhnen, 1205 Was fie nicht verftehn. Daß fie bor bem Guten und Schonen, Das ihnen oft beichwerlich ift, murren : Mill es ber Sund, mie fie, befunrren ? Aber ach ! ichon fühl' ich, bei bem besten Millen. 1210 Befriedigung nicht mehr aus bem Bufen guillen. Aber warum muß ber Strom fo balb verfiegen. Und wir wieder im Durfte liegen? Dabon hab' ich fo viel Erfahrung. Doch biefer Mangel läßt fich erfeben ; 1215 Bir lernen bas Ueberirbifche ichaten, Bir febnen uns nach Offenbarung.

1220

1225

Die nirgenbe würd'ger und iconer brennt, Mis in bem neuen Teftament.

Mich brangt's, ben Grundtext aufzuschlagen, Mit redlichem Gefühl einmal Das beilige Driginal

In mein geliebtes Deutsch ju übertragen. (Er fcblaat ein Belum auf, und fcbidt fic an.)

Beidrieben fteht : "Im Anfang war bas 2Bort." Sier ftod' ich ichon ! Wer hilft mir weiter fort ? 3ch fann bas Bort fo hoch unmöglich schähen, Ich muß es anbers überfeben. Benn ich bom Beifte recht erlenchtet bin.

Gefdrieben fteht : "Im Anfang war ber Ginn."

Growl not, poodle! The brutish sound ill accords with the sacred tones which now infold my whole soul. We are used to men deriding what they do not understand, to their grambling at the good and beautiful, which is often troublesome to them: is the dog disposed to snarl at it like them?

But ah, I feel already that, with the best intentions, contentment wells no longer from my basom! But why must the stream dry up so soon, and we again lie athirst! Of that I have so much experience! This want, however, admits of being compensated. We learn to price the supernatural; we long for revelation, which nowhere barns more worthily and beautifully than in the New Testament. I feel impelled to open the original text, just to transkite with caudid spirit the scared original tion by lebeved German.

(He opens a volume, and applies kimself to it.)

It is written: 'In the beginning was the Word.' Here 1 am already at a stand! Who will help me on further? I cannot possibly value the Word so highly; I must translate it otherwise, if I am truly enlightened by the Spirit. It is written: 'In the beginning was Thought.'

1230-1258

1220

1240

1215

1255

Daß beine Feber sich nicht übereise! Jit es der Sinn, der alles wirft und schafft? Es sollte siehn: "Im Ausang war die Kraft." Doch, auch indem ich dieses niederschreibe. Schon warnt mich was, daß ich dabei nicht bleibe.

Mir hilft ber Geift! Auf einmal feh' ich Rath, Und schreibe getroft: "Im Aufang war die That."

Soll ich mit dir das Limmer theilen, Kubel, so laß das Henlen, So laß das Bellen! Solch einen flörenden Gefellen Mag ich nicht in der Räße leiden.

Einer von uns beiden Nuß die Zelle meiden. Ungeru heb' ich des Gesprecht auf, Die That' ist offen, hast freien Lauf. Vier wos mus sich sie festen 1 Komn das natürlich geschechen?

stant oos naturing gegoepen ? He s Schatten ? ift's Birkfüssteit ? Bie wird mein Pudel lang und breit ! Er hebt sich mit Gewalt, Das ist nicht eines Hundes Gestalt !

Weld ein Gespenst bracht' ich ins Hans! Schon sieht er wie ein Rilpserd aus, Mit seurigen Augen, schrecklichem Gebis. O! du bist mir gewiß!

Für folche halbe Höllenbrut

Consider well the first line, that thy pen be not overhasty! Is It Monght that works and creates overprihing! It should stand: 'In the beginning was Force.' Yot, oven as I am writing this down, something warms me already not to koop to it. The Spirit helps me; jain already not to koop to it. The Spirit helps me; jain already not to koop to it. The Spirit helps me; jain loop in Spirit helps me; jain the property of the property of the beginning was Action.'

If I am to share the room with you, poolle, cease howling I cannot address so disturbing a companion near. One of us two must quit the cell. Recentaryl, I withdraw hospitality; the door is open; you have free range. But what do I seet C and that come to pass naturally! I is it shadow! Is it reality! How long and bread my poodle grows! He realises himself with violence: that is not the form of a dog! What a phantom I have brought into the house! He looks already like a hippochama, with fixey expertific testh. Oh, I am sure of thee! For such a half-hellish brood, Solomon's koy is good.

1260

1265

1270

1275

тойо

Geifter (auf tem Gange).

Drinnen gefangen ift einer ! Bleibet bangen, folg' ibm feiner ! Wie im Gifen ber Ruche. Ragt ein alter Sollenluchs. Aber gebt Act! Schwebet bin, ichwebet wieber,

Auf und nieber. Und er hat fich losgemacht.

Könnt ihr ihm nüten, Lakt ibn nicht fiben ! Denn er that uns allen

Schon viel zu Gefallen.

Fauft. Erft gu begegnen bem Thiere, Brand' ich ben Spruch ber Biere : Salamanber foll glüben.

Unbene fich winden, Sniphe veridminden. Robold fich muben!

Wer sie nicht fennte. Die Elemente, Ihre Kraft Und Gigenichaft. Bare fein Meifter Ueber die Geifter.

> Berfdwind' in Flammen, Solomonher !

SPIRITS (in the passage).

One is eaught within! Stay without! Follow him none!
As the fox in the gin, quakes an old lynx of hell. But
beware! Hover thither, hover back, up and down, and
he has got himself loose! If yo can aid him, leave him
not in the lurch! For at other times he has done many
a favour to all of us.

FAUST. First, to confront the beast, I use the Sentence of the Four: Salamander shall glow, Undine writhe, Sylph vanish. Cobold toil!

He who knew them not,—the elements, their strength and quality,—were no master over the spirits.

Vanish in flames, Salamander! Flow rushingly together,

96	Faust	1285-131
	Rauschend fließe zusammen,	128
	Unbene!	
	Leucht' in Meteorenschöne,	
	Shiphe!	
	Bring' hausliche Bulfe,	
	Incubus! Incubus!	129
	Tritt hervor und mache ben Schluß!	
	Reines der Biere	
	Stedt in bem Thiere.	
	Es liegt gang ruhig und grinf't mich au;	
	3ch hab' ihm noch nicht weh gethan.	1295
	Du follft mich hören	
	Stärfer beichwören.	
	Bift bu, Gefelle,	
	Ein Flüchtling ber Hölle?	
	So fiely bies Beichen,	1300
	Dem fie fich bengen,	
	Die schwarzen Schaaren !	
	Schon schwillt es auf mit borftigen haaren.	
	Bertvorfnes Wefen !	
	Rannft bu ihn lefen,	1305
	Den nie entiproknen.	

Sectuvefines Wefen!
Saunit bu ihn lejen,
Zen nie enliproblem,
Unansgeiprodjuen,
Unansgeiprodjuen,
Burch alle Simmel gegoßnen,
Greventlich burchfordjuen ?

hinter ben Ofen gebannt, Schwillt es wie ein Elephant; 1310

Undine! Shine, Sylph, in meteor-beauty! Bring homely help, Incubus! Incubus! Step forth, and make an end!

Not one of the Four sticks in the beast: he lies quite calm, and grins at me! I have not yet hurt him. Theu shalt hear me conjure more strongly.

Art thou, comrade, a fugitive from hell? Then see this sign, to which they bew,—the black legions!

Already it swells up, with bristling hairs,

Reprobate being! canst thou read him,--the never-eriginated, unexpressed, diffused through all heavens, criminally transpierced?

Spellbeund behind the stove, it is swelling like an elephant; it fills up the whole room; it is about to melt

Den gangen Raum füllt es an. Es will jum Rebel gerfließen. Steige nicht gur Dede bingn !

Lege bich zu bes Meifters Affen ! Du fiehft, baf ich nicht vergebens brobe.

Ich verfenge bich mit beiliger Lobe !

Erwarte nicht

Das breimal glübenbe Licht !

Erworte nicht

Die ftartite von meinen Ranften ! Denhiffenbeles ftritt, indem ber Debel fallt, gelfeibet wie ein fabrenter

Scholaftient, binter bem Dfen bervor). Wozu ber Lärm? was fteht bem Berrn zu Dienften? 1320

1325

1330

1335

Bant. Das alfo mar bes Bubels Rern!

Ein fahrenber Scolaft? Der Cafus macht mich lachen. Dephiftopheles. 3ch falutire ben gelehrten Berrn!

The habt mich weiblich ichwiten machen. maun. Bie nennft bu bich ?

Mebhiftopheles. Die Frage icheint mir klein

Für einen, ber bas Wort fo fehr verachtet, Der, weit entfernt von allem Schein,

Mur in ber Befen Tiefe trachtet.

Mantt. Bei euch, ihr Berrn, tann man bas Befen Gewöhnlich aus bem Ramen lefen.

Wo es fich allzubeutlich weift,

Wenn man euch Miegengott, Berberber, Lügner beifit,

Run gut, wer bift bu benn ? Ein Theil von jener Rraft. Mebhiftobheles.

Die ftets bas Bofe will und ftets bas Gute ichafft.

mauft. Bas ift mit biefem Rathielwort gemeint?

Menhiftopheles. 3ch bin ber Geift, ber ftete berneint!

into mist. Mount not up to the ceiling! Lay thyself at thy master's feet! Thou seest that I threaten not in vain. I will scoreh thee with holy fire. Await not the triple-glowing light! Await not the strongest of my arts!

(MEPRISTOPHELES, while the mist is sinking, comes forward, dressed like a travelling scholar, from behind the steve.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why this noise † What is the gentleman's pleasure †

FAUST. That, then, was the kernel of the poodle! a travelling scholar? The casus makes me laugh.

Merhistopheles. I salute the learned gentleman. You have made me sweat soundly.

FAUST. What is your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The question seems to me petty for one who so much despises the Word; who, far removed from all seeming, strives only [to penetrate] into the depth of things.

FAUST. With you gentlemen, one may ordinarily understand the being from the name, where it appears all too plainly if you are called Fly-god, Destroyer, Liar. Now, then, who are you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A part of that power which is constantly willing evil, and constantly producing good.

FAUST. What is meant by this riddle?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am the spirit that constantly denies!

1355

1360

1365

Und das mit Recht : benn alles, was entfteht. Ift werth, bağ es gu Grunbe geht ; Drum beffer war's, bag nichts entftunbe. So ift benn alles, was ihr Gunbe,

Rerftörung, fura bas Bofe nenut.

Mein eigentliches Clement. Manft. Du nemuft bich einen Theil, und ftehft boch gang bor mir? Dephtftophetes. Beicheib'ne Bahrheit ibred' ich bir. 1346 Wenn fich ber Menfch, Die fleine Narrenwelt.

Gewöhnlich für ein Ganges halt ; Ich bin ein Theil bes Theils, ber Anfangs alles mar.

Ein Theil ber Finfterniß, bie fich bas Licht gebar, Das ftolge Licht, bas nun ber Mutter Nacht

Den aften Rang, ben Raum ihr ftreitig macht. Und boch gelingt's ihm nicht, ba es, fo viel es ftrebt,

Rerhaftet an ben Körpern flebt : Bon Rörbern ftromt's, bie Korper macht es ichon,

Gin Körper bemmt's auf feinem Gange: So, hoff' ich, bauert es nicht lange,

Und mit ben Körvern wird's gu Grunde gebn. gang. Run fenn' ich beine wurd'gen Bflichten !

Du fannft im Großen nichts vernichten. Und fängft es nun im Rleinen an.

menntftonneles. Und freilich ift nicht viel bamit gethan.

Bas fich bem Richts entgegenftellt, Das Etwas, biefe plumpe Belt,

So viel als ich icon unternommen. Ich wußte nicht ihr beigutommen,

Mit Bellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand :

Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land!

Und bem verbanunten Reng, ber Thier und Menichenbru.

and justly so; for everything which comes into being is worthy that it should go to ruin; better therefore were it that nothing should come into being. So, then, everything which you call sin, destruction—in short, Evil—is my proper element.

FAUST. You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me?

MIPHISTOPHEMS. I tell you the modest returb. Though man, fully a microcism, commonly esteems himself a whole, I am a part of the part which, in the beginning, was All; a part of the Darkness which brought forth to itself Light—the proud Light, who now contends with Mother Night for her ancient rank and space. And yet he succeeds not; for, strive as much as he may, he cleaves, captured, to bodies. From bodies he stream; bodies he makes fair; a body stops him on his course. So I hope he will not last long, and will, with bodies, perials.

FAUST. Now I know your worthy functions! You can destroy nothing on a great scale, and are now setting about it on a small one.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And, canddily, not much has been done in that way. That which is opposed to nothing—the something, this clumsy world—much as I have already tried, I have not been able to get at it with waves, storms, shakings, fire. Sea and hard remain transpart after all! And of the damned trash—the brood of Und immer circulirt ein neues, frisches Blut. So geht es fort, man möchte rafend werben! Der Luft, dem Waffer, wie der Erben

Entwinden tanfend Neime sich, Im Trodnen, Feuchten, Warmen, Kalten! Hätt' ich mir nicht die Flamme vorbehalten,

1375

1380

1385

1300

1305

Ich hatte nichts Aparts für mich.

Fangt. So fetjest bu ber ewig regen,
Der heilsam schaffenben Gewalt
Die talte Teufelssauft entaggen.

Die sich vergebens tückisch ballt!

Was anders suche zu beginnen, Des Chaos wunderlicher Sohn! Wessettanbeles. Wir wollen wirklich uns besinnen:

Die nächstenmale mehr bavon!

Dürft' ich wohl biesmal mich entfernen?

Ich habe jest dich kennen lernen;

Befuche nun mich, wie bu magft. Sier ift bas Fenfter, bier bie Thure,

Ein Rauchfang ift dir auch gewiß. Mephtftopheles. Gefteh' ich's nur! baß ich hinausspaziere,

Berbietet mir ein kleines hinderniß, Der Drudenfuß auf eurer Schwelle.

Fanst. Das Bentagramma macht dir Bein? Ei, sage mir, du Sohn der Hölle, Wenn das dich bannt, wie famst du denn herein?

Wenn das dich bannt, wie kamft du denn herein? Wie ward ein solcher Geist betrogen?

Webbittobbeles. Beidaut es redt ! es ift nicht aut gezogen ;

brutes and men—of that there is now no getting the better at all. How many have I burried already! And a now, fresh blood is over circulating. Things go on so—it is enough to make one mad. From the air, the water, as from the earth—in dryness, moisture, beat cold—a thousand germs detect hemselves. Heat I not received flame, I should have nothing apart for myself.

Faust. So, to the eternal motion—the beneficently creative force—you oppose your cold devil's fist, which elenches itself maliciously in vain! Try, wondrous Son of Chaos, to begin something else!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We will really bethink ourselves; more of that next time! Might I be permitted this time to retire?

FAUST. I see not why you ask. I have at present made your acquaintance; call on me now as you feel inclined. Here is the window, here the door; you may also make certain of the chimney.

MEPHISTOPHELES, I must confess it at once; a small obstacle forbids that I should walk out—the wizard-foot on your threshold.

FAUST. The pentagram troubles you? Why, tell me, you Son of Hell, if that confines you, how came you in? How was such a spirit cozoned?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Look at it well! it is not rightly

IAOI

1405

1420

Der eine Wintel, ber nach außen gu,

Ift, wie du fiehft, ein wenig offen. Fauft. Das hat der Zufall gut getroffen !

Und mein Gefangner warft benn bu?

Das ift bon ungefähr gelungen!

mephifiophetes. Der Bubel mertte nichts, als er hereinge-

Die Sache fieht jest anders aus; Der Teufel fann nicht aus bem Saus.

Fauft. Doch warum gehft bu nicht burch's Fenfter ?

Den biff on beres. 's ift ein Gefeh ber Teufel und Gefbenfter:

Bo fie hereingeschlüpft, da muffen fie hinaus.

Das erfte fteht uns frei, beim zweiten find wir Rnechte.

Fauft. Die Golle felbft hat ihre Rechte?

Das find' ich gut, ba ließe fich ein Baft,

Und sicher wohl, mit end, ihr Herren, schließen? 2425 Mepplikopheles. Was man verspricht, daß sollst du rein genießen.

Dir wird bavon nichts abgezwadt.

Doch bas ift nicht fo furg gu faffen,

Und wir besprechen das zunächst; Doch jeho bitt' ich, hoch und höchst, Für diesesmal mich zu entlassen.

Fanft. Go bleibe boch noch einen Angenblid,

Um mir erft gute Mahr zu fagen.

wephstopheres. Jeht laß mich lost ich fomme balb zurüd; Damı magst du nach Belieben fragen. 1425 Kause. Ich babe dir nicht nachaestellt.

Bift bu boch felbft ins Garn gegangen.

Den Teufel halte, wer ihn halt !

Er wird ihn nicht fo balb jum gweitenmale fangen.

- drawn; one angle—the one on the outside—is, as you see, a little open.
- FAUST. That has chance well hit! And yeu, then, should be my prisoner? That has prespered by accident.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. The poedle noticed nothing as he sprang in. The affair locks differently new; the devil cannot get out.
- FAUST. But why de net yeu ge through the window?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. It is a law of devils and phantoms: where they have slipped in, there must they out. The first is free to us; as regards the second, we are slaves.
- FAUST. Hell itself has its laws † I am glad of that. Then it would be possible to cenclude a bargain,—and a binding one, surely,—with you gentlemen †
- MRPHISTOPHELES. What is premised, that shall you enjoy in its entirety; nothing of it will be pinched off frem you. But that is not a matter for a few words, and we will discuss it the next time; but at present, I beg you most carnestly to release me this once.
- FAUST. Pray, wait yet a moment, to give me, first, seme goed intelligence.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Let me go at present! I shall seen come back: then you may question as you like.
- FAUST. I have laid no traps for you; why, you have yourself gone into the net. Let him held the devil whe holds him! He will net so soon catch him a second time.

1445

1450

1455

Mephipopheles. Wenn bir's beliebt, so bin ich auch bereit, Dir gur Gesellschaft hier zu bleiben; 1431 Doch mit Bedingniß, dir die Beit

Durch meine Runfte murbig gu vertreiben.

Fauft. Ich feh' es gern, bas fteht bir frei ;

Nur daß die Kunft gefällig seh! 1435 Dephinopheles. Du wirst, mein Freund, für beine Sinnen In dieser Stunde mehr gewinnen,

Als in des Jahres Einerlei.

Bas bir bie garten Geifter fingen,

Die ichonen Bilber, die fie bringen,

Sind nicht ein leeres Bauberfpiel.

Auch bein Geruch wird fich ergeben,

Dann wirft bu beinen Gaumen leben,

Dann wirft bu beinen Gaumen lege

Und bann entjudt fich bein Gefühl.

Bereitung braucht es nicht voran; Beisammen find wir, fanget an!

Geifter. Schwindet, ihr bunteln

Wölbungen broben ! Reizenber ichaue

Reunblich der blau

Aether herein!

Wären bie bunteln Bolten gerronnen

Sternelein funtein,

Milbere Sonnen

Scheinen barein. Himmlischer Sohne Geiftige Schöne.

Schwantenbe Bengung

Schwebet vorüber.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If it pleases you, I also am ready to stay here to keep you company; but on condition of whiling away the time worthily for you by my arts.

FAUST. I shall like it; that is allowed you, provided only that the art be agreeable.

MEPHISTOPHEMS. You will gain, my friend, more for your senses in this hour than in the monotony of a year. What the dainty spirits sing to you—the fair images which they bring—are not an empty play of magicity. Your smell also will be regaled; you will then galed; you will then galed; you will then galed; you will then galed; you my then gain my hand the gain of the sense of touch will be myinded. Making ready beforehand is not needed; we are together—begin !

SPIRITS. 'Vanish, ye dark vaults above! More charmingly let the blue ether look kindly in! Would that the dark clouds were melted away! Starlets sparkle, softer sums shine in. Spiritual beauty of the heavenly sons, a

Die fich auf Bellen Gantelnb betvegen;

Wo wir in Choren

awaying curve, floats by ; longing inclination follows over. And the futtering ribbons of their garments of their grammat of their grammat of their garments of their give themselves for life. Bower on hower! Sprouting tendrils! The down-weighing cluster tumbles into the vat of the hard-squeezing press; foaming wines tumble in streams, purl through pure precious stones, leave the heights lying behind them, broaden into lakes around the charm of geree-growing hills. And the winged throng sips delight, flies to the sun, flies towards the bright lisles which dancingly move on the waves; where we hear shouters in choruses, see dancers over the Die fich im Freien Mile gerftreuen. Einige Klimmen

Ueber bie Soben,

Andere ichwintmen Ueber bie Seen.

Unbere ichweben ;

Mile gum Leben, Mile mr Ferne

Liebenber Sterne. Seliger Sulb.

mennifionneles. Er ichlaft! So recht, ihr luft'gen, garten

Sungen! Ihr habt ihn treulich eingefungen !

Wir bies Concert bin ich in eurer Schulb.

Du bift noch nicht ber Mann, ben Teufel festanhalten !

Umgankelt ihn mit füßen Traumgestalten ! Berfentt ihn in ein Meer bes Wahns!

Doch biefer Schwelle Bauber gu gerfpalten,

Bebarf ich eines Ratiensahns.

Nicht lange brauch' ich zu beichwören ;

Schon raichelt eine bier, und wird fogleich mich hören. 1515

Der Serr ber Ratten und ber Manfe,

Der Fliegen, Froide, Bangen, Läufe,

Befiehlt bir, bich hervorzutvagen

Und biefe Schwelle gu benagen,

On mie er fie mit Del betubft-

1520

1500

1505

meadows, who are all disporting in the open air. Some climb over the heights, others swim over the lakes, others are hovering—all towards life, all towards the farness of loving stars, of blissful grace.'

MEPHISTOPHELES. He sleeps! Well done, ye airy, delicate youngsters! Ye have fairly sung him to sleep. For this concert I am in your debt. Thou art not yet the man to hold fast the devil! Play around him with sweet dream-shapes, sikh him is a sea of illusion! But to rive the spell of this threshold, I require a rat's tooth. I need not conjure long; one is already rustling here, and will her me directly.

The lord of rats and mice, of flies, frogs, bugs, lice commands thee to venture forth, and to gnaw this threshold as soon as he touches it with oil:—there thou com'st

1535

1540

Da fommit bu icon berborgebubft! Rur frifd ans Bert ! Die Spite, Die mid bannte,

Sie fitt gang bornen an ber Rante.

Noch einen Bif. fo ift's geichebn!-

Run, Saufte, traume fort, bis wir uns wieberfehn ! Ranfe (erwachenb). Bin ich benn abermals betrogen ?

Berichwinbet fo ber geifterreiche Drang,

Daß mir ein Tranm ben Teufel vorgelogen, Und bafi ein Bubel mir entsbrang?

Stubirgimmer.

Jauft. Methiltebbeles.

gauft. Es flopft? herein! Ber will mich wieber plagen? 1530 Menniftonheles. 3ch bin's.

Sauft. Serein!

Menhittabheles. Du mußt es breimal fagen. Mauft. Berein benn!

Mebhiftobheles. Co gefällft bu mir.

Bir werben, hoff' ich, uns bertragen !

Denn bir bie Grillen gu berjagen,

Bin ich, ale ebler Nunter, bier, In rothem, golbberbramtem Rleibe,

Das Mäntelden bon ftarrer Seibe,

Die Sahnenfeber auf bem But.

Mit einem langen, fpigen Degen, Und rathe nun bir, furz und aut,

Dergleichen gleichfalls angulegen.

Damit bu, fosgebunden, frei, Erfahreft, was bas Leben fen.

Mauft. In iebem Rleibe werb' ich mohl bie Bein

Des engen Erbelebens fühlen. ¥545 hopping forth already! Now quick to work! The point which confined me lies right in front, on the ledge. One bite more, and it is done. Now, Faust, dream on till we see each other again!

FAUST (waking). Am I, then, once more deceived? Does the spiritual throng vanish—so that a dream has fabled to me the devil, and [only] a poodle escaped mc?

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock ${\bf \hat{t}}$ Come in ! Who wants to plague me again ${\bf \hat{t}}$

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is I.

FAUST. Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES. You must say it thrice.

FAUST. Come in, then !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thus you please me. We shall, I hope, agree. For, to chase away your yapons, I am her as young noble, in red gold-baced coat—the little mantle of stiff silk, the cock's feather in the hat—with a long-pointed sword; and, to be brief, I advise you also to put on the like; so that, unrestrained, free, you may try what His is.

FAUST. In every dress, I dare say, I shall feel the torture of earth's narrow life. I am too old merely to play, too

1460

1565

1570

Ich bin 311 alt, um nur 311 fpielen, Bu jung, um ohne Wunfch 311 fehn. Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?

Entbehren follft bu! follft entbehren! Das ift der ewige Gefang,

Der jedem an die Ohren klingt, Den, unfer ganges Leben fang.

Uns heiser jede Stunde fingt.

Rur mit Entfeten mach' ich Morgens auf,

Ich möchte bittre Thränen weinen, Den Tag gu fehn, ber mir in feinem Lauf

Richt Ginen Bunfch erfullen wirb, nicht Ginen,

Der felbft bie Uhnnng jeber Luft Dit eigenfinnigem Rrittel minbert.

Mit eigensinnigem Arittel mindert, Die Schöpfung meiner regen Bruft

Mit tausend Lebensfragen hindert. Auch muß ich, wenn die Nacht fich niederseuft.

Mich angitlich auf bas Lager ftreden;

Auch da wird keine Rast geschenkt, Mich werden wilde Träume schrecken.

Der Gott, der mir im Busen wohnt,

Nann tief mein Innerstes erregen; Der über allen meinen Kräften thront,

Er kann nach außen nichts bewegen. Und so ist mir das Dasehn eine Last, Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhaßt.

mephistopheles. Und boch ift nie ber Tob ein gang will-

Baust. D felig ber, bem er im Giegesglange Die blut'aen Lorbeern um bie Golafe winbet,

Den er, nach rafch burchraftem Tange,

young to be without a wish. Say, what can the world afford me? Thou shalt do without! Thou shalt do without! That is the eternal song which rings in every one's ears,-which, our whole life long, every hour is singing hoarsely to us. With horror only I awake in the morning. I would fain weep bitter tears to see the day. which will not, in its course, fulfil for me one wishnot one; which, with perverse carping, lessens even the anticipation of every pleasure, and cramps the creative work of my active breast with a thousand ugly realities. I must also, when night descends, stretch myself anxiously on my bed; oven there no rest is bestowed; wild dreams will affright me. The god who dwells in my bosom and can deeply stir my inmost being, who reigns over all my energies,-he can effect nothing outwardly. And thus is existence a burden, death desired, life to me detestable.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yot death is never a quite welcome guest.

FAUST. Oh, happy the man round whose temples, in the brightness of victory, he winds the bloody laurels, whom, after the swiftly raged-through dance, he finds in

116	Fauft	1576-1606
In e	ines Mädchens Armen findet!	
D w	är' ich vor bes hohen Geistes Kraft	
Entz	nat, entfeelt dahin gefunken!	
Mephi	stopheles. Und boch hat jemand einen braun	en Saft
In j	ener Nacht nicht ausgetrunken.	1580
Fauft.	Das Spioniren, icheint's, ift beine Luft.	

Dephiftophetes. Allwiffend bin ich nicht; boch viel ift mir hemust

Bang. Wenn aus bem ichredlichen Gewihle Ein füß befannter Ton mich gog,

Den Reft pou finblichem Gefühle 1585 Mit Anflang frober Beit betrog : So fluch' ich allem, mas bie Seele

Mit Lod. und Gautelwert umfpannt, Und fie in biefe Trauerhöhle Mit Blend- und Schmeichelfraften bannt ! 1500

Berflucht voraus bie hohe Meinung, Womit ber Geift fich felbft umfangt!

Berflucht bas Blenben ber Ericheinung, Die fich an unfre Sinne brangt! Rerflucht, mas uns in Traumen beuchelt. 1505

Des Ruhms, ber Ramensbauer Trug ! Berflucht, mas als Befit uns idmeidelt. Mls Weib und Rind, als Ruecht und Pflug ! Er und zu fühnen Thaten reat.

Berflucht fen Mammon, wenn mit Schäben 1600 Wenn er gu mußigem Ergeben Die Bolfter uns gurechte legt! Fluch fen bem Balfamfaft ber Trauben!

1605

Much jener höchften Liebeshulb! Rluch fen ber Hoffming! Rluch bem Glauben. Und Much vor allen ber Gebulb!

a maiden's arms! Oh that I had sunk away, enrapt, exanimate, before the lofty Spirit's might!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet a certain person did not drink a brown juice on that night.

FAUST. Playing the spy, it seems, is your pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am not omniscient; yet much is known to me.

FAUST. Since a sweetly familiar tone drew me out of the terrible tumult, and beguiled the remnant of childlike feeling with the echo of a happier time,-therefore I curse all that surrounds the soul with charm and jugglery. and confines it in this den of wretchedness with dazzling and flattering forces. Accursed, first, the lofty opinion with which the spirit surrounds itself! Accursed, the dazzle of appearance which intrudes upon our senses! Accursed, what feigns to us in dreams,-the cheat of glory, of lasting name! Accursed, what flatters us as possession, as wife and child, as servant and plough! Accursed be Mammon, when he incites us with treasures to bold deeds, when he adjusts our cushions for indolent delight! A curse be on the balsam-juice of the grape! A curse on that highest favour of love! A curse be on hope! A curse on faith! And, above all, a curse on nationee!

Mit mächtiger Faust; Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt ! Ein Halbgott hat sie zerschlagen!

Bir tragen

1610

1610

rhan

1625

1630

1635

Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinaber, Und Kagen Ueber die berfarne Schöne

lleber die berforne Schöne. Mächtiger

Der Erbenföhne, Prächtiger

Baue sie wieber, In beinem Busen baue sie auf! Neuen Lebenslauf

Reginne, Beginne, Wit hellem Sinne,

Und neue Lieder Tönen darauf! Wespistopheles. Dies find die kleinen

Bon ben Meinen.

Höre, wie zu Luft und Thaten Altklug sie rathen!

In die Welt weit, Aus der Einsamkeit,

Wo Sinne und Safte ftoden, Bollen fie bich loden.

Sor' auf mit beinem Gram zu fvielen,

Chorus of Spirits (invisible).

·Woo, woe! Thou hast destroyed it, the fair world, with mighty hand; it is precipitated, it falls to pieces! A demigod has shattered it! We bear away the fragments into nothingness, and lament over the lost loveniess. Mighty one of the sons of earth, build it more splendidly again—build it up in thy bosom! Begin a new course of life with elsar sense, and thereupon now songs will sound!'

MEPHISTOPHELES. These are the little ones of my train, Hark, how precoclously they counsel to pleasure and action! They wish to lure you into the wide world, out of the solitude where senses and juices stagnate.

Cease to toy with your grief, which, like a vulture,

1645

1650

Der, wie ein Geier, bir am Leben frifit ! Die fclechtefte Gefellichaft lagt bich fühlen, Daf bu ein Meufch mit Menichen bift.

Doch fo ift's nicht gemeint,

Dich unter bas Bad au ftofien.

3ch bin feiner bon ben Großen ; Doch willft bu, mit mir bereint.

Deine Schritte burch's Leben nehmen,

So will ich mich gern bequemen.

Dein gu fenn, auf ber Stelle. Ich bin bein Gefelle.

Und, mach' ich bir's recht,

Bin ich bein Diener, bin bein Knecht!

Range. Und mas foll ich bagegen bir erfüllen?

Mephiftopheles. Dagu haft bu noch eine lange Frift. Fauft. Rein, nein! ber Teufel ift ein Egoift

Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes willen.

Was einem andern nütlich ift.

Sprich bie Bedingung beutlich aus!

Ein folder Diener bringt Gefahr ins Saus.

1600 Dephiftophetes. Ich will mich bier gu beinem Dienft ber-

binben. Auf beinen Wint nicht raften und nicht rubn :

Wenn wir uns bruben wieber finben.

So follft bu mir bas Bleiche thun.

Fauft. Das Drüben tann mich wenig fummern : Thin Schlägft bu erft biefe Welt zu Trummern.

Die anbre mag barnach entftehn,

Aus dieser Erbe quillen meine Freuden.

. Und biefe Sonne icheinet meinen Leiben ;

feeds upon your life! The worst company will make you feel that you are a man with men. Still it is not meant to threast you among the rabble. I am not one of the great; but if, united with me, you will take your steps through life, I will readily economodate myself to be yours upon the spot. I am your companion, and, if I suit you, I am your servant, and you servan

FAUST. And what am I to do for you in return ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. You have still a long day of grace for that.

FAUST. No, no! The devil is an egoist, and scarcely does for love what is useful to another. Speak out the condition plainly! Such a servant brings danger into the house.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will bind myself to your service here,—at your beek not to rest, and not to repose. When we meet again on the other side, you shall do the like for me.

FAUST. The other side can little trouble me. If you will first knock this world to pieces, the other may arise afterwards, From this earth well my joys, and this sun shines upon my sufferings. If I can once sover

Rannst bu mich schmeichelnd je belügen, Daß ich mir felbft gefallen mag,

myself from them, what will and can may then come to pass. I will hear nothing more about it—whether, in the future also, there is hating and loving, and whether, in those spheres also, there is an above or below.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In this sense, you may venture it. Bind yourself; and, during these days, you shall see my arts with joy; I will give you what no man yet has seen.

PAUST. What, poor devil, wilt thou give! Was everman's spirit in its high endeavour conceived by the like of thee! True, thou hast food that satisfies not; thou hast red gold that, resiless, like quid-ciliver, melts away in one's hard; a game at which one never wins; a girl who, on my breast, allies herself already with her eyes to my neighbour; the fair, godlike joy of honour, that vanishes like a metor!—Show me the fruit that rots before one placks it, and trees that daily grow green neave!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such a commission scares me not; I can provide such treasures. But, good friend, the time also draws near when we may like to feast on something good in peace.

FAUST. If ever I shall lie down composedly on a couch of idleness, be there at once an end of me! If thou caust ever flatteringly delude me so that I may be pleased Rannst bu mich mit Genuß betrügen : -Das fen für mich ber lette Tag !

Die Wette biet' ich!

Mephifiopheles. Top!

Bauft. Und Schlag auf Schlag!

Werb' ich jum Augenblide fagen :

Berweile boch! bu bift so schon!

1700

1705

1710

1720

Dann magft bu mich in Feffeln fclagen,

Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn !

Dann mag bie Tobtenglode ichallen,

Dann bift bu beines Dienstes frei.

Dann bift du deines Wienftes frei,

Die Uhr mag ftehn, ber Reiger fallen,

Es seh bie Beit für mich vorbei!

webhifiopheles. Bebent' es wohl! wir werben's nicht

Fauft. Dagu haft bu ein volles Recht.

Ach habe mich nicht frebentlich vermessen:

Wie ich beharre, bin ich Knecht,

Ob bein, was frag' ich, ober weffen. messeneres. Ich werbe heute gleich, beim Doctorschmans,

Ald Diener, meine Bilicht erfüllen.

Rur eins! - Um Bebens ober Sterbens willen

Bitt' ich mir ein vaar Reilen aus.

Fauft. Much mas Gefdriebnes forberft bu, Bebant?

Saft bu noch teinen Mann, nicht Manneswort gefannt?

Ift's nicht genug, daß mein gesprochnes Wort

Auf ewig foll mit meinen Tagen schalten?

Raf't nicht bie Welt in allen Stromen fort,

Und mich foll ein Berfprechen halten? Doch biefer Bahn ift uns ins Herz gelegt;

Wer mag fich gern babon befreien?

with myself, if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that for me the last day! I offer the wager.

MEDITISTOPHRIES. Done!

FAUST. And my hand upon it! If I shall say to the passing moment: 'Ah, stay, thou art so fair!' then mayst thou lay me in irons; then will I readily perish! Then may the death-bell sound, then thou art free from thy service; the clock may stop, the index-hand fall; for me let time be over!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Consider it well; we shall not forget it.

FAUST. To that thou hast full right. I have not wantonly presumed. As I stand, I am a slave—what care I whether thine or whose!

MEPHISTOPHELES. This very day, at the Doctor's feast, I shall perform my duty as servant. Only one thing: on account of [the uncertainty of] life or death, I must trouble you for a line or two.

FAUST. Pedant, dost thou require something written also! Hast thou known neither man nor man's word! I is it not enough that my spoken word shall dispose of my days for ever! Does not the world rave on in all its currents, and is a promise to hold me! Yet this delusion is placed in our hearts—who would willingly free himself from it! Hany he who hears truth our in his boson:

126 Fauft	1724-1754
Beglück, wer Treue rein im Bufen trägt,	
Rein Opfer wird ihn je gerenen !	1725
Mein ein Bergament, beichrieben und beprag	ıt,
Ift ein Befpenft, bor bem fich alle ichenen.	
Das Wort erftirbt icon in ber Feber,	
Die Herrschaft führen Bachs und Leber.	
Was willft bu, boser Geist, von mir?	1730
Erz, Marmor, Bergament, Bapier ?	
Soll ich mit Briffel, Deifel, Feber ichreiben	?
Ich gebe jebe Wahl bir frei.	
Mephipopheles. Bie magft bu beine Rebnere	i
Rur gleich fo hitzig übertreiben ?	1735
Ift boch ein jebes Blattchen gut.	
Du unterzeichneft bich mit einem Eropfchen &	Blut.
Fauft. Wenn bies bir bollig G'nuge thut,	
So mag es bei ber Frate bleiben.	
Mephiftopheles. Blut ift ein gang befonbrer	Saft. 1740
Jauft. Mur feine Furcht, bag ich bies Bunbnig	bredje i
Das Streben meiner gangen Kraft	
Ist grade das, was ich verspreche.	
Ich habe mich zu hoch gebläht;	
In beinen Rang gehör' ich nur.	1745
Der große Beift hat mich verschmäht,	
Bor mir verichließt fich bie Ratur.	
Des Dentens Faben ift gerriffen ;	
Mir efelt lange vor allem Biffen.	
Lag in ben Tiefen ber Sinnlichfeit	1750
Uns glühende Leidenschaften ftillen !	
In undurchdrungnen Rauberhüllen	

Seh jedes Wunder gleich bereit! Stürzen wir uns in das Raufchen der Beit, no sacrifice will ever make him repent! But a parciement, written and stamped, is a pectre which all shrink from. The word dies away already in the pen; wax and leather hield the mastery! What wilt thou, Evil Spirit, of mo!—brass, marble, parchment, paper! Shall I write with graver, chisel, pen! I give thee each option freely.

MRPHISTOPHELES. How can you forthwith overdrive your rhetoric so hotly? Surely any sort of leaflet will do. You will subscribe your name with a little drop of blood.

FAUST. If this will fully satisfy you, it may stand part of the farce.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Blood is quite a peculiar juice.

FAUST. Only no fear that I shall break this compact! The endeavour of my whole strength is precisely what I promise. I have instanted myself too highly; I belong to your grade only. The great Spirit has spurned me; Nature shatus herself against me. The thread of thought is snapped. I have long been diagnated with all knowledge. Let us allay our glowing passions in the depths of sensantity! In impervious veils of magic, be every marvel forthwith ready! Let us cast ourselves into the

Soll feinen Schmerzen fünftig fich verichließen. Und was ber gangen Menfcheit gugetheilt ift, Will ich in meinem innern Gelbft genießen, Mit meinem Geift bas Sochft' und Tieffte greifen,

Ihr Bohl und Beh auf meinen Bufen baufen, Und fo mein eigen Selbft gu ihrem Selbft erweitern,

Und. wie fie felbft, am End' auch ich zerscheitern. 1775 Menniftonbetes. D glaube mir, ber manche taufenb Sahre

Un biefer harten Speife faut, Daß bon ber Wiege bis gur Bahre Rein Menich ben alten Sanerteia verbaut ! Glaub' unfer einem, biefes Gange

3ft nur für einen Gott gemacht!

Er finbet fich in einem em'gen Glange. Und hat er in die Finfterniß gebracht, Und euch tauat einzig Tag und Racht.

Bauft. Allein ich will !

128

1785

rushing of time, into the rolling of accident! There, pain and pleasure, success and vexation, may then alternate with each other as best they can! Only when unresting does man prove himself.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No measure, or bound, is assigned to you. If you like to steal sweets everywhere, to snatch at anything as you fly by, much good may what pleases you do you! Only fall to, and don't be coy.

FAUST. You hear—don't yout—the question is not of pleasure. I devote myself to the whitl of passion, to the most polgrant enjoyment, to enamoured hate, to animating vexation. My boson, which is cured of the impulse to know, shall hencefort close itself against no pangs; and that which is allotted to all mankful will 1 enjoy in my inner self. I will grasp with my spirit the highest and deepest; heap upon my boson their weal and woo, and thus dilate my own indriduality to theirs; and, in the end, like themselves, I also will be wreeked.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh believe me, who many thousand years have been chewing on this hard food, that, from the eradle to the bier, no human being digests the old leaven! Believe one of us, this Whole is only made for a Got! He exists in an eternal brightness; as he has brought into darkness; and for you, day and night only are proper.

FAUST. But I am resolved.

Die Reit ift furs, bie Runft ift lang, 3ch bacht', ihr ließet euch belebren.

Mociirt euch mit einem Boeten.

Lagt ben herrn in Gebanten ichweifen,

Und alle ehlen Duglitäten Muf euern Chrenicheitel häusen.

Des Löwen Muth,

Des Biriches Schnelligfeit.

Des Italianers feurig Blut,

Des Anrheus Dau'rharfeit.

Lafit ihn euch bas Geheimnift finben. Großmuth und Arglift zu berbinben,

Und euch, mit warmen Augendtrieben.

Nach einem Blane zu verlieben. Möchte felbft fold einen Serren fennen,

Burb' ihn Serrn Mifrofosmus nennen. Rauft. Bas bin ich benn, wenn es nicht moglich ift,

Der Menichheit Arone zu erringen.

Rach ber fich alle Sinne bringen? Mentiftonbetes. Du bift am Enbe - was bu bift.

Sen' bir Berruden auf bon Millionen Loden. Seb' beinen guß auf ellenhohe Soden,

Du bleibft boch immer, was bu bift. mant. 3ch fühl's, bergebens bab' ich alle Schabe

Des Menfchengeifts auf mich berbeigerafft, Und wenn ich mich am Ende nieberfete. Quillt innerlich boch feine neue Rraft:

Ich bin nicht um ein haar breit hober,

Bin bem Unenblichen nicht naber.

1700

1795

1800

MEPHISTOPHELES. There's something in that I But I am only anxious for one thing;—time is short, art is long. I should think you would listen to reason. Associate yourself with a poet; let the gentleman sweep in thought, and heap all noble qualities on your honoured crown—the lion's courage, the stag's swiftness, the Italian's feety blood, the standistness of the North Let him find out for you the secret of combining magnanimity with craft, and of your being in love, with the warm impulses of youths, after a set plan I myself should like to know such a gentleman; I would all him Mr. Microcosm.

FAUST. What, then, am I, if it is not possible to wrest the crown of humanity which all the senses are pressing after?

MEPHISTOPHELES. You are in the end—what you are. Put on wigs of million curls, set your foot upon ell-high socks, yet you remain ever what you are.

FAUST. I feel it; in vain have I swept together upon myself all the treasures of man's spirit; and when, at the end, I sit down, still no new strength wells up within: I am not higher by a hair's-breadth, am not nearer to the Infinite. Menntftopheles. Mein auter Berr, ihr feht bie Sachen. Wie man bie Sachen eben fieht :

Wir muffen bas geicheibter machen,

Eh uns bes Lebens Freude flieht.

Bas Benter! freilich Banb' und Rufie

Und Roof und 5 - -, bie find bein!

Doch alles, was ich frisch genieße. 3ft bas brum weniger mein?

Wenn ich feche Bengfte gablen fann,

Sind ihre Rrafte nicht bie meine?

Ich renne qu und bin ein rechter Mann.

Mis hatt' ich vierundawangig Beine.

Drum frifch! Lag alles Ginnen febn, Und grad' mit in die Welt hinein!

Ich faa' es dir : ein Rerl, der fveculirt,

Aft wie ein Thier, auf burrer Beibe Bon einem bofen Geift im Rreis herum geführt,

Und rings umber liegt icone grune Beibe.

Banft. Bie fangen wir bas an?

Mebhiftopheles. Bir geben eben fort. Mas ift bas für ein Marterort?

Bas heißt bas für ein Leben führen,

Sich und bie Jungens ennubiren ? Laft bu bas bem Serrn Rachbar Wanft!

Bas willft bu bich bas Stroh gu breichen plagen ?

Das Befte, mas bu wiffen fannft, Darfit bu ben Buben boch nicht fagen.

Gleich hor' ich einen auf bem Gange !

Rauft. Dir ift's nicht moglich ibn gu febn.

menhiftonbeles. Der arme Rnabe martet lange.

Der barf nicht ungetröftet gehn.

1840

1820

1825

1830

1835

MEPHISTOPHEAS. My good sin you see things precisely, as things are sen; we must manage that more sensitily, before the joy of life flies from us. What the deuce is surely lands and feet, and head and he—m, they are yours; but everything which I enjoy with zes, is that therefore the less mine I II I can pay for six stallions, are not their powers mine I I course along, and an a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs. Then quick I leave all reflection alone, and straight away with me finto the world! I tell you, a fellow who speculates is like a hrute driven round in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, and everywhere about lies fair green pasture.

FAUST. How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHERISS. We will just be off. What sort of torture-place is this 1 What sort of life to lead do you call this—wearying oneself and the youngsters I Leeve you that to your neighbour, Mr. Paunchl. Why will you plague yourself to thresh straw! Why, the best you can know, you dave not tell the lads!. I hear one just now in the passage.

FAUST. It is not possible for me to see him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The poor lad is long a-waiting; he

1855

+860

1866

1870

Komm, gieb mir beinen Rod und Müße; Die Maste muß mir töftlich siehn. (Er tiebet fich um.)

Run überlaß es meinem Bige!

Ich brauche nur ein Biertelftunden Beit; Undeffen mache bich zur ichonen Kahrt bereit!

(Fauft ab.)

Mephiftopheles (in Faufts langem Rleibe). Berachte nur Bernunft und Wiffenschaft,

Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft,

Laß nur in Blend- und Zauberwerten

Dich von dem Lügengeift bestärten,

So hab' ich dich ichon unbedinat-

Ihm hat das Schidfal einen Beift gegeben,

Der ungebanbigt immer bormarts bringt,

Und beffen übereiltes Streben

Der Erbe Freuben überspringt. Den schlepp' ich burch bas wilbe Leben,

Durch flache Unbebeutenheit;

Er foll mir zappeln, ftarren, fleben,

Und feiner Unerfattlichfeit Soll Speif' und Trant vor gier'gen Lippen fcmeben ;

Er wird Erquidung fich umfonft erfiehn;

Und hatt' er fich auch nicht bem Teufel übergeben, Er mußte boch ju Grunde gehn!

(Gin Schüler tritt auf.)

Shuter. Ich bin allhier erft furze Beit, Und tomme, voll Ergebenheit,

Einen Mann gu fprechen und gu fennen, Den alle mir mit Ehrfurcht nennen.

Mephifropheles. Eure Doflichfeit erfreut mich fehr!

must not go uncomforted. Come, give me your gown and cap : the disguise must suit me famously. (He changes his dress.)

Now leave it to my wit! I only want a quarter of an hour's time; meanwhile make yourself ready for the fine trip.

(Exit FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (in FAUST'S gown). Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of man; only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and magic by the Spirit of Lies; and then I have thee unconditionally! Fate has given him a spirit which, unrestrained, is ever pressing forward, and whose overhasty endeavour o'erleaps the joys of earth. Him will I drag through wild living, through flat triviality; he shall sprawl, stand amazed, stick fast; and for his insatiableness, food and drink shall hover before his craving lips; he shall pray for refreshment in vain; and even had he not given himself over to the devil, he would still be lost.

(A STUDENT enters.)

STUDENT. I have been here but a short time, and come, full of devotion, to speak with, and to know, a man whom all name to me with reverence

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your politeness gratifies me much. You

Mit jedem Tage mehr gelüften. Shüter. Un ihrem Hals will ich mit Frenden hangen; Doch fagt mir nur, wie fann ich hingelangen? Wehhlinshetes. Erflärt ench, eh ihr weiter geht, Was mählt ihr für eine Kacultät?

1806

2000 mujet the fac eine Guintate ? Children. Ich wünsche recht gesehrt zu werben, Und möchte gern, was auf der Erben Und in dem Himmel ist, erfassen,

Die Wissenschaft und die Ratur. Brephistopheles. Da seyd ihr auf ber rechten Spur; Doch must ihr euch nicht serstrenen lassen. see a man, like many others: have you yet inquired elsewhere?

STUDENT. I pray you, interest yourself for me! I come with every good disposition, tolerable means, and good spirits; my mother could hardly be brought to part with me! I would fain learn out here something worth knowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here you are at the very place.

STUDENT. Frankly, I should like to be off again already: these walls, these halls, are by no means to my taste. It is a very confined space; nothing green, no tree is to be seen; and in the lecture-rooms, on the benches, hearing, sight, and thinking fall me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That only depends on habit. So, at first, a child does not take kindly to the mother's breast; yet soon it nourishes itself with pleasure. So, with each day, will you take more pleasure at the breasts of wisdom.

STUDENT. I will hang with joy on her neck; tell me, however, how I can get there.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Explain before you go further, what faculty you choose.

STUDENT. I should wish to be profoundly learned, and comprehend what is upon earth and in heaven—science and nature.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There you are on the right track; you must not, however, allow yourself to be diverted.

Ein wenig Freiheit und Reitvertreib Mn iconen Sommerfeiertagen.

Dephiftopheles. Gebraucht ber Beit! fie geht fo fonell von hinnen: Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Beit gewinnen.

Mein theurer Freund, ich rath' euch drum 1910

Ruerft Collegium logicum. Da wird ber Geift euch wohl breifirt, In fpanifche Stiefeln eingeschnürt,

Daft er bebachtiger fo fortan Sinichleiche bie Bebantenbahn, TOLE Und nicht etwa, Die Rreus und Quer. Arrlichtelire bin und ber.

Dann lehret man euch manchen Tag, Dafe, was ihr fonft auf Ginen Schlag Betrieben, wie Effen und Trinten, frei,

1920 Eins! amei! brei! bagu nothig fen. Awar ift's mit ber Gebankenfabrik Wie mit einem Bebermeifterftud, Wo Ein Tritt taufend Raben reat.

Die Schifflein berüber, hinfiber ichiegen, Die Raben ungefehen fliegen, Ein Schlag taufenb Berbindungen ichlagt. Der Bhilofoph, ber tritt herein,

Und beweift end. es muft' fo febn : Das Erft' mar' fo. bas Ameite fo. 1030

1025

Und brum bod Dritt' und Rierte fo : Und wenn bas Erft' und Aweit' nicht mar'.

Das Dritt' und Biert' mar' nimmermehr.

STUDENT. I am heart and soul in the cause; but, to be sure, a little freedom and pastime would please me on fine summer holidays.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Make use of time! it passes hence so quickly; still method teaches you to gain time. For this reason, my dear friend, I recommend you, first, collegium logicum. There your mind is well trained. laced up in Spanish boots; so that thenceforth it may creep more circumspectly along the path of thought, and not perchance skip, like a will-o'-the-wisp, hither and thither in all directions. Then many a day they will teach you that what formerly you have done at one stroke, as easily as eating and drinking,-one! two! three | is necessary for it. It is indeed with the fabric of thought as with a weaver's masterpiece, where one treadle moves a thousand threads: the shuttles shoot to this side and that; the threads flow unseen; one stroke ties a thousand knots. The philosopher-he steps in, and proves to you, it must be so: the first was so, the second so, and therefore the third and fourth are so; and if the first and second were not, the third and

1034-1064

TOTO

1955

1960

Ber will was Lebendig's erkennen und beichreiben, Sucht erft ben Beift berauszutreiben :

Dann hat er bie Theile in feiner Sand.

Fehlt, leiber! nur bas geiftige Banb.

Encheiresin nature nennt's bie Chemie, Spottet ihrer felbit, und weiß nicht wie.

Emiler. Rann euch nicht eben gang verfteben. Mephiftopheles. Das wird nachftens icon beffer geben,

Menn ihr fernt offes reduciren

Und gehörig claffifieiren.

Smuter. Mir wird von alle bem fo bumm, Ms ging' mir ein Müblrad im Koof berum.

menbikanbeles. Rachter, por allen anbern Sachen.

Müßt ihr euch an die Metaphyfit machen ! Da feht, baf ihr tieffinnig faßt,

Bas in bes Menichen Sirn nicht pafit : Für was brein geht und nicht brein geht.

Ein prachtig Bort gu Dienften fteht.

Doch vorerft biefes halbe Jahr

Rehmt ja ber besten Ordnung wahr! Runf Stunden habt ihr jeben Tag :

Send brinnen mit bem Glodenichlag! Habt euch vorher wohl prävarirt.

Baragraphos wohl einftubirt,

Damit ihr nachher beffer feht, Daß er nichts fagt, als was im Buche fteht;

Doch euch bes Schreibens in befleißt, Mis bictirt' euch ber Beilig' Geift !

amuter. Das follt ihr mir nicht zweimal fagen !

fourth would never be. The students of all countries extel this; but none have become weavers. He who whiles to know and describe anything living, seels first to drive the spirit out of it; he has then the parts in his hand; only, infortunately, the spiritual bond is lacking. Chemistry calls it endetresis nature, mocks her own self, and knows not in what way.

STUDENT. I can't quite exactly comprehend you.

MEPHISTOPHELES, That will go better anon, no doubt when you learn to reduce and classify everything properly.

STUDENT. I feel as stupid about all this as if a mill-wheel were going round in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Next, before all other things, you must set to at metaphysics. There, see that you conceive profoundly what does not suit the brain of man. For whatever enters and does not enter there, a pompous word is at your service. But, above all, be sure this half year to observe perfect regularity. You will have five lectures every day; be in at the stroke of the clock! Have yourself well prepared heforehand — paragraphs well-conned—that you may see better afterwards that he says nothing but what is in the book; yet be sure you apply yourself to taking notes, as if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you!

STUDENT. You need not tell me that twice! I figure to

1975

1080

1086

1000

Ich bente mir, wie viel es nüht; Denn was man schwarz auf weiß befitt,

Rann man getroft nach Saufe tragen.

Mephiftopheles. Doch mahlt mir eine Facultat!

Souler. Bur Rechtsgelehrsamfeit tann ich mich nicht beque-

Mephikophetes. Ich fann es euch so sehr nicht übel nehmen; 1970

Ich weiß, wie es um biefe Lehre fteht. Es erben fich Gefet und Rechte

Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;

Sie ichleppen von Geichlecht fich jum Geichlechte. Und ruden facht von Ort zu Ort.

Bermuft wird Unfinn, Wohlthat Blage;

Weh bir, bag bu ein Entel bift!

Bom Nechte, das mit uns geboren ift, Ron dem ist. leider ! nie die Frage.

Shiter. Mein Abichen wird durch euch bermehrt. O glüdlich ber, den ihr belehrt!

Fast möcht' ich nun Theologie studiren.

Mephistophetes. Ich wünfchte nicht euch irre gu führen.

Was biefe Wiffenschaft betrifft,

Es ift so schwer, den falschen Weg zu meiden, Es lieat in ihr so viel verboranes Gift,

Und von der Arzenei ift's faum zu unterscheiden.

Mm beften ift's auch bier, wenn ihr nur Ginen bort,

Und auf bes Meisters Worte schwört. Im ganzen — haltet euch an Worte t

Dann geht ihr burch bie fichre Bforte Bum Tempel ber Gewißheit ein.

34uter. Doch ein Begriff muß bei bem Borte fenn.

myself how useful it is; for what one has in black and white, one can confidently carry home.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But pray choose a faculty!

STUDENT. I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot much blame you. I know how matters stand with this learning. Statutes and laws are inherited like an eternal disease; they truil from generation to generation, and move gently from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficance, calamity. Woe to thee that thou art a grandchild! Of the law which is born with us—of that, unhappily, there is never a question.

STUDENT. My repugnance is increased by you. Oh, happy he whom you instruct! I should almost like now to study theology.

MEPHISTOPHEES I would not wish to lead you astray, As regards this science, it is officient to avoid the wrong vny; there lies in it so much hidden poison, which is hardly to be distinguished from the medicine. Here also it is best if you listen to one only, and swent by the master's word. On the whole—stick to words I You will then go in through the safe gate to the temple of certainty.

STUDENT. But there must be some idea connected with the word Mephiftopheles. Schon gut! Mur muß man fich nicht allguanaftlich qualen : Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen. 1005

2000

2005

2010

2015

Da ftellt ein Wort gur rechten Reit fich ein.

Mit Worten laft fich trefflich ftreiten.

Mit Borten ein Suftem bereiten.

Un Worte läßt fich trefflich glauben,

Bon einem Bort läßt fich fein Jota rauben.

Sauter. Bergeiht, ich halt' ench auf mit vielen Fragen, Mein ich muß euch noch bemüh'n.

Wollt ihr mir bon ber Mediein

Richt auch ein fraftig Bortden fagen?

Drei Nahr ift eine furse Reit. Und. Gott ! bas Relb ift aar zu weit.

Wenn man einen Fingerseig nur hat.

Läft fich's ichon eber meiter fühlen.

Mebhistobeles (für fich). Ich bin bes trodnen Tons nun fatt.

Muß wieber recht ben Teufel fvielen.

(Laut.)

Der Geift ber Mebiein ift leicht gu faffen ; The burchstudiet die groß' und fleine Welt.

Um es am Enbe gehn zu laffen.

Wie's Gott gefällt.

Bergebens, daß ihr ringsum wiffenschaftlich ichweift, Ein jeber fernt nur, was er fernen fann ;

Doch ber ben Augenblid ergreift,

Das ift ber rechte Mann. The feth noch ziemlich wohl gebaut,

Un Rühnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen,

Und wenn ibr euch nur felbft bertraut.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Agreed! Only one must not plague oneself too anxiously; for just where ideas fail, a word makes its appearance at the right time. With words one may dispute admirably; with words, prepare a system; in words one may admirably put faith; from a word no iota can be robbed.

STUDENT. Pardon, I detain you with many questions, but I must still trouble you. Will you not also say one or two pithy words to me about medicine ? Three years is a short time, and the field, God knows, is all two wide! If one has but a hint, one can feel one's way further all the more easily.

MEPHISTOPHEMS: (aride). I am tired now of this dry tone: I must play the devil again with a will. (Aloud). The spirit of medicine is easy to eatch; you study thoroughly the great and little world, in order to let things go in the end as it pleases God. In vain you range scientifically round about; each one learns only what learn be only but he who exists the moment, that is the right man. You are pretty telerably well-built, no will you be wanting in boldness: and if you do but rely on Bertrauen euch die andern Seelen. Befonders lerut die Weiber führen; Es ist ihr ewig Weh und Ach.

Es ist ihr ewig Weh und Ach,
So tausendsach,

Aus Einem Punkte zu curiren. Und wenn ihr halbweg ehrbar thut,

Dann habt ihr fie all unter'm hut. Gin Titel muß fie erft vertraulich machen,

Daß eure Runft viel Rünfte überfteigt ;

Bum Billtomm tappt ihr bann nach allen Giebenfachen,

Um bie ein andrer viele Jahre ftreicht,

Berfteht bas Billslein wohl zu briiden,

Und faffet fie, mit feurig ichlauen Bliden, Woll um Die ichlante Sufte frei.

Bohl um die schlanke Hüfte frei, 2035 Zu sehn, wie sest geschnürt sie seh.

2030

2045

Schüter. Das fieht ichon besser ans! Man sieht doch, wo und wie. Mebbistobbetes. Gran. theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie.

und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

Ghüler. Ich schwör' ench zu, mir ist's als wie ein Traum. 2040
Ditrit' ich euch woll ein andermal beschweren.

Bon eurer Beisheit auf ben Grund zu hören?

Mephiftopheles. Bas ich bermag, foll gern geschehn.

Schüler. Ich kann unmöglich wieder gehn, Ich muß euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen.

Gonn' eure Gunft mir biefes Beichen!

(Gr fcreibt und giebt's.)

Echüler (lieft). Eritis sieut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

yourself, other souls will rely on you. Learn in particular to manage the women: their eternal Ohs! and Ahs! so thousandfold, are to be cured from a single point; and if you behave with moderate decorum, you will then have them all under your thumb. A diploma must first make them confident that your art surpasses the art of many others; then, at the outset, you feel your wip to all the trifles for which another man is many yeers beating about: you understand how to press well the little pulse; and you clasp them freely, with ardently sly glances, well round the slender hip, to see how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT. That, to be sure, looks better! One sees, at any rate, the where and the how.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grey, dear friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life.

STUDENT. I vow to you, 'tis like a dream to me. Might I
perhaps trouble you another time, to hear of your wisdom thoroughly?

MEPHISTOPHELES. What I have in my power shall be done with pleasure.

Student. I cannot possibly go back before handing you my album. Let your favour grant me this token!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Very well. (He writes and gives it.)

STUDENT (reads). 'Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum. (Shuts it reverently, and takes his teave.)

Mephiftopheles. Folg' nur bem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme, der Schlange,

Dir wirb gewiß einmal bei beiner Gottähnlichfeit bange !

Fauft. Bohin foll es nun gehn? Mephiftopheles. Bohin es bir gefällt.

Mephistopheles. Wohln es dir gejallt. Wir fehn die Keine, bann die große Welt.

Mit welcher Freude, welchem Ruben

Wirft bu ben Curjum burchschmaruten !

Rehlt mir bie leichte Lebensart.

Es wirb mir ber Berfuch nicht gluden :

Ich wußte nie mich in bie Welt gu ichiden;

Bor andern fühl' ich mich fo flein; Ich werde ftets verlegen sehn.

Ich werde stells verlegen sehn. 2060 wephikropheles. Mein guter Freund, das wird sich alles geben;

Sobalb bu bir vertrauft, fobalb weißt bu gu leben.

Fanft. Bie fommen wir benn aus bem Saus? Bo haft bu Bferbe, Anecht und Bagen?

Mehhftobheles. Bir breiten nur ben Mantel aus, 2065

Der foll uns burch bie Lufte tragen. Du nimmft bei biefem fühnen Schritt

Du nimmst bei biesem fühnen Schritt Rur feinen großen Bunbel mit.

Ein bifichen Feuerluft, die ich bereiten werbe, Siebt uns behend von biefer Erbe.

Und find wir leicht, fo geht es schnell hinauf;

Ich gratulire bir zum neuen Lebenslauf.

- MEPHISTOPHELES. Only follow the old saying and my cousin the serpent, and assuredly, some time or other, you will grow uneasy with your likeness to God!
- FAUST (enters). Where shall we go now?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Where you please. We shall see the little, then the great world. With what joy, what profit, will you sponge through the course!
- FAUST. But, with my long beard, I lack easy manners. I shall fail in the attempt; I never knew how to adapt myself to the world. I feel myself so small before others; I shall be constantly embarrassed.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. My good friend, all that will come by and by! As soon as you rely on yourself, so soon do you know how to live.
- FAUST. How, then, are we to start? Where have you horses, servant, and carriage?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. We merely spread out the mantle: that is to carry us through the air. Only, in this bold step, you will take no big bundle. A little fiery air, which I shall prepare, will lift us quickly from this earth; and if we are light, we shall mount rapidly. I congratulate you on your new course of life!

Anerbach's Reller in Leipzig. Bede inftiger Gefellen.

...

2080

2085

Frofc. Bill feiner trinfen? feiner lachen? Ich will euch lehren Gesichter machen!

Ihr fend ja heut wie naffes Stroh,

Und brennt fouft immer lichterloh.

Brander. Das liegt an bir; bu bringst ja nichts herbei, Richt eine Dummheit, feine Sauerei.

Frofch (gießt ihm ein Glas Wein über ben Ropf). Da haft bu beibes !

Brauber. Doppelt Schwein!

Groid. Ihr wollt' es ja, man foll es fenn !

Mit offner Bruft fingt Runba, sauft und schreit!

Auf! Solla ! So ! Mitmaner. Beb mir, ich bin verloren !

Baumwolle her! ber Kerl fprengt mir bie Ohren.

Fühlt man erst recht des Basses Grundgewalt.

Froja. So recht! hinans mit dem, der etwas übel nimmt! Al tara lara ba!

Alimaher. Al tara lara ba!

Frois. Die Rehlen sind gestimmt.

(Singt.) Das liebe, heil'ge Röm'sche Reich, Wie ball's nur noch ausammen?

Brander. Ein garftig Lieb! Pfui! ein politifch Lieb! Ein leibig Lieb! Daukt Gott mit jebem Morgen,

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. Drinking-bout of boon-companions.

Frosch. Will no one drink—no one laugh? I'll teach

you to pull long faces! Why, to-day you are like wet straw, and at other times you always burn blazingly.

Brander. That is your fault; why, you bring nothing towards it: not one foolery, no beastliness.

FROSCH (pours a glass of wine over his head). There you have both!

BRANDER. Double swine!

FROSCH. Why, you wanted one to be so!

Siebel. Out at the door with him who quarrels! With open breast strike up a chorus, swill, and shout! Up! holla! ho!

ALTMAYER. Woe's me, I am lost! Cotton here! The varlet splits my ears.

SIEBEL. When the vault echoes again, one feels all the more the deep power of the bass.

FROSCH. Right! Out with him who takes anything amiss! Ah! tara, lara, da!

ALTMAYER. Ah! tara, lara, da!

FROSCH. Our throats are tuned. (Sings.) 'The dear,

Brander, A nasty song! Fie! a political song. An offensive song! Thank God every morning that you

Daß ihr nicht brancht für's Röm'iche Reich zu sorgen! Ich sollt es wenigdens für reichlichen Gewinn, 2005 Daß ich nicht Anifer ober Annzler bin. Doch muß auch uns ein Oberhaupt nicht sehlen; Wir wollen einen Varde erwählen.

2100

2115

Ihr wißt, welch eine Qualität Den Ausichlag giebt, ben Mann erhöht.

Frost (fingt). Schwing bich auf, Frau Nachtigall, Grüß' mir mein Liebchen zehentausenbmal !

Stebel. Dem Liebchen feinen Gruß! Ich will bavon nichts

hören! Froig. Dem Liebchen Gruß und Kuß! du wirst mir's nicht verwehren!

(Singt.) Riegel auf 1 in ftiller Nacht.
Riegel auf 1 ber Liebste wacht.
Riegel auf 2 bes Morgens früh.

Siebet. Ja, finge, finge nur, und fob' und rühme fie ! Ich voill zu meiner Zeit schon lachen. Sie hat mich angesibrt, dir voird sie's auch so machen. Zum Liebsten seh ein Abodo ihr beischert! Der mag mit ihr auf einem Krenzwog schäfern;

Sin alter Bod, wenn er vom Blodsberg legitern Kin alter Bod, wenn er vom Blodsberg lehrt, Mag im Galopp noch gute Racht ihr medern! Ein braver Kerl von ächtem Fleisch und Blut

Ift für die Dirne viel zu gut. Ich will von keinem Gruße wiffen, Alls ihr die Fenfter eingeschmiffen!
Brander (auf ben Life felgered).

Bagt auf! pagt auf! Gehorchet mir!

have not the Roman Empire to care for! I at least hold it large gain that I am not Emperor or Chancellor. Still, to us also a chief must not be lacking: we will elect a Pope. You know what sort of quality turns the scale and elevates the man.

FROSCH (sings). 'Soar up, dame nightingale; greet me my sweetheart ten thousand times!'

SIEBEL. No greeting to the sweetheart! I will hear nought of it!

FROSCH. Greeting and kiss to the sweetheart! You shall not hinder me! (Sings.) 'Open bolts! in still night. Open bolts! the lover wakes. Shut bolts! in early

SERBER. Ay, sing, sing away, and haod and extol her! I doubt hor I shall hugh when my time comes. She Ia taken me in; she will do the same for you. May a goblin be bestowed on her for a lover! He may toy with her on a cross way. An old ram, when he returns from Blocksberg, may bleat, on the gallop, good night to her! A worthy fellow of genuine fiesh and bolis far too good for the wench. I will hear of no greeting but mashing her vindows!

Brander (striking the table). Attend! Attend! Listen to

154	Faust	2120-214
Ihr Herri	ı, gesteht, ich weiß zu leben;	212
	Bente figen hier,	
	ı muß, nach Standsgebühr,	
	Racht ich mas jum Besten geben.	
	! ein Lied vom neusten Schnitt!	
Und singt	den Rundreim fraftig mit!	212
(Er flugt	.) Es war eine Ratt' im Kellernest,	
	Bebte uur bon Fett und Butter,	
	hatte fich ein Ranglein angemaft,	
	Mis wie der Doftor Luther.	
	Die Röchin hatt' ihr Gift geftellt;	213
	Da warb's so eng ihr in ber Welt,	
	Mls hatte fie Lieb' im Leibe.	
Chorus (jan	hienb).	
	Als hatte fie Lieb' im Leibe.	
Brander.	Sie fuhr herum, fie fuhr heraus,	
	Und foff aus allen Pfügen,	213
	Bernägt', zerfratt' bas ganze Haus,	
	Wollte nichts ihr Withen nüben;	
	Sie that gar manden Mengstefprung;	
	Bald hatte das arme Thier geming,	
	Ms hatt' es Lieb' im Leibe.	214
Chorns.	Ms hatt' es Lieb' im Leibe.	
Branber.	Sie tam vor Angst am hellen Tag	
	Der Ruche zugelaufen,	
	Fiel an ben Herb und zudt und lag,	
	Und that erbarmlich schnaufen.	314
	Da lachte die Bergifterin noch:	

me! Confess, gentlemen, I know how to live. Lovesick people are sitting here, and these I must favour with a song to suit their quality, by way of good-night. Mark! A song of the newest cut! And take part in the chorus hustily! (He sings.)

'There was a rat in the cellar-nest, lived only on fat and butter, had fattened a little paunch for itself, like Doctor Luther. The cook had laid poison for it; then things got as tight for it in the world, as if it had love in its belly.'

CHORUS (shouting). 'As if it had love in its belly.'

Branner. 'It ran round, it ran out, and drank up all the puddles, gnawed, scratched the whole house; its fury could avail nothing; it made full many a bound of anguish; soon the poor beast had enough, as if it had love in its belly.'

CHORUS. 'As if it had love in its belly.'

Brander. 'It came running into the kitchen, for anguish, in broad day; fell on the hearth, and palpitated, and lay, and panted pitiably. Then laughed the poisoner

2155

2160

2165

Hal sie pfeist auf bem letten Loch, Als hatte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus. 203 hatte fie Lieb' im Leibe.

Giebel. Bie fich die platten Bursche freuen ! Es ist mir eine rechte Runft,

Den armen Ratten Gift gu ftreuen !

Brander. Sie siehn wohl fest in beiner Gunft? Atmaber. Der Schnerbauch mit ber tahlen Platte! Das Ungild macht ihn zahm und mild; Er ifelt in ber gefchwollnen Natte

Sein gang natürlich Cbenbifb.

Fauft und Mephiftopheles.

Mephikaphetes. Ich muß dich nun vor allen Dingen In luftige Gesellschaft bringen, Danit du siehst. wie leicht sich's leben läkt.

Dem Bolfe hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest. Mit wenig Wih und viel Behagen

Dreht jeber fich im engen Birkeltang, Wie junge Kaben mit bem Schwang. Wenn fie nicht über Robfweb klagen.

So lang ber Wirth nur weiter borgt, Sind fie vergnügt und unbeforgt.

Brander. Die fommen eben bon ber Reife,

Man fieht's an ihrer wunderlichen Beise; Sie find nicht eine Stunde hier.

Sie sind nicht eine Stunde hier. 2170 Frosch. Wahrhaftig, du haft Recht! Mein Leipzig lob' ich

mir ! Es ist ein Kein Baxis, und bisdet seine Lente.

69 th em tiem paris, and ottoet jeme cem

still: "Ha, it is at its last gasp, as if it had love in its belly."

CHORUS, 'As if it had love in its belly.'

Siebel. How the vulgar fellows are delighted! It is, methinks, a proper art to strew poison for the poor

Brander. I presume they stand high in your favour?

ALTMAYER. The paunch with the bald pate! Ill-luck makes him tame and mild; he sees in the swollen rat his own quite natural image.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before all things, I must now bring you into merry company, that you may see how lightly life may be passed. To these people here each day becomes a holiday. With little wit and much satisfaction, each turns round in the narrow circle-dance, like kittens with their tails. If they do not complain of a headache,—seo long as their host does but give further credit,—they are nleased and unconcerned.

BRANDER. They are just come from a journey; one sees it in their strange manner; they have not been here an hour.

FROSCH. Truly you are right! Leipzig is the place for me! It is a little Paris, and forms its folk.

Stebet. Fiir mas fiebit bu bie Fremben an ? Broid. Lag mich nur gebn! Bei einem bollen Glaje Rieh' ich, wie einen Rinbergabn, 2175 Den Burichen leicht bie Burmer aus ber Rafe. Sie icheinen mir aus einem eblen Sans, Sie fteben ftolg und ungufrieben aus. Brauber. Martifchreier finb's gewiß, ich wette! MItmaner. Bielleicht. Giebt Acht, ich fcbraube fie! Broim. 2180 Den biffenbetes (au Rauft). Den Teufel fpurt bas Bolfchen nie. Und wenn er fie beim Kragen hatte! Fauft. Genb uns gegrußt, ihr Berrn! Giebel. Biel Dant jum Gegengruß! (Beife, Mephiflopheles von ber Geite anfebent,) Was hinft ber Nerl auf einem Juß? Menniftonneles. Aft es erlaubt, uns auch zu euch zu feben ? Statt eines guten Trunts, ben man nicht haben fann, 2285 Soll bie Befellichaft uns ergeben. Mitmater. Ihr ideint ein febr bermöhnter Dann. Broto. Ihr fend mobl fpat bon Rippach aufgebrochen ? Sobt ihr mit Serren Sans noch erft zu Racht geipeift? 2100 menninophetes. Beut find wir ihn borbeigereift;

Altimaher (leife). Da haft du's! der berfteht's! 2195 Elebet. Ein Pfiffiger Patron ! Trots. Nun, warte nur, ich frieg 'lim ichon !

Wephtstopheles. Wonn ich nicht irrte, hörten wir

Wir haben ihn das lehtemal gesprochen. Bon seinen Bettern wußt' er viel zu jagen, Biel Grüße hat er uns an jeden ausgetragen. SIEBEL. What do you take the strangers for ?

FROSCH. Just let me go my own way! With the help of a full glass, I will worm out the follows' secrets as easily as a child's tooth. They seem to me from some noble house; they look proud and discontented.

Brander. They are mountebanks to a certainty, I wager. Altmayer. Perhaps.

FROSCH. Mark, I'll chaff them !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). These people would never seent the devil, even if he had them by the throat,

FAUST. Our greetings, gentlemen!

SIEBEL. Many thanks in return! (Aside, looking askance at MEPHISTOPHELES.) Why does the fellow limp on one foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Is it permitted us also to sit with you?

We shall have company to cheer us, instead of good liquor, which one cannot have.

ALTMAYER. You seem a very pampered man.

FROSCH. Probably you have set forth at a late hour from Rippach? Did you sup previously with Mr. Hans?

MEPHISTOPHELES. To-day we travelled past him: last time, we spoke to him. He had much to say of his cousins; he charged us with many greetings to each. (He bous towards FROSCH.)

ALTMAYER (aside). You have it there! He's wide-awake! SIEBEL. A sharp fellow!

FROSCH. Now, only wait, I shall have him, no doubt.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If I was not mistaken, we heard prac-

Geübte Stimmen Chorus fingen? Gewiß, Gesana muß trefflich hier

Bon biefer Wolbung wiederflingen !

Brofd. Send ihr wohl gar ein Birtuos?

Mephinopheres. O nein! bie Kraft ift fcmach, allein bie Luft ift groß.

MItmaner. Gebt uns ein Lieb!

Mitmaner. Gebt uns ein Dieb!
Menn ihr begehrt, die Menge.
Siebel. Nur auch ein nagelneues Stüd!

Den ichoner Sand bes Beins und ber Gefange.

(Singt.) Es war einmal ein König, Der hatt' einen großen Rlob —

Frofs. Dordt! einen Flob! habt ihr bas wohl gefaßt?
Ein Flob ift mir ein faubrer Gaft.

Mebbiftopheles (fingt).

Es war einmal ein König, Der hatt' einen großen Floh, Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig, US wie seinen eignen Sohn. Da rief er seinen Schneiber,

Der Schneiber fam heran: Da, miß dem Junter Kleider, Und miß ibm Gosen an!

Brander. Bergeßt nur nicht, dem Schneider einzuschärfen, Daß er mir aufs genauste mißt,

Und baß, fo lieb fein Ropf ihm ift, Die Sofen feine Salten werfen !

Die Hofen feine Falten werten

tised voices singing in chorus? Certainly singing must resound superbly from this vault.

FROSCH. Is it possible that you are a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh no! the power is weak, but the desire is great.

ALTMAYER. Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Plenty, if you like,

SIEBEL. But mind, a brand-new piece!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We have just returned from Spain, the fair land of wine and song. (Sings.)

'Once upon a time, there was a king, who had a great flea...'

FROSCH. Hark, a flea! Did you rightly catch that † A flea, methinks, is a pretty customer.

MEPHISTOPHELES (tingt). Once upon a time, there was a king, who had a great fles, which he loved not a little, as 'twere his own son. Then called he his tailor; the tailor drew near. "There, measure the young squire for clothes, and measure him for breeches!"

Brander. Only forget not, prithee, to enjoin the tailor that he measure with the greatest nicety, and that, as he loves his head, the breeches throw no creases!

2230

2240

Mephiftopheles.

In Sammet und in Seibe War er nun angethan.

Hatte Bander auf bem Kleibe, Satt' auch ein Kreus baran,

Und war sogleich Minister,

Und hatt' einen großen Stern. Da wurden feine Gefchwifter

Bei Hoff auch große Herrn.

Und herrn und Fraun am Sofe,

Die waren fehr geplagt,

Die Rouigin und bie Bofe

Gestochen und genagt, Und dursten fie nicht kniden,

Und weg fie juden nicht. Wir fuiden und erftiden

Doch gleich, wenn einer fticht.

Chorus (jauchgend).

Wir fniden und erftiden

Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht. Frosa. Bravo! Bravo! das war schön!

Stebel. So foll es jebem Floh ergehn! Brander. Spitt die Finger und padt fie fein!

Alltmager. Es lebe bie Freiheit! es lebe ber Wein!

mephinophetes. Ich trante gern ein Glas, die Freiheit hoch gu ehren, 2245

Wenn enre Weine nur ein bifichen beffer volren. Ciebel. Wir nidgen bas nicht wieder horen ! wephinopheled. Ich fürchte nur, der Wirth beschweret sich, Sonft alb' ich diesen werthen Güten

Mus unferm Reller was gum Beften.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'In velvet and silk was he now attired, had ribbons on his coat, had also a cross thereon, and was forthwith minister, and had a great star. Then his brethren also became great lords at court.

'And lords and ladies at court, they were sorely plagued; the queen and the waiting women were pricked and bitten, and dared not crack them, nor scratch them away. But we crack and stifle directly when one pricks.'

Chorus (shouting). 'But we crack and stifle directly when one pricks.'

FROSCH. Bravo! bravo! That was capital.

SIEBEL. So may it befall every flea!

BRANDER. Point your fingers, and nab them eleverly!

ALTMAYER. Liberty for ever! Wine for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would willingly drink a glass in high honour of liberty, if only your wines were a little bit better.

STEBEL. We don't desire to hear that again !

MEPHISTOPHELES. I only feared the landlord would be annoyed; otherwise, I would treat these worthy guests out of our cellar.

2260

Giebet. Rur immer her! ich nehm's auf mich.

Frosch. Schafft ihr ein gutes Glas, so wollen wir ench loben. Rur gebt nicht gar zu fleine Kroben :

Denn wenn ich judieiren foll,

Berlang' ich auch bas Maul recht voll.

Attemanee (leife). Sie find vom Rheine, tvie ich fpfire.

mephiftopheles. Schafft einen Bohrer an ! Bas foll mit bem gefchelm ?

Ihr habt boch nicht die Fäffer vor der Thure? Altemaber. Dahinten hat der Wirth ein Körbeien Wertzeng

ftehn. Rephistopheles (nimmt ben Bobrer).

(3u Trofd.)

Nun fagt, was wünschet ihr zu schmeden? Fross. Wie meint ihr bas? Habt ihr so mancherlei?

mephiftopheles. Ich ftell' es einem jeben frei. Mitmaber (ju Frosch). Aba! bu fangft fcon an, bie Lippen

abzuleden. Feofg. Gut! wenn ich wählen soll, so will ich Rheinwein

haben.

Das Baterland verleibt die allerbesten Gaben.

weephifesheles (indem er an dem Blag, wo Frosch fist, ein Loch in den Tischrand bober). Berichafft ein wenig Wachs, die Birovien gleich zu machen !

Mitmager. Ach, bas find Tafchenfpielerfachen! Dephiftopheles (zu Brauber). Und ihr ?

Brander. Ind recht nutffirend foll er febn !

(Mephiftevheles bebet; einer hat inteffen bie Bachtpfropfen gemacht

unt reckept.) Man kann nicht stets das Fremde meiben, Siebel. Hither with it by all means! I take it upon myself.

Frosch. If you provide a good glass, we will praise you.

Only don't give samples all too small; for if I am to
judge of the quality, I like my mouth right full.

ALTMAYER (aside). They're from the Rhine, as I guess.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Procure a gimlet.

Brander, What's to be done with it? You have not, I presume, the casks at the door?

ALTMAYER. The landlord has a little basket of tools standing behind there.

MEPHISTOPHELES (taking the gimlet. To Frosch). Now say what you would wish to taste?

FROSCH. How do you mean? Have you so many sorts?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I leave it to every one's choice.

ALTMAYER (to FROSCH). Aha, you begin to liek your lips already!

FROSCH. Well! If I am to choose, I will have Rhine-wine.

The Fatherland bestows the very best of gifts.

MEPHISTOPHELES (boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where Frosch is sitting). Get a little wax to make the stoppers directly.

ALTMAYER. Ah, these are juggler's tricks!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to BRANDER). And you?

Brander. I'm for champagne, and let it be right sparkling!

(MEPHISTOPHELES bores; one of them has meanwhile made the wax-corks and stopped the holes.)

One cannot always avoid what is foreign; the good

2289

Das Gute liegt uns oft jo fern.

Ein achter beutider Mann man feinen Frangen leiben. Doch ihre Weine triuft er gern.

Stebet (indem fich Dephiftopheles feinem Plage nabert).

Ich muß geftebn, ben fanern mag ich nicht.

Webt mir ein Glas vom achten füßen!

2275 Mephistophetes (bobrt). Euch foll fogleich Tofaier fließen. Mitmaber. Rein, Berren, feht mir ins Geficht!

3ch feb' es ein, ibr babt mis uur gum Beften.

menbittonbetes, Gil Gil mit folden eblen Gaften

Bar' es ein bifichen viel gewagt.

Geschwind! Rur grab' heraus gesagt! Mit welchem Weine tann ich bienen ?

Mitmaber. Mit iebem ! Mur nicht lang gefragt ! (Radtem bie Socher alle gefobet und verftepft finb.)

Dephiftopheles (mit feltfamen Geberben).

Tranben traat ber Beinftod.

Sorner ber Biegenbod!

Der Bein ift faftig, Solg bie Reben,

Der hölzerne Tijd fann Wein anch geben. Gin tiefer Blid in bie Ratur !

Sier ift ein Munber, alaubet nur !

Run gieht die Bfropfen, und genießt! 2200 Mile (inbem fie bie Bropfen gieben und febem ber verlangte Wein

ine Glas lauft). Dichoner Brunnen, ber uns fliefit !

mephiftophetes. Rur hutet euch, bag ihr mir nichts vergießt ! (Gie trinfen mieterficht.)

Mitte (fingen). Uns ift gang fannibalijch wohl, Mis mie fünfnunbert Ganen !

lies often so far from us. A true German cannot bear Frenchmen, but he willingly drinks their wines.

SIEBEL (while MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his place). I must own, I don't like it acid; give me a glass of genuine sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES (boring). Tokay shall flow forthwith for you.

ALTMAYER. No, gentlemen, look me in the face! I pereeive you are only making game of us.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Heyday! With such noble guests, it would be a little bit high-hazarded. Quick! Only speak out at once! What wine may I serve you with?

ALTMAYER. With any. Only don't be long asking!

MEPHISTOPHELES (with strange gestures, after all the holes are bored and stopped). "The vine bears grapes, the hegoat horns. Wine is juley, vines are wood. The wooden table can also yield wine. A deep glance into nature! Hero is a miracle; only have faith!"

Now draw the stoppers and drink!

ALL (while they draw the stoppers, and the desired wine runs into each one's glass). Oh beautiful spring, that flows for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only take care that you spill me nothing.

(They drink repeatedly.)

ALL (singing). 'We are as jolly as cannibals, like five hundred swine!'.

wephipopheces. Das Bolf ist frei! Seht an, wie wohl's ihm geht! 2295 Fang. Ich hätte Luft nun abzusahren.

Bang. Ich hatte Buft nun abzufahren. Debnitrophetes. Gieb nur erft Acht ! bie Bestialität

Wirb fich gar herrlich offenbaren.

Siebet (triuft unvorsichtig; ber Wein fliefit auf bie Erbe und wird zur Flamme).

Belft ! Fener ! helft ! Die Bolle brennt !

Mephiftophetes (bie Flamme befprechenb). Gen rubig, freundlich Clement!

(Bu bem Gefellen.)

Fitr diesmal war es nur ein Tropfen Fegefener. Siebel. Was foll das fehn? Wart'! ihr bezahlt es

thener!

Es scheinet, daß ihr uns nicht tennt. Froig. Laß Er uns das zum zweitenmale bleiben !

Attmaper. Ich bächt', wir hießen ihn gang fachte feitwarts gehn. 2305

Stebet. Bas, herr? Er will fich unterstehen, Und bier fein Gofnspotus treiben?

Dephiftopheles. Still, altes Beinfaß! Befenftiel!

Siebet. Befenftiel Du willft uns aar noch arob begegnen ?

On wille und gar noch grob begegnen? Bennber. Wart es sollen Schläge regnen! 2310 Attemaher (zieht einen Bfropf and bem Afch; es fpringt ihm Freuer enteienen).

Ich brenn'! ich brenne! Bauberei!

Stoft gu! ber Rerl ift bogelfrei!

(Sie gieben bie Meger und gehen auf Mephiftopheles lot.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. These people are free; see how they enjoy themselves.

FAUST. I should like now to depart.

Mephistopheles. Only attend first; their brutishness will display itself right gloriously.

Siebel (drinks carelessly; the wine pours on the ground and turns to flame). Help! Fire! Help! Hell is burning!

MEPHISTOPHELES (conjuring the flames). Be still, friendly element! (To the fellow.) This time, it was only a little drop of purgatory.

Siehel. What means that? Wait! you shall pay dearly for it! It seems that you do not know us.

FROSCH. Leave you that alone another time!

ALTMAYER. I think we should bid him be off quietly.

SIEBEL What, Sir! You will presume to work your hocus-pocus here?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Silence, old wine-cask !

Siebel. Broomstick! Will you use us rudely into the bargain?

Brander, Just wait! It shall rain blows!

ALTMAYER. (draws the stopper from the table; fire springs out against him). I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL, Magic! Thrust home! The knave is outlawed! (They draw their knives, and make for MEPHISTOPHELES.) Menbinopheles (mit ernftbafter Geberbe).

Ralich Gebilb und Wort Beranbern Sinn und Ort ! Send fier und bort !

(Bie ftefen erftaunt und feben einanter an.)

Mitmaner. Bo bin ich ? Beldes icone Lanb! Froid. Weinberge! Geh' ich recht?

Und Trauben aleich gur Sand! Glebel.

Branber. Sier unter biefem grunen Laube. Ceht, welch ein Stod ! feht, welche Traube !

(We fast Siebeln bei ber Dafe : bie andern thun es wechfelfeitig und fieben

Mentingnholes (wie oben), Arrthum, laft los ber Mingen

Banh ! 2320 Und mertt euch, wie ber Tenfel fpage !

(Gr veridwindet mit gauft ; Die Gefelten fahren aus einander.)

Siebel. Bas giebt's ?

98 le 2

Mitmaner.

Mar has beine Naie ? Groff.

Branber (m Giebel), Und beine bab' ich in ber Sanb ! Attmager. Es war ein Schlag, ber ging burch alle Blieber!

Schafft einen Stuhl ! ich finte nieber. 2325 Broid. Rein, fagt mir nur, was ift gefchehn ?

Siebet. Bo ift ber Rerl ? Benn ich ihn fpfire, Er foll mir nicht lebenbig gebn !

Mitmaner. 3ch bab' ibn felbit binaus gur Rellerthure Muf einem Saffe reiten febn - -

2330 Es fient mir bleifchwer in ben Sußen.

(Gich nach bem Tijde mentent.)

Mein! Sollte mobl ber Bein noch fließen? Stebet. Betrug mar alles, Qua und Schein,

MEPHISTOPHELES (with solemn gesture). False form and word change sense and place! Be here and there!

(They stand amazed, and caze at each other.)

ALTMAYER. Where am I ? What a beautiful country!
FROSCH. Vinevards! Do I see aright?

SIEBEL. And grapes close at hand !

Brander. See here, under this green foliage, what a stem!
See, what a bunch!

(He seizes Sienel by the nose. The others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (as before). Error, loosen the bandage of their eyes! And mark ye, how the devil jests!

(He disappears with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.)

SIEREL. What's the matter ?

ALTMAYER. How?

FROSCH. Was that your nose?

Brander (to Siebel). And I have yours in my hand! Altmayer, It was a shock which went through all ono's

limbs! Get a chair, I am sinking.

Frosch. No, do but tell me; what has happened? Siebel. Where is the fellow? If I track him ho shall not get away alive!

ALTMAYER. I saw him myself ride out at the cellar-door on a cask.—My feet feel as heavy as lead! (*Turning towards* the table.) My! I wonder whether the wine is running still?

SIEBEL, All was cheat, lying, and sham,

2340

2345

Froid. Mir dauchte doch, als trant' ich Bein.

Branber. Aber wie war es mit ben Tranben ?

Mtemaber. Run fag' mir eins, man foll fein Bunber glauben!

Derentüche.

Auf einem niebrigen Berte fless ein gusfer Arfiel über tem Fruer. In tem Dannss, ber deren in die Side fleig, gejam fly weckstene Gefalten. Eine Weerfalde flyt bei tem Arfiel um schauten iln, um bieger, das er mich eiterfalle. Der Weerfaler mit ben Zungen flyt densken met woltent sich, Water und Dock ibm mit ben eiternum der mendanderten annetenden.

Fauft. Mephiftapheles.

Ganft. Mir widerfteht bas tolle Banberwefen !

Berfprichst du mir, ich soll genesen Ju biesem Bust von Raserei?

Berlang' ich Rath von einem alten Beibe?

Berlang' ich Math von einen

Und schafft die Sudelföcherei

Wohl breißig Jahre mir bom Leibe ?

Weh mir, wenn bu nichts Beffers weißt!

Schon ift die hoffnung mir verschwunden.

hat bie Ratur und hat ein ebler Geift

Nicht irgend einen Baljam ausgefunden ? wephiftophetes. Mein Freund, nun fprichft bu wieber fing !

Dich zu verjüngen giebt's auch ein natürlich Mittel;

Allein es fteht in einem andern Buch, Und ift ein wunderlich Capitel.

Fauft. Ich will es wiffen.

mephiftopheles. Gut! ein Mittel, ohne Gelb Und Arat und Rauberei zu haben!

Begieb bich gleich hinaus aufs Felb, Kana' an zu baden und zu araben.

Erhalte bich und beinen Ginn

n Sinn 2355

Frosch. It seemed to me, though, as if I was drinking wine.

BRANDER. But how was it with the grapes ?

ALTMAYER. Now let any one tell me that one must not believe in miracles !

Witch's Kitchen.

(On a low hearth stands a large caldron over the fire. In the vapour that rises from it appear various figures. A Sun-Monkey till the caldron and skins it, and takes care that it does not run over. The Hs-Monkey tilt near, with the young ones, and warms kinself, Walls and ceiling are decked out with the transgest which furniture.)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES,

FAUST. The mad magic revolts me! Do you promise me I shall recover in this chaos of frenzy? Do I need counsel of an old vorman! And will the mess-cookery really take thirty years from my frame! Woe's me if you know of nothing better! Already hope has vanished. Has nature, and has a noble spirit discovered no sort of helsen?

MEPHISTOPHELES. My friend, now again you talk sensibly!

There is also a natural means of making you young again;
but it is in another book, and is a strange chapter.

FAUST. I desire to know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well! to have a means without money and doctor, and sorcery: betake yourself straightway to the field outside; begin to hoe and to dig; keep your-

Bu einem gang beidrauften Rreife, Ernabre bich mit ungemischter Speife. Leb' mit bem Bieh als Bieh, und acht' es nicht für Ranb, Den Ader, ben bn ernteit, felbit an bungen : Das ift bas befte Mittel, glanb'. 2360 Muf achtgig Jahr bich gu verjungen! Gauft. Das bin ich nicht gewöhnt! Ich tann mich nicht bequemen. Den Spaten in bie Sand an nehmen. Das enge Leben fteht mir gar nicht au. Menninonneles. Co muß benn boch bie Bere bran! 2365 Sant. Warnm benn inft bas alte Beib ! Rannft bu ben Trant nicht felber brauen? Meshiftopheles. Das war' ein iconer Beitvertreib! 36 wollt' inbeft wohl taufenb Bruden bauen. Nicht Runft und Biffeuichaft allein. 2370 Gebuld will bei bem Werfe febn. Ein ftiller Beift ift Jahre lang gefchaftig; Die Reit nur macht bie feine Gabrung fraftig. Und alles, mas basn gehört. Es find gar wunberbare Sachen! Der Teufel hat fie's awar gelehrt : Mlein ber Tenfel fann's nicht machen. (Die Thiere erflident.) Sieh, welch ein zierliches Geichlecht! Das ift bie Magb! bas ift ber Quecht! (Bu ben Thieren.) Es ideint, Die Fran ift nicht zu Saufe? 2380

Die Thiere. Beim Schmanse, And dem Haus Inm Schornstein hinaus! self and your senses in a thoroughly confined circle; nourish yourself with unmixed food; live with the beast as beast, and think it not robbery yourself to manure the land which you reap. That, believe me, is the best means of making you young again, up to eighty.

FAUST. I am not used to that; I cannot bring myself to take the spade in hand. The narrow life does not suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So then, the witch must do nevertheless.

FAUST. But why the old woman in particular † Cannot you brew the drink yourself †

MERISTOPHILES. That were a pretty pastine! I would build about a thousand bridges in the time. Not art and science only, but patience is required for the work. A quict spirit is active at it for years; time alone makes the delicate formentation strong. And all things that pertain to it are very woulderful matters. The devil, indeed, has taught it her, but the devil cannot make it. (Previewing the ASMMIS) See, what an elegant breed! That is the lass—that is the hall (20 the ASMMIS).

THE ANIMALS. At the feast, out of the house, out by the chimney.

2395

2405

Mephikophetes. Wie lange plegt fie wohl zu schwärmen? Die Thiere. Go lang' wir uns die Pjoten wärmen. 2983 Mephikophetes (zu Tauft). Wie findest du die zarten Thiere?

Fauft. So abgeichmadt, als ich nur etwas fab! Mephifiopheles. Rein, ein Discours, wie biefer ba,

Ift grade ber, ben ich am liebsten führe!

(3u ben Thieren.) So fagt mir boch, berfluchte Buppen !

Bas quirft ihr in bem Brei herum? Thiere. Wir tochen breite Bettelsuppen.

Mephiftophetes. Da habt ihr ein groß Bublicum.

Der Rater (macht fich berbei und fcmeichelt bem Mephiftepfeles.)

D murfle nur aleich

Und made mich reich,

Und laßt mich gewinnen! Gar schlecht ist's bestellt,

Und war' ich bei Geld, So war' ich bei Sinnen.

Mephikopheles. Wie glüdlich würde sich der Usse schähen, Könnt' er nur auch ins Lotto sehen I 2401 (Indessen haben bie jungen Merethieben mit einer großen Angel gespielt wie einer großen Angel gespielt

Der ftater. Das ift die Belt;

Sie fteigt und fällt Und rollt beftandig !

Sie klingt wie Glas; Wie bald bricht bas?

Ift hohl inwendig; hier glängt fie fehr,

Und hier noch mehr.

Mephistopheles. Pray, how long is she usually on the rove $\mbox{\tt f}$

Animals. As long as we are warming our paws.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). How do you find the delicate

FAUST. As silly as any I ever saw!

MEPHISTOPHELIS. Nay, a discourse like the present is precisely what I am fondest of carrying on. (To the ANIMALS.) Tell me, pray, accuracd puppets, what are you stirring up in the pap?

Animals. We are cooking thin beggars' broth.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There you have a large public.

THE HE-MONKEY (comes near and favors on MEPHISTO-PHELES). Oh do but throw the dice directly, and make rich, and let me win! Things are very badly ordered; and were I in funds, I should be in my wits.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How happy would the ape esteem himself, could he but put into the lottery!

(Meanwhile the young MONKEYS have been playing with a large globe, and roll it forwards.)

HE-MONKEY. That is the world; it rises and falls, and rolls constantly. It rings like glass; how soon breaks that? It is hollow within. Here it glitters much, aid

178	Fauft	2410-2436	
	3ch bin lebenbig!	2410	
	Mein lieber Sohn,		
	Halt did davon!		
	Du mußt fterben !		
	Sie ist von Thou,		
	Es giebt Scherben.	2415	
Mephistoph	eles. Was foll das Sieb?		
Der Rater (holt es hernuter). Warft bu ein Dieb,		
	Wollt' ich bich gleich erfennen.		
	(Gr tauft jur Ragin und tagt fie burchfefen.)		
	Sieh burch bas Sieb!		
	Erfenuft bu ben Dieb,	2420	
	Und barfft ihn nicht nennen?		
Mephistophe	res (fich bem Feuer nabernb). Und biefe	r Topf?	
Rater und S	agin. Der alberne Tropf!		
	Er fennt nicht ben Topf,		
	Er fennt nicht ben Reffel!	2425	
Mephiftopho	tes. Unhöfliches Thier!		
Der Rater.			
	Und fet' bich in Seffel!		
	(Gr nothigt ben Mephiftopheles gu fiben.)		
Gauft (welcher)	viese Zeit über vor einem Spiegel gestanden, sich ihm bi balb sich von ihm entsernt hat).	alb genähert	
Was feh' ic	h? Welch ein himmlisch Bild		
Beigt fich i	n diefem Bauberfpiegel!	2430	
D Liebe, le	ihe mir ben ichnellften beiner Flügel,		

Und führe mich in ihr Gefild! Lich, wenn ich nicht auf diefer Stelle bleibe, Wenn ich es wage, nah zu gehn, Kann ich sie nur als wie im Rebel sehn!—

Das ichonfte Bilb von einem Beibe!

here still more. I am lively! My dear son, keep thee therefrom! Thou must die! It is of clay; there will be potsherds.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What is the sieve for ?

THE HB-MONKEY (takes it down). Wert thou a thief, I should know thee directly. (He runs to the SHE-MONKEY, and makes her look through.) Look through tho sieve!

Dost thou recognise the thief, and darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES (approaching the fire). And this pot ?

HE and SHE-MONKEYS. The silly ninny! He knows not the pot, he knows not the caldron!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Uncivil beast!

HE-MONKEY. Take here the whisk, and sit on the settle.

FAUST (cube, all this time, has been standing before a mirror, once approaching and now recoding from it). What do I see! What a heavenly image shows itself in this magic mirror! Oh Love, lend me the swiftest of thy wings, and bear me to her region! Ab, when I do not remain on this spot, when I venture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist.—The loveliest image of a

Mit's moalich, ift bas Weib fo icon? Muß ich an biefem bingeftredten Leibe

Den Inbegriff von allen Simmeln febn ?

Co etwas findet fich auf Erben?

2440 Mentiftopheles. Ratürlich, wenn ein Gott fich erft feche Tage plagt.

Und felbit am Enbe Bravo faat.

Da ning es mas Geicheidtes werben.

Fitr diesmal fieh bich immer fatt; Ich weiß bir fo ein Schatchen auszuspfiren,

Und felig, wer bas ante Schidigl bat.

Mis Brantigam fie beimanführen!

(Rauft fieht immerfret in ben Spienel. Merbiftenbelet, fich in bem Geffel befinent unt mit bem Webel fpielent, fabrt fort an fprechen.)

Sier fit' ich wie ber Konig auf bem Throne :

Den Repter halt' ich hier, es fehlt nur noch bie Rrone. Die Thiere (welche bieber allerlei munterliche Bemegungen burch einanter

gemacht haben, beingen bem Merbifterbeles eine Rome mit großem Gefcheri). D fen bod fo ant.

Mit Schweiß und mit Blut

Die Rrone an leimen ! (Sie geben ungefchidt mit ber Reone um wub gerbrechen fie in zwei Grude,

mit welchen fle berumfpringen.) Run ift es geschehn!

> Wir reben und fehn. Wir horen und reimen !

maufe (gegen ben Spiegel). Beh mir ! ich merbe idnier berriidt. Mephiftophetes (auf Die Thiere beutenb). Run fangt mir an

fait felbit ber Ropf gu ichwanten. Die Thiere. Und wenn es ims gludt,

Und wenn es fich ichidt,

Co find es Gebanten.

2460

woman! Is it possible?—is woman so lovely? Must I see in this recumbent form the epitome of all the heavens? Is there aught like it upon earth?

MEPHISTOPHELSS. Naturally when a God first dradges for six days, and himself says braw at the end, something clover must come of it. For this time, by all means, look your fill. I know how to find such a darling for you; and happy he who has the good destiny to bear her home as a bridegroom!

(FAUST gazes continually in the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching himself on the settle, and playing with the whish, continues to speak.)

Here I sit, like the king on his throne; here I hold the scoptre; the crown alone is lacking.

THE ANNAIS (which hither he have been making confused) all sorts of strange moments, bring a crown to MERURIN-PHELES with loud cries). Oh do be so good as to glue the crown awkness and with blood! (They handle the crown awkness'dely, and break it into two pieces, with which they thip about.) Now it is done! We speak and see, we have and rhyme!

FAUST (before the mirror). Woe's me! I am becoming almost distracted.

MEPHISTOPHELES (pointing to the Animals). My own head almost begins to reel now.

THE ANIMALS. And if we are lucky, and if things fit, then they are thoughts! Fauft (wie oben). Mein Bufen fangt mir an gu brennen ! Entfernen wir uns nur geichwind!

Menbiftonbeles (in obiger Stellung). Run, meniaftens muft man befennen.

Daß es aufrichtige Boeten finb.

182

(Der Reffel, welchem bie Ranin bitber außer Acht gelaffen, fangt an überm. laufen : es eutftebt eine große Rlamme, welche jum Schornftein bingutfclagt. Die berr tomme burch bie Blamme mit entfehlichem Gefchrei berantergefabren.)

2465

2470

3180

Die Bere. Mu! Mu! Mu! Mu!

Berdamintes Thier | verfluchte Sau ! Berfäumft ben Keffel, versenaft bie Frau

Berfluchtes Thier !

(Sauft und Dephiftepheles erblident.)

Mas ift has hier?

Ber fend ihr bier ? Bas wollt ihr ba?

Wer schlich sich ein?

Die Feuerbein

Euch ind Gebein ! (Sie fabet mit bem Schaumfoffel in ben Reffet und fprist Blammen nach Bauft,

Merdiftovbeles unt ben Thieren. Die Thiere winfeln.) Denhiffentebeles (melder ben Bebel, ben er in ber Sant balt umfebet unb unter tie Glafer und Topfe fchlagt),

Entamei ! entamei ! 2475 Da liegt ber Brei !

Da liegt bas Glas!

Es ift nur Spaß. Der Tact, bu Mas.

Ru beiner Melobei. (3ntem tie Gere well Brimm und Gutieben gerudtritt.)

Erfennft bu mich? Gerippe! Schenfal bu!

FAUST (as above). My bosom begins to burn. Let us only bogone quickly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, one must at least confess that they are candid poets.

(The caldron, which the SHE-MONKEY has hitherto left without attention, begins to run over; there arises a great flame, which theats out up the chimney. The WITCH comes careering down through the flame with horrible cries.)

THE WITCH. Ow, ow, ow! Damned beast! Cursed sow! Then neglectest the ealdron, secrebest thy mistress! Cursed beast! (Perceibing PAUST and MEPHISTO-PHELESS.) What is that here! Who are you here! What want you there! Who slunk in! The torment of fire into your bones!

(She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron, and sprinkles flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the ANIMALS. The ANIMALS whimter.)

MEPHISTOPHILES (who reverse the whith which he holds in his hand, and strikes among the glasses and pots). To pieces! To pieces! There lies the pap! There lies the glass! It is but a jest—the time, thou carrion, to thy time!

(While the Wiven steps back, full of rage and amazement.)

Dost thou know mo? Skeleton! Thou monster! Dost

2490

2405

2500

Erfennft bu beinen Geren und Meifter ? Bas balt mich ab. fo fchlag' ich su.

Berichmettre bich und beine Rabengeifter!

Saft bu borm rothen Wamms nicht mehr Reivect?

Rannit bu bie Sabnenfeber nicht erfennen? Sab' ich dies Angesicht perftect?

Soll ich mich etwa felber nennen ?

Die Bere. D Berr, verzeiht ben roben Gruß!

Geh' ich boch feinen Bferbefuß.

Wo find benn eure beiden Raben? mephistophetes. Filr biesmal fommft bu fo babon ;

Denn freilich ift es eine Weile ichon,

Daß wir uns nicht gefeben baben.

Much die Cultur, die alle Welt beledt,

Sat auf ben Teufel fich erftredt; Das nordifche Bhantom ift unn nicht mehr zu ichanen;

Bo fiebit bu Sorner, Schweif und Manen ?

Und mas ben Sufi betrifft, ben ich nicht miffen tann.

Der murbe mir bei Leuten ichaben : Darum bebien' ich mich, wie mancher junge Mann,

Seit vielen Rahren falicher Baben. Die Bere (tauzenb). Sinn und Berftand verlier' ich ichier,

Seh' ich ben Junter Satan wieber bier! Menhiffenholes. Den Ramen, Weih, verbitt' ich mir! 2505 Die Dege. Barum? Bas hat er ench gethan?

menbinophetes. Er ift icon lang ins Rabelbuch geidrieben:

Mlein bie Menichen find nichts beffer bran : Den Boien find fie los, bie Boien find geblieben.

Du nennft mich herr Baron, fo ift bie Cache gut; 2510 Ich bin ein Cavalier, wie andre Cavaliere.

thou know thy lord and master? What hinders me from hitting out—from dashing thee and thy monkeyspirits to pieces? Hast thou no more any respect for the red doublet? Canst thou not recognise the cock's feather? Have I concealed this face? Muss I peradventure name myself?

THE WITCH. Oh master, pardon the rough greeting! Why, I see no cloven foot! Where, then, are both your ravens?

MRPHISTOPHELES. This time you will get off so: for

certainly it is some while since we have seen each other. Culture also, which licks all the world into shape, has extended to the devil. The Northern phantom is now no more to be seen. Where do you see horns, tail, and claws 1 And as regards the foot, which I cannot do without, it would damage me with people; therefore these many years I have availed myself, like many a young man, of false culves.

The Witch (dancing). I am almost losing my wits, to see Squire Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The name, woman, I deprecate.

THE WITCH. Why? What has it done to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It has long since been relegated to the fable-book; but men are nothing the better for that. They are rid of the Evil One; the evil ones have remained. If you call me Baron, that will do very well. I am a cavalier, like other exadiers. You do

2525

Du zweifelst nicht an meinem eblen Blut; Sieh her, das ist das Wappen, das ich sühre!

(Gr macht eine unanftantige Geberee,)

Die Sege (lacht unmäßig). Ha l ha l bas ift in eurer Art l Ihr send ein Schelm, wie ihr nur immer wart.

Thr feyd ein Schelm, wie ihr nur immer wart. 2515 Mebhikobheles (311 Fauft). Mein Freund, das lerne wohl verstehn !

Dies ift bie Urt, mit Begen umzugehn.

Die Bege. Run sagt, ihr Herren, was ihr schafft! Mephiftopheles. Ein gutes Glas von dem bekanuten Saft!

Doch muß ich euch ums altfte bitten;

Die Jahre boppeln feine Kraft. Die Dene. Gar gern! Sier hab' ich eine Alafche,

Aus ber ich felbst zuweilen nasche,

Die auch nicht mehr im mindsten stinkt; Ach will euch gern ein Gläschen geben.

(Leife.) Doch wenn es dieser Mann unvorbereitet trinkt.

So tann er, wißt ihr wohl, nicht eine Stunde leben. Mephikapheles. Es ist ein guter Freund, dem es gedeihen soll;

Ich gönn' ihm gern den Beste Henner Kilde.

Bieh beinen Kreis, fprich beine Sprüche, 2530 Und gieb ihm eine Taffe voll !

(Die Sere mit felfsimmen Gedeuren, jehft einen Arris und flelft wummerberer Gugen hinelig: inneffine fangen uie Glüffer au zu Nimpan, ein Arfiel zu einem, mit Minfll. Battefe beingt fle ein großen Buch, flelft bie Merctohen in ben Arcie, bie für pum Parls bienen und die Suckfeln halten midfen. Sie winkt Sauften, zu für zu toten.

Fauft (zu Mephiftopheles). Rein, fage mir, was foll bas werben ?

Das tolle Beng, die rasenden Geberben,

- not doubt of my noble blood; see here, that is the scutcheon which I bear!
 - (He makes an unseemly gesture.)
- THE WITCH (laughs immoderately). Ha! ha! that is in your style! You are a rogue, as you always were!
- MEPHISTOPHELES (IO FAUST). My friend, learn to understand that well! This is the way to deal with witches.
- THE WITCH. Now say, gentlemen, what is your pleasure?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. A good glass of the well-known juice! But, I must beg you, of the oldest; years double its strength.
- The Witch. Most willingly! Here I have a flask, out of which I myself occasionally sip; which, besides, no longer stinks in the least; I will willingly give you a glass. (Aside.) But if this man drinks it unprepared, he cannot, you know well, live an hour.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. He is a good friend, whom it is meant to benefit. He is welcome, for my part, to the best of your kitchen. Draw your circle, say your sentences, and give him a cup full!
- (The WICCI, with extraordinary gestures, draws a circle, and place trange things within it; nonambite the elasts begin to rink, the caldrens to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, place the MONICK'S in the circle, who are made serve her for a dest, and to held the tork. See signs to FAUVE to some to her,
- FAUST (to MEPHISTOPHELES). No, tell me, what is to come of it? The mad stuff, the raving gestures, the most

Der abgeschmadtefte Betrug, Sind mir befannt, verhaßt genug.

Des ift nur gum Laden ;

2535

2540

2545

2550

2560

Seb nur nicht ein fo ftrenger Manu! Sie muß als Arst ein Sofuspofus machen.

Damit ber Saft bir mohl gebeiben tann.

(Gr nothigt Sauften, in ben Rreit gn treten.)

Die Bere (mit großer Emphase fangt au aus bem Buche gu berlamiren).

> Du umfit perftebn ! Mus Kins moch' Refin.

> Und Bwei laß gehn,

Und Drei mach' aleich,

So bift bu reich.

Rerfier' hie Rier !

Aus Künf und Sechs. So faat bie Ser'.

Mad' Gieben und Acht.

So ift's pollbracht !

Und Renn ift Eins. Und Behn ift Reins.

Das ift bas Beren-Einmaleins !

Gauft. Dich buntt, bie Mite fpricht im Rieber, Menhiftonbeles. Das ift noch lauge nicht borüber;

36 fenn' es wohl, fo flingt bas gause Buch. 36 habe mande Reit bamit verloren.

Denn ein vollfommner Biberipruch Bleibt aleich gebeimniftvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren.

Mein Freund, bie Runft ift alt und neu : Es war bie Art ju allen Reiten.

Durch Drei und Gins, und Gins und Drei

absurd imposture arc well known to me, and odious enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, nonsense! That is only fit to laugh at; only don't be so austere a man! She must, as doctor, make a hocus-poeus, whereby the juice may agree well with you.

(He makes FAUST enter the circle.)

The Wront (legist to declaim with great emphasis from the book). 'Thou must understand! Of one make ten, and let two go, and make three oven; so will thou be rich. Drop the four! Out of five and six, so says the witch, make seven and eight; so it is accomplished: and nine is one, and ten is none. That is the witch's One-one's-ove.

FAUST. It seems to me, the old woman is talking in fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is not over yet by a good deal. I know it well; so rings the whole book. I have lest many an hour with it; for a perfect contradiction remains equally mysterious for wise men and for fools. My friend, the art is old and new. It was the way at all times through three and one, and one and three to

Irrthum ftatt Wahrheit zu verbreiten. So schwäht und sehrt man ungeftört; Wer will sich mit den Narr'n besassen?

Gewöhnlich glaubt ber Meufch, wenn er nur Worte hört, Es muffe fich babei boch auch was benten laffen.

2566

2575

Die Bege (fährt fort).

Die hohe Kraft Der Wissenichaft.

Der Biffenichaft, Der gangen Belt verborgen!

Unb mer nicht beuft.

Dem wirb fie geschenft,

Er hat fie ohne Sorgen. Faust. Bas faat fie uns für Unfinn bor?

Es wird mir gleich ber Ropf zerbrechen.

Mich bunft, ich hor' ein ganzes Chor Bon hunderttausend Narren fbrechen.

Bon hunderttaujend Rarren iprechen. Mephiftopheles. Genug, genug, o treffliche Sibhle!

Gieb beinen Trant herbei, und fülle

Die Schale raich bis an ben Rand hinan ;

Denn meinem Freund wird dieser Trunk nicht schaden: 2580 Er ist ein Mann von vielen Graden,

Der manchen guten Schlud gethan.

(Die here, mit riefen Geremenien, forunt ben Trant in eine Schale; wie fie Bunft an ben Mund bringt, entfteft eine leichte Stamme.)

Rur frijch hinunter! Immer zu! Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfrenen.

Bift mit dem Tenfel du und du, 2585 Und willst dich vor der Klautne ichenen?

(Die Berge loft ben Rreit. Bruft tritt fernut.)

webbiftobbeles. Run frifch hinaus! Du barfit nicht ruhn. Die Sege. Mog' euch bas Schiftichen wohl behagen! spread error instead of truth. So people prate and teach undisturbed. Who wants to meddle with the dolts? Man usually believes, if he only hears words, that surely something also admits of being thought thereby.

THE Witch (continues). 'The high power of knowledge hidden from the whole world! And he who thinks not, to him it is granted; he has it without trouble.'

FAUST. What nonsense is she reciting to us? My head will split directly. Meseems, I hear a whole chorus of a hundred thousand zanies talking.

MERITISTOPHELESS. Enough, enough, Oh excellent Sibyl! Give here thy drink, and quickly fill the cup up to the brim; for this draught will not harm my friend. He is a man of many degrees, who has made many a good gulp.

(The WITCH, with many ceremonics, pours the drink into a cup. As FAUSY brings it to his mouth, a light flame arises.)

Quick, down with it! Don't hesitate! It will at once gladden your heart. You are hand in glove with the devil, and will you shrink from flame? (The Wircu disobset the circle. FAUST steps out.)

Now briskly forth! You must not rest.

NOW Driskly for all: 1 ou must not res

THE WITCH. Much good may the little draught do you!

2505

Mephiftophefes (gur Gere). Und fann ich bir was gu Gefallen thun, 2500

So barfit bu mir's nur auf Balpurgis fagen,

Die Bere. Sier ift ein Lieb! wenn ihr's anweilen finat,

So werbet ihr befonbre Wirfung fpuren. Dephiliopheles (zu Sauft). Romm nur geichteinb und laft bich fülmen!

Du mußt nothwendig transviriren.

Damit bie Rraft burch Inn- und Menfres bringt. Den eblen Müßiggang leir' ich hernach bich ichaten,

Und bald empfindeft bu mit innigem Ergeben, Wie fich Envido regt und bin und wieber fpringt.

gange. Laft mich nur ichnell noch in ben Spiegel ichquen!

Dos Franenbild war gar ju icon! menniffannetes. Dein! Dein! Du follft bas Mufter oller Franen

Mun balb leibhaftig por bir felm. (Brife.)

Du fiehft, mit biefem Trant im Leibe, Bald Belenen in jebem Beibe.

Strafe.

Jauft. Margarete veriber gebent.

Rant. Dein icones Fraulein, barf ich wagen, Meinen Urm und Geleit ibr angutragen ? Margarete. Bin weber Fraulein, weber ichon, Nann ungeleitet nach House gebn. (Sie madt fich fos und ob.)

- MEPHISTOPHELES (to the WITCH). And if I can do anything to pleasure you, you need only mention it to me on Walpurgis Night.
- THE WITCH. Here is a song; if you sing it at times, you will perceive a particular effect.
- MEPHISTOPHELES (& FAUNT). Only come quiek, and letyourself be guided I von must of necessity perspire; whereby the force penetrates through, inwardly and outwardly. Afterwards I shall teach you to prize noble indelence; and soon you will find, with heartfelt delight, how Cupid bestirs himself, and bounds hither and thither.
- FAUST. Let me only look quickly again in the mirror!

 That female form was all too fair!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. No, no! You shall soon see bodily before you the model of all women. (Aside.) With this drink in your body, you will soon see a Helen in every woman.

Street. (1)

FAUST. MARGARET passing by.

FAUST. Fair lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and escort?

MARGARET. I'm neither lady nor fair, and can go home unescorted.

(She disengages herself, and exit.)

So etwas hab' ich nie gefebn. 2610 Sie ift fo fitte und tugenbreich, Und etwas ichnippifch boch zugleich. Der Lippe Roth, ber Bange Licht, Die Tage ber Welt vergeff' ich's nicht! Wie fie bie Augen nieberichlägt. 2615

Sat tief fich in mein Berg geprägt; Bie fie furg angebunden war, Das ift nun gum Gutguden gar!

Webhistabbeles tritt auf.

Jauft. Bor', bu mußt mir die Dirne ichaffen !

Menniftanbeles. Run, welche? Sauft.

Sie ging juft vorbei. Dephiftopheles. Da bie? Gie fam bon ihrem Bfaffen, Der ibrach fie aller Gunben frei ;

2620

2625

2630

2635

Ich ichlich mich bart am Stubl porbei. Es ift ein gar unichulbig Ding,

Das eben für nichts gur Beichte aina : lleber bie hab' ich feine Gewalt !

Santt. Aft fiber vierzehn Sabr boch alt. menntetanneles. Du fpricht in wie Sans Lieberlich.

Der begehrt jebe liebe Blum' für fich,

Und buntelt ihm, es war' fein' Ehr' Und Gunft, bie nicht zu pflüden mar';

Geht aber boch nicht immer an.

Sauft. Mein Serr Magifter Lobeian. Laft Er mich mit bem Gefets in Frieben !

Und das faa' ich Ihm furs und aut. Wenn nicht bas fuße junge Blut

FAUST. By heaven, this child is fair! I have never som the like! She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and yet somewhat snappish withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her check,—I shall not forget them all the days of my life! The way she suck down her eyes is stamped deep in my heart; the sharp way in which she answered, —it was really quite ravishing!

MEDITISTOPHELES enters.

FAUST. Hark, you must get me the girl!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, which?

FAUST. She passed just now.

MEPHISTOPHELES. She, there? She came from her priest, who absolved her of all her sins. I stole by close to the confessional. It is quite an innocent thing, that went just for nothing to confession. Over her I have no power!

FAUST. Yet she's over fourteen years old.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You really talk like Jack Rake, who covets every sweet flower for himself, and fancies there is no honour or favour which may not be plucked. It does not always do, however.

FAUST. My worthy magister, leave you me alone with your precepts! And in a word, I tell you this: if the Co find wir um Mitternacht gefchieben,

Dephiftonheles. Bebent', was gebn und fteben mag ! Ach brauche wenigsteus vierzehn Tag'. Rur Die Gelegenheit auszuspuren.

Jant. Satt' ich nur fieben Stunben Ruh'.

Brauchte ben Teufel nicht bagu.

So ein Gefchöpfchen gu verführen.

Menniftonneles. Ihr fprecht ichon fast wie ein Frangos; Doch bitt' ich. laft's euch nicht verbrießen :

Bas hilft's, nur grabe ju genießen?

Die Freud' ift lange nicht fo groß, Mis wenn ibr erft berauf, berum,

Durch allerlei Brimborium.

2650

2660

Das Büppchen gefnetet und ginericht't.

Bie's lebret manche weliche Geichicht'. Saust. Sab' Appetit auch ohne bas.

Mengiftophetes. Jest ohne Schimpf und ohne Spaß: 3ch faa' euch, mit bem ichonen Rinb 2655

Geht's ein- für allemal nicht geschwind. Mit Sturm ift ba nichts einzunehmen; Bir muffen uns gur Lift bequemen.

Rauft. Schaff' mir etwas bom Engelsichat! Guhr' mich an ihren Rubeplat ! Schaff mir ein Salstuch von ihrer Bruft,

Ein Strumpfband meiner Liebesluft ! Mentifeonbeles. Damit ibr febt, baf ich eurer Bein

Mill förderlich und dienstlich febn.

Bollen wir feinen Augenblid verlieren.

Will euch noch beut in ihr Rimmer führen. Jang. Und foll fie febn? fie baben ?

2665

- sweet young creature does not rest to-night in my arms, you and ${\bf I}$ shall be parted at midnight.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Consider what is feasible! I need a fortnight at least, only to find out the opportunity.
- FAUST. Had I but seven hours' leisure, I should not need the devil in order to seduce such a little creature.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. You really talk almost like a Frenchman; but pray,—don't be offended—what boots it only to enjoy straight off! The pleasure is not so great by far as when you have first kneaded and shaped the puppet—up, round about, through all kinds of foolery,—as many a Gallic and Italian story teaches.
- FAUST. I have apposite oven without that.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Now, without pleasantry and without jest, I tell you once for all, there is no managing it quickly with the fair child. Nothing here is to be taken by storm; we must put up with stratagem.
- FAUST. Get me something from my angel-treasure! Lead me to her place of repose! Get me a kerchief from her breast, a garter for the ardour of my love!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. That you may see that I wish to be useful and serviceable to your torment, we will not lose a moment; I will conduct you this very day to her chamber.

FAUST. And shall I see her ?-have her ?

198	Fauft :	668-2686
Mephiftopheles.	Nein !	
Sie wird bei einer Nach	barin jeyn.	
Indeffen fonnt ihr, gang	alleiu,	

Un aller Hoffinung fünst'ger Freuden 2670 In ihrem Dunstfreis satt euch weiben. Kanst. Können wir bin ?

Fauft. Ronnen wir hin? Mephiftophetes. Es ift noch gu fruh.

Fauft. Sorg' du mir für ein Geschent für sie! (Alb.) Wephistopheles. Gleich schenten? Das ist brav! Da wird er reiffiren!

Ind fenne manchen ichönen Plat 2675 Und manchen altvergrabnen Schatz : Ich muß ein bischen revidiren. (M6.)

Mbenb.

Gin Meines, reinliches Binmer.

Margarete (thr Böpfe flechtend und aufkinhend). Jch göd' was drum, wenn ich nur wühl', Wer hent der Jerre geweien ift! Er jah gewiß recht wader aus, Ind ist aus einem delen Jams:

Und ift aus einem eblen Haus; Das konnt' ich ihm an der Stirne lesen — Er war' auch sonst nicht so ked gewesen. (Als.)

Mehhiftspheles. Jerein, ganz leife, nur herein !

Fauft (nach einigem Stillschreigen). Ich bitte dich, laß mich allein! 2685 Wesphisopheles (berumspürenb).

ephi popheles (herumpurent). Nicht jedes Mädchen hält fo rein. (U6.) MEPHISTOPHELES. No! She will be at a neighbour's.

Meanwhile, quito alone, in her atmosphere, you may
feast your fill on all hope of future joys.

FAUST. Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is too early yet.

FAUST. Provide mo with a present for her. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Making presents directly! That is capital! Thore he will succeed! I know many a fine place, and many a long-buried treasure. I must look them over a bit. (Exit.)

Evening.

A small, neat room,

MARGARET (braiding and tying up her cue). I would give something for it, if I only knew who the goutleman was to-day! He certainly looked very gallant, and is of a noble house. I could read that on his brow—besides, he would not else have been so impudent.

MEDITISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come in, quite softly, but come in!

FAUST. (after some silence). Leave me alone, I beg of you!

MEPHISTOPHELES (prying about). Not every maidon keeps so neat. Faust (rings auficauent). Willfommen, füßer Dammerschein, Der du dies Heiligthum durchwebst: Ergreif' mein Herz, du füße Liebespein,

2600

2700

2705

2710

Die bu vom Than ber Hoffnung ichmachtend lebst! Bie athmet rings Gefühl ber Stille,

Der Orbnung, ber Bufriebenheit!

In dieser Armuth welche Fülle ! In diesem Kerker welche Seligkeit!

(Er wirft fich auf ben lebernen Geffel am Bette,)

O ninum mich auf, der du die Borwelt ichou 2695 Bei Frend' und Schmerz in offinen Arm empfangen! Wie oft, ach! hat an diesem Vaterthron Schon eine Schaar von Kindern rings gehangen!

Sielleicht hat, dankbar für den heil'gen Chrift, Mein Lieben hier, mit vollen Linderwangen.

Mein Liebchen hier, mit vollen Kinderwangen, Dem Ahnherrn fromm die welfe Hand gefüßt.

Ich fühl', o Madchen, beinen Geift Der Rull' und Ordnung um mich faufeln,

Der Fall' und Ordnung um mich jaufelt Der mitterlich bich täalich unterweist.

Den Teppich auf ben Tijd bich reinlich breiten beißt, Sogar ben Sand gu beinen Fugen fraufeln.

D liebe Dand! fo göttergleich! Die hitte wird burch bich ein himmelreich. Und bier!

> (Er hebt einen Bettrochang auf.) Bas faßt mich für ein Bonnearans!

Sier möcht' ich volle Stunden faumen. Ratur! bier bildeteft in leichten Traumen Den eingebornen Engef aus. Sier lag bas Rind, mit warmem Leben Den garten Bufen angefüllt, FAUST (looking rausa). Weleome, aweet twilight, that pervadest this sanctuary! Seize my heart, thou aweet torment of love, thou that livest languishing on the dow of hope! How the feeling of quiet, of order, of contenment, breathes around! What fulness in this poverty! What bliss in this cell! (He throws himself on the lattern armedair but head;

Oh receive me, thou that hast already welcomed, with open arms, past generations in joy and sorrow! Ah, how often heretofore has a troop of children hung around this paternal throne! Here haply my darling, grateful for the Christmas gift, has, with the full cheeks of childhood, piously kissed the withered hand of her grandsire. I feel, Oh maiden, thy spirit of fulness and order whisper around me, which motherlike instructs thee daily, bids thee spread neatly the cover on the table, and even seatter the sand in circles at thy feet. Oh dear hand, so godlike! the hut becomes through thee a kingdom of heaven. And here (He lifts up a bed-curtain) what blissful dread seizes me! Here could I linger for whole hours. Nature ! here, in light dreams, didst thou form the born angel. Here lay the child. its tender bosom filled with warm life; and here,

202	Santr 53	15-2742
	hier mit heilig reinem Weben virlte sich das Cötterbild!	2715
Wie i	du! Was hat dich hergeführt? innig fühl' ich mich gerührt!	
	willst du hier? Was wird das Herz dir schwer? el'ger Faust! ich kenne dich nicht mehr.	2720

·----

900

Umgiebt mich hier ein Zauberbuft? Mich drang's, fo grade zu genießen, Und fühle mich in Liebestraum gerfließen ! Sind wir ein Spiel von jebem Drud ber Luft?

Und trate fie ben Angenblid berein. 2725 Bie würdeft du für beinen Frevel bugen ! Der große Sans, ach, wie fo flein ! Laa', hingeschmolsen, ihr an Fifen,

Debbiftabbetes. Gefdwind ! ich feb' fie unten fommen. Sauft. Fort ! fort ! 3ch febre nimmermehr ! 2730

Dephiftopheles. Sier ift ein Rafichen, leiblich fcmer; Ich hab's wo anders bergenommen. Stellt's fier nur immer in ben Schrein!

3ch fdwor' euch, ihr vergehn bie Sinnen; 3ch that euch Sachelden hinein,

Um eine anbre zu gewinnen. Amor Rind ift Rind und Spiel ift Spiel.

Fauft. 3ch weiß nicht, foll ich?

Mebhiftobheles. Fragt ihr viel ? Meint ihr vielleicht ben Schat gu mabren ? Dann rath' ich eurer Lufternheit,

2740

Die liebe ichone Tagesgeit

Und mir bie weitre Dab' an fparen.

with holily pure growth, the divine image developed itself.

And thou !—what has brought thee hither ! How deeply stirred I feel! What wouldst thou here ! Why grows thy heart so heavy ! Miserable Faust, I know thee no more!

Does a magic air surround me here? I was impelled to enjoy so instantly; and I feel myself dissolving in a dream of love! Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?

And if she entered at this instant, how wouldst thou atone for thine offence! The braggart—ah, how small! would lie, melted away, at her feet.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quick! I see her coming below.

FAUST. Away, away! I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is a casket, tolerably heavy; I took it from somewhere else. Put it quick here in the press! I swear to you, her senses will fail her. I placed trifles inside to win another. To be sure, child is child, and play is play.

FAUST. I know not-shall I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Can you ask? Do you mean perchance to keep the treasuro? Then I advise your wantonness to spare the levely daytime, and further trouble to me.

Mis folltet ibr in ben Sprigal binein.

Mis ftünden gran leibhaftig vor ench da Bhnfit und Metaphnfifa !

Mur fort !--Margarete (mit einer Lampe).

Es ift fo ichwill, fo bumpfig bie! . (Gie macht bas Frufter auf.)

Und ift doch eben fo warm nicht brauß'. Es wird mir fo, ich weiß nicht wie -

Ich wollt', Die Mutter fam' nach Sans. Mir läuft ein Schauer übern gangen Leib -

Bin boch ein thoricht, furchtfam Beib! (Gie fängt an qu fingen, intem fie fich auszieht,)

Es war ein König in Thule, Giar tren bis an bas Girab.

(216.)

2760

2765

Dem fterbend feine Buffe Einen aolbnen Beder aab. Es ging ibm nichts barüber.

Er feert' ihn ieben Schmaus : Die Augen gingen ihm niber, Co oft er trant barans.

Und als er tam zu fterben,

Bahlt' er feine Stabt' im Reich,

- I hope you are not avaricious! I scratch my head, rub my hands—(He places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.)
- But away, quick!—to turn the sweet young child according to your heart's wish and will. And now you look as if you had to go to the lecture-room—as if Physic and Mctaphysic were standing there grey and bodily before you! But away! (Exeunt.)
- MARGARET (with a lamp). It is so sultry, so close here!

 (She opens the windows). And yet it is not exactly warm outside. I begin to feel I know not how—I wish my mother would come home. A shudder runs over my whole body—I am, in sooth, a foolish, timid woman!

 (She begins to sing as the undresses herset!)
- 'There was a king in Thule, right true unto the grave, to whom his mistress, dying, gave a golden goblet.
- 'Nothing was more prized by him; he emptied it at every feast; his eyes overflowed as often as he drank out of it,
- 'And when he came to die, he counted his cities in the

Gönut' alles seinem Erben,
20rt Besser midt sugsleid,
2770
Er 16 beim Rünigsmaße,
20re Stitter mu sin her,
Nof sogiem Stäterjande,
Dort auf dem Erdfosf am Steet.
Dort land der alle Besser,
2773
Lind word tejde Zebensgluth,
Lind word ben höftigen Besser
jimmater in die Flatifi,
Er fol sing Brüzun, trinflen,
Lind hinder the site stite seiner,
2784
Er fol sing Brüzun, trinflen,
Lind hinder tief ins Mere.
2886 Monet Rütten ihm finsten.

2769-2795

2705

Trant nie einen Tropfen mehr. (Sie eröffnet ben Seprein, ihre Aleiber einzurdumen, und erblidt bas Schwaftlichen.)

Wie fommt das schüne Asithien hier herein?
Ich schied boch gang gewiß dem Echrein.
Est ibed wemberder Wissen wood beime seyn?
Und meine Anther lich at wood beime seyn?
Und meine Anther lich darun!.
Da singet im Ghüffleden am Vand,
Ich weite wosh, ich mad? es an!!
Bas lit das? Oott im hümmell Chan,
2790.

Was ift das? Gott im Himmel! Schu, So was hab' ig mein' Ange nicht gelehu. Sin Schund! Mit dem tönnt' eine Edelfrau Um höchften Feiertage gehn. Wie follte mir die Kette stehn?

Wem mag die Herrlichkeit gehören ? (Sie pust Ka damit auf und tritt vor den Spiezel,) kingdom, granted everything to his heir—not so with the goblet.

'He sat at the royal banquet—the knights around him in the high ancestral hall, there in the castle by the sea.

'There stood the old carouser, drank the last life-glow, and threw the hallowed goblet down into the flood.

'He saw it plunge, fill, and sink deep into the sea; his eyes did sink; never a drop more drank he.'

(She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket of jewels.)

How comes this beautiful casket in here? Why, most certainly I locked the press. It is really strange! What may be in it, I wonder! Perhaps some one brought it as a pletge, and my nother lent on it. Here hangs a little key on the ribbon; I have a good mind to open it. What is that! Good heavens! Look! I have never seen anything libe it all my days! A set of jewels! A hady of rank might go with them to the highest festival. How would the claim suit me! To whom may the magnificence belong! (She adorns hered) with them and works before the glats.)

Renn nur die Oficcino' meine moren! Man fieht boch gleich gang anbers brein. Bas hilft euch Schonheit, junges Blut ? Das ift wohl alles icon und gut, Mllein man laft's auch alles febn : Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen. Nach Golbe brängt.

Um Golbe hangt

Doch alles! Ach, wir Armen!

Spaniergang.

Sauft (in Gebanten auf und abgebent). Bu ibm Debbiftpbbeles.

Menntunbetes. Bei aller berichmahten Liebe! Beim hoffiichen (Elemente! 2801

3ch wollt', ich mußte mas Mergers, baß ich's fluchen fonnte! Gauft. Bas haft? mas fneipt bich benn fo fehr?

Co tein Geficht fab ich in meinem Leben!

Menbiftonbeles. Ich mocht' mich gleich bem Teufel übergeben. Wenn ich nur felbft fein Teufel war'! 2810 Bauft. Sot fich bir mos im Ropf perichoben ?

Dich fleibet's, wie ein Rafenber gu toben ! Mephiftopheles. Denft nur, ben Schmud, für Greichen au-

geichafft, Den bat ein Bfaff binmeggerafft !-

Die Mutter friegt bas Ding au ichquen, 2815 Gleich fangt's ihr beimlich an au grauen :

Die Fran fiat aar einen feinen Geruch.

If but the earrings were mine! One really looks at once quite different in them. What does heauty, and young blood avail you? That, no doubt, is all well and good; but people also leave it all alone. They praise you half in pity. After gold presses—on gold hangs—in reality everything. Alsa, we poor!

Promenade.

FAUST in thought, going up and down; to him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. By all despised love! By the infernal element! I would I knew something worse that I might eurse by it!

FAUST. What's the matter with you? What pinches you, then, so hard? I never saw such a face in my life!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I could give myself to the devil directly, if only I were no devil myself!

FAUST. Has anything got derauged in your head? It beeomes you to rave like a madman!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only think, the set of jewels provided for Gretehen—a priest has snatched it away! The mother gets to see the thing; she at once begins secretly to fear. The woman has a very fine seent, ever snuffles Schnuffelt immer im Gebetbuch, Und riecht's einem jeben Möbel an, Ob bas Ding beilig ift ober profan: 2820 Und an bem Schmud, ba fpurt' fie's flar Daft babei nicht viel Segen mar. .. Mein Rind ! " rief fie, " ungerechtes Gnt Befängt bie Seele, gehrt auf bas Blut. Mallen's her Mutter Gintles meifien 2825 Wirb und mit Himmelsmanna erfreuen!" Margretlein gog ein schiefes Maul ; 3ft halt, bacht' fie, ein gefchentter Baul, Und wahrlich! gottlos ift nicht ber, Der ibn fo fein gebracht bierber. 2830 Die Mutter lieft einen Bfaffen fommen : Der batte taum ben Cpaß vernommen, Ließ fich ben Anblid wohl behooen. Er fprach : " So ift man recht gefinnt ! Wer überwindet, ber gewinnt. 2835 Die Rirche bat einen auten Magen, Sat gange Länder aufgefreffen,

Und doch noch nie sich übergesten; Die Kirch, allein, weine lieben Franen, Kanu ungereise Gut verdenen." skoo Kanu Das ist ein allgemeiner Branch, Ein Ind die Janu es auch. Webbisovbeies. Serich brans in Dennge, Kett' und King,

Als wären's eben Pfijferling', Dantt'i nicht weniger und nicht mehr, Als ob's ein Korb voll Knijfe wär', Beriprach ihnen allen himmklichen Lohn —

Und sie waren sehr erbaut bavon.

in her prayer-book, and tells by the smell of every piece of furniture whether the thing is holy or profane; and in the set of jewels she scents out clearly that there was not much blessing about it. 'My child,' cried she, 'unrighteous wealth troubles the soul, consumes the blood. We will devote it to the Mother of God; she will gladden us with heavenly manna.' Little Margaret drew a wry mouth; in sooth, thought she, it is a gifthorse; and truly he is not godless who brought it here so handsomely! The mother sent for a priest. He had scarcely perceived the jest when he seemed well pleased at the sight. He spoke : 'This shows a good disposition. He that overcometh wins. The church has a good stomach, has devoured whole countries, and yet has never hitherto overeaten herself. The church alone, my good women, can digest unrighteous wealth.'

FAUST. That is a general custom; a Jcw and a king can do it too.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thereupon he swept off a clasp, chain, and ring, just as if they were mere trifles; thanked no less and no more than if it were a basketful of nuts; promised them all heavenly reward—and much edified they were by it.

2855

9860

Jauft. Und Greichen?

Beißt meder was fie will noch foll,

Denkt ans Geschmeibe Tag und Racht,

Roch mehr an ben, ber's ihr gebracht. Faus. Des Liebchens Kummer thut mir leib.

Jauft. Des Liebchens Rummer thut mir leib.

Schaff' du ihr gleich ein nen Geschmeid'! Am ersten war in so nicht viel.

Mephikopheles. O ja, dem Herrn ift alles Kinderspiel!

Săng' dich an ihre Nachbarin!

Seh Teufel doch nur nicht wie Brei,

Und ichaff' einen neuen Schmud herbei!

Mephiftopheles. Ja, guab'ger Berr, von Bergen gerne.

(Fauft ab.)

Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft. (Ab.)

Der Rachbarin Saus.

marte (alliel). Get bezeiß meinem lieben Mann, 2605 Er hat am mir nicht wohlgefthau! Oksib de freeds in die Welt finnien, Und fälft miss auf dem Erroh allien. Thir tipn den posificild nicht bereiben, Zhit tipn, weiß Geel! recht bezeißt fieben. (Sie weint.) Nichtlicht ist erar tebel — D Sein i —— 2032:

Satt' ich nur einen Tobtenfchein!

FAUST. And Gretchen ?

- MEPHISTOPHELES. Is now sitting full of restlessness, knowing neither what she wants nor what she should do, thinking on the set of trinkets day and night,—still more on him who brought it for her.
- FAUST. My darling's trouble grieves me. Get you directly a new set of trinkets for her! There was not, you know, so much about the first.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, to be sure, all is child's play to the gentleman!
- FAUST. And do it, and order it, according to my wish. Stick to her neighbour. Only, pray don't be a milkand-water devil; and bring hithor a fresh set of jewels.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, gracious sir, with all my heart. (Exit Faust.)

Such an enamoured fool blazes away into the air sun, moon, and all the stars, by way of pastime for his sweetheart. (Exit.)

The Neighbour's House.

MARTHA (alone). God forgive my dear husband; he has not acted well by me! He goes straight away into the world, and leaves me alone on the straw. Yet truly I did not trouble him; God knows, I did love him right heartly. (Site weets.) Perhaps he is even dead!— Oh, torture!—Had I but a death certificate!

2885

Margarete femmt.

Margarete. Frau Marthe!

Marthe. Gretelden, mas foll's?

Wargarese. Fast finken mir die Knies nieder! Da find' ich so ein Kästchen wieder

In meinem Schrein, von Ebenholz,

Und Sachen, herrlich ganz und gar,

Weit reicher, als das erste war.

Marthe. Das muß Sie nicht ber Mitter fagen ;

That's wieber gleich jur Beichte tragen.

Margarete. Ach feb' Sie nur! ach fcau' Sie nur!

marine (pust fie auf). D bu gludfel'ge Creatur!

Margarete. Darf mich, leiber, nicht auf ber Gaffen, Roch in ber Kirche mit feben laffen.

Roch in der Lirche mit jehen laffen. Marthe. Komm du nur oft zu mir berüber,

larthe. Romm du nur oft zu mir herüber, Und leg' den Schmud bier beimlich an :

Spazier' ein Stündchen lang bem Spiegelglas vorüber,

Wir haben unfre Freude bran.

Und bann giebt's einen Anlag, giebt's ein Seft,

Wo man's so nach und nach ben Leuten sehn. 2890

Ein Kettchen erft, die Berle bann ins Ohr; Die Mutter sieht's wohl nicht, man macht ihr auch was vor.

Marparete. Wer konnte nur bie beiben Raftchen bringen? Es geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen! (Es flopft.)

Marjarete. Ach Gott! mag bas meine Mutter feyn ? 2895 Marthe (durchs Borbanacl audenb). Es ill ein frember Gerr

Mephistopheles tritt auf.

weephlftopheles. Bin fo frei, grab' hereinzutreten,

- Serein I

MARGARET enters.

MARGARET. Dame Martha!

MARTHA. What's the matter. Gretchen ?

MARGARET. My knees almost sink under me! Here I find in my press just such another casket, of ebony, and things quite magnificent—far richer than the first was.

MARTHA. You must not tell that to your mother; she'd carry it at once to confession again.

MARGARET. Ah, only see! Ah, only look!

MARTHA (dresses her up). Oh you happy creature!

MARGARET. Unfortunately, I must not appear with them in the streets, nor in the church.

MAINTHA. Do but come often over hither to me, and put on the set of jewels privately here; walk a little hour before the looking-glass; we shall have our enjoyment in that. And then there comes an occasion, there comes a holiday, when, little by little, one lete people see it; a chain first, then the pearl in the ear. I dare say your mother vill not see it—or one will make some pretence to her.

MARGARET. Who could possibly bring the two caskets?

There is something not natural about it. (A knock.)

Good God! can that be my mother?

MARTHA (peeping through the curtain). It is a strange gentleman.—Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've made free to come in at once; I

2020

Muß bei ben Frauen Berzeihn erbeten. (Eritt efrerbietig vor Margareten zurück.)

Bollte nach Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein fragen ! Warthe. Ich bin's. Bas hat ber herr zu fagen ?

marthe. Ich bin's. Bas hat ber herr zu fagen? 2900 mephinophetes (leife zu ihr). Ich fenne Sie jeht, mir ift bas genug;

Sie hat ba gar bornehmen Befuch.

Bergeiht die Freiheit, Die ich genommen,

Bill nach Mittage wieber fommen. Marthe (laut). Dent'. Rind, um alles in ber Welt!

Der herr bich für ein Franlein halt.

Margarete. Ich bin ein armes junges Blut; Ach Gott! ber herr ist gar zu gut:

Ach Gott! ber Herr ist gar zu gut: Schnuck und Geschmeibe sind nicht mein.

Mephistopheles. Ad, es ift nicht ber Schund allein; Sie hat ein Befen, ein Blid, fo fcharf!

Bie freut mich's, daß ich bleiben barf! Warthe. Bas bringt Er benn ? Berlange febr -

marthe. Was bringt Er denn? Berlange fehr — Wephistophetes. Ich wollt', ich hatt' eine frohere Mähr'!

Ich hoffe, Sie läßt mich's brum nicht buffen : 2015 Ihr Mann ift tobt, und läßt Sie grußen. Warthe. Alt tobt? bas treue Bers! D weh!

Mein Mann ift tobt! Ach, ich vergeh'! Wargarete. Ach! liebe Frau, verzweifelt nicht!

Mephiftopheles. Co hort die traurige Gefchicht'! Margarete. Ich möchte brum mein' Tag' nicht lieben ;

Burbe mich Berluft ju Tobe betrüben. Wephistophetes. Freud' muß Leib, Leib muß Freude haben.

Marthe. Ergahlt mir feines Lebens Schluß!

Webhikobbeles. Er liegt in Pabua begraben 2925 Beim heiligen Antonius. must beg pardon of the ladies. (He steps bask respectfully before Margaret). I wish to inquire after Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

MARTHA. I am she. What has the gentleman to say ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside to her). I know you now; that is enough for me; you have a very distinguished visitor there. Excuse the liberty which I have taken; I'll come again in the afternoon.

MARTHA (aloud). Think, child—of all things in the world! The gentloman takes you for a lady.

MARGARET. I am a poor young creature. O heavens! the gentleman is much too good; the jowels and trinkets are not mine.

Mephistopheles. Ah, it is not the jewels only; she has a presence, a glance so penetrating! How glad I am that I may stay!

MARTHA. What do you bring, then ? I am anxious.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would I had happier nows! I hope you will not make me suffer for it. Your husband is dead, and sends you his greetings.

MARTHA. Is dead !—the faithful heart! Oh, woe! My husband is dead! Ah, I shall die!

MARGARET. Ah, dear dame, do not despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES, Woll, hear the sad story!

MARGARET. For this reason I should wish never to be in love all my days; the loss would grieve me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Joy must have sorrow—sorrow, joy.

MARTHA. Relate to me the close of his life!

Mephistopheles. He lies buried in Padua at St An-

Un einer mobloeweibten Stätte Rum emig fühlen Rubebette.

Marthe. Sabt ihr fouft nichts an mich gu bringen? Menniftophetes. Ja, eine Bitte, groß und ichiver :

Laß Sie boch ja für ibn breibnubert Meffen fingen !

Im übrigen find meine Taiden leer.

Marthe. Bas! Richt ein Schauftnid! Rein Geichmeib'? Bas jeber Sandwertsburich im Grund bes Sadels fpart,

Rum Angebenten aufbewahrt.

2935 Und fieber bungert, fieber betteft!

Menniftonneles. Mabam, es that mir berglich leib; Allein er bat fein Gelb wahrhaftig nicht verzettelt.

Auch er bereute feine Sehler febr.

Na. und beigmmerte fein Unglud noch viel mehr. Margarete. Ach! baft bie Menichen in unglüdlich find!

Gewiß ich will für ihn mauch Requiem noch beten. Mephifiopheles. Ihr maret werth, gleich in bie Ch' gu treten:

Ihr feud ein liebensmurbig Rind.

Margarete. Ich nein! bas gebt iebt noch nicht an. 2945 Mentiftonbeles. Aft's nicht ein Mann, fen's bermeil ein Galan.

's ift eine ber größten Simmelsagben.

So ein lieb Ding im Urm gu haben. Margarete. Das ift bes Lanbes nicht ber Brauch.

Mephiftopheles. Branch ober nicht! Es giebt fich auch, 2050 Marthe. Ergablt mir boch!

Menhifttanbeles. 3d ftand an feinem Sterbebette : Es war was beffer ale von Mift.

Bon halbberfaultem Strob : allein er ftarb als Chrift. llub fand, bağ er weit mehr noch auf ber Reche hatte.

thony's, in a spot well consecrated for an etornally cool bed of rest,

MARTHA. Have you nothing else to bring me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes; a request great and weighty: pray he sure to have three hundred masses sung for him! As for the rest, my pockets are empty.

Martha. What, not a medal? no trinket1—what every journeyman saves at the bottom of his pouch, kept for a token, and rather hungers, rather begs— MERHISTOPHELES. Madam, I am very sorry; but really

he has not squandered his money. He also much repented of his faults; and bewailed his ill-luck still more.

MARGARET. Alas, that mankind are so unfortunate! Assuredly, I will pray many a requiem for him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You would be worthy to enter at once into matrimony; you are a lovable child.

MARGARET. Ah, no! that cannot be yet awhile.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If it is not a husband, it may be a gallant meanwhile. It is one of the greatest gifts of heaven to have so sweet a thing in one's arms.

MARGARET. That is not the custom of the country.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Custom or not, it happens all the same!
MARTHA. Pray, relate to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I stood by his deathbed; it was somewhat better than dung,—of half-rotten straw; hut he died like a Christian, and found that he had still much "Bie," rief er, " muß ich mich bon Grund aus haffen, 2955 Co mein Gewerb', mein Beib fo gu verlaffen ! Ach! bie Erinn'rung tobtet mich.

Bergab' fie mir nur noch in biefem Leben! " -

Marthe (weinenb). Der aute Mann! ich bab' ibm langit per-

geben. Mentiffenbetes. "Allein, mein Gott! fie mar mehr Schuld

ala idi." 2050 Marthe. Das liigt er! Bas! am Ranb bes Grabs gu lugen!

Mentiftonbetes. Er fabelte gewiß in letten Rugen. Wenn ich nur halb ein Renner bin.

"Ich hatte." fprach er. " nicht zum Reitvertreib zu gaffen.

Erft Rinder, und bann Brot für fie gu ichaffen, 2065 Und Brot im allermeitsten Sinn.

Und tonnte nicht einmal mein Theil in Frieden effen."

Marthe. Sat er fo aller Tren', fo aller Lieb' vergeffen, Der Bladerei bei Tag und Nacht !

menningbeles. Nicht boch, er hat euch berglich bran gebacht. Er fprach: "Als ich nun weg von Malta ging, 2971

2975

Da betet' ich für Frau und Rinber brünftig;

Uns war benn auch ber Simmel günftig,

Dan unfer Schiff ein türfifch Sabrzeng fing,

Das einen Schat bes großen Gultans führte. Da ward ber Tapferfeit ihr Lohn.

Und ich empfing benn auch, wie fich's gebührte.

Mein mohlgemeiines Theil bapon." marthe. Gi wie ? Gi mo? Sat er's vielleicht vergraben ?

Mephiftapheles. Ber weiß, wo nun es bie vier Binbe haben! 2080

Ein icones Fraulein nahm fich feiner an,

Mis er in Ravel fremb umberfpazierte;

- more upon his score. 'How thoroughly,' he eried, 'must I dotest myself, so to abandon my business, and my wife! Ah, the recollection kills me! Could she but forgivo me while in this life!'
- MARTHA (weeping). The good man! I have long forgiven him.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. 'But she, God knows, was more in fault than ${\rm L}$ '
- MARTHA. There he lied! What, tell lies on the brink of the grave!

 MERHISTOPHELES. He certainly fabled with his last breath.
- if I am but half a judge. 'I had not,' he said, 'to gape for pastime—first, children, and then to get bread for them—and bread in the very widest sense—and could not even eat my portion in peace.'
- MARTHA. Did he thus forget all my fidelity, all my love, the drudgery by day and night!
- MERHISTOPHELES. By no means; I assure you, he affectionately reflected on it. He said: 'Now, when I went away from Malta, I prayed there for entity for my wife and children; heaven also was then so gracious to us that our abin took a Turkish vessel, which earlied a treasure of the great Sultan. Its reward there came to valour; and I also then received, as was proper, my rightly-meanered share of it.
 - MARTHA. Why, how? Why, where? Has he perchance buried it?
 - MEPHISTOPHELES. Who knows where now the four winds have blown it! A fair damsel took an interest in him, as he was strolling about, a stranger, in Naples. She

9000

Sie bat an ibm viel Lieb's und Tren's gethan. Dan er's bis an fein felig Enbe fpurte.

Marthe, Der Schelm ! ber Dieb an feinen Rinbern !

Much alles Elend, alle Noth Rount' nicht fein icanblich Leben binbern !

Menniffenbetes. In feht! bafür ift er min tobt.

Bar' ich nun jest an euerm Blate.

Betraurt' ich ihn ein guchtig Jahr, Bifirte bann unterweil' nach einem neuen Schabe.

Marthe. Ich Gott! wie boch mein erfter war,

Rind' ich nicht leicht auf biefer Welt ben anbern !

Es founte faum ein bergiger Rärrchen febn.

Er liebte nur bas allzuviele Wandern, Und fremde Weiber, und fremben Wein,

Und bas verfluchte Burfeliviel.

Menninopheles. Run, mun, fo fount' es gebn und fteben,

Wenn er euch ungefähr ip biel Bon feiner Seite nachoefeben.

3d fdmor' euch gu, mit bem Bebing

Bechfelt' ich felbft mit euch ben Ring ! marthe. D, es beliebt bem Berrn gu ichergen !

Menninophetes (für fich). Run mad' ich mich bei Beiten fort! Die hielte wohl ben Teufel felbft beim Wort. 2005 (Bu Gretchen.)

Wie fteht es benn mit Ihrem Bergen ? Margarete. Was meint der Herr damit ?

mephiftophetes (für fich). Du gute, unidulbias Rinb!

Lebt wohl, ihr Frau'n !

Margarete. Lebt wohl!

(Sout.) D faat mir bod gefdwind ! marthe.

- showed much love and truth to him; so that he felt it unto his blessed end.
- MARTHA. The villain! The robber of his children! Now even all the wretchedness, all the want, could check his scandalous life!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. But see! for that, he is now dead. Now, were I at present in your place, I should mourn him for one chaste year, and meanwhile have an eye towards a new sweetheart.
- MARTHA. Ah, God! such as my first was, I shall not easily find in this world his like. There could hardly be a dearer little fool. He did but love excessive roving, and foreign women, and foreign wine, and the cursed dieing.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, well, that might have passed if haply he had indulged you as much on his part. I swear to you, with that condition, I would exchange the ring with you myself.
- MARTHA. Oh, the gentleman is pleased to jest !
- MEPHISTOPHELES (aside). Now I shall take myself off in time. I dare say she would hold the devil himself to his word. (To Gretchen.) How fares it, then, with your heart?
- MARGARET. What means the gentleman by that ${\bf 1}$
- MEPHISTOPHELES (aside). Thou good, innocent child!

 (aloud) Farewell, ladies!
- MARGARET. Farewell!
- MARTHA. Oh do tell me quiekly! I should like to have a

3015

3025

Ich möchte gern ein Reugniß baben. Bo, wie und wann mein Schat gestorben und begraben.

3ch bin von je ber Ordnung Freund gewesen,

Möcht' ihn auch tobt im Bochenblattchen lefen.

Menhiftonheles, Ig. aute Frau, burd zweier Reugen Mund Wird allerwegs bie Wahrheit fund;

Sabe noch gar einen feinen Befellen, Den will ich end por ben Richter ftellen.

3ch bring' ihn ber.

D thut bas ja ! Marthe.

Mebbikophetes. Und hier die Annafran ift auch ba? -Ein braber Anab'! ift viel gereif't;

Franleins alle Soflichfeit erweift. Margarete. Mußte bor bem herren ichamroth werben. Menbinopheres. Bor feinem Ronige ber Erben.

Marthe. Da hinterm Saus in meinem Garten Wollen wir ber herrn beut Abend warten.

Strafie.

Manit. Mebbiftopheles.

Rauft. Wie ift's ? Will's forbern ? Will's balb gebn ? Mephiftopheles. Ah bravo ! Find' ich ench im Fener ?

In furger Beit ift Gretchen ener. Sent Abend follt' ihr fie bei Rachbars Marthen febn :

Das ift ein Weib wie auserleien

Want. Co recht!

Bum Ruppler- und Bigennerwefen ! 3030 certificate where, how, and when my darling died and was buried. I have at all times been a friend to methed; I should like also to read his death in the weekly paper.

MEPHISTOPHHISS. Yes, good lady, everywhere, through the mouth of two witnesses the truth becomes known. I have, moreover, a distinguished companion, whom I will bring before the judge for yeu. I will fetch him here.

MARTHA. Oh be sure to do so!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the young lady here will be there too? A fine lad!—has travelled much, shews all courtesy to young ladies.

MARGARET. I should have to blush with shame before the goutleman.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before no king of the earth!

MARTHA. Behind the house there, in my garden, we will await the gentlemen this evening.

Street. (2)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How goes it ? Will it speed ? Will it soon come off?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ah, bravo! Do I find you affame! In a short time Gretchen will be yours. This evening you shall see her at neighbeur Martha's; that is a weman chosen as it were for the pimp and gipsy line.

FAUST. That's right!

9045

3955

mennifianneres. Doch wird auch mas bon uns begehrt. gauft. Gin Dienft ift wohl bes andern werth.

Dephifiopheles. Wir legen nur ein gultig Beugnig nieber, Daß ihres Chherrn ausgeredte Glieber

In Babua an beil'ger Statte rubn.

gauft. Gehr fing ! Wir werben erft bie Reife machen muffen. Menniffonneles. Sancta simplicitas! barum ift's nicht au tbuu:

Bezeugt nur, obne viel zu miffen !

wang. Wenn Er nichts Beffers bat, fo ift ber Blan gerriffen. Menningnheles. D beil'ger Mann ! Da mar't ibr's nun ! TACE

Ift es bas erfte Mal in enerm Leben,

Daß ihr falich Beugniß abgelegt? Sabt ihr von Gott, ber Welt und was fich brin bewegt,

Bom Meufchen, was fich ihm in Lobf und Sergen regt,

Definitionen nicht mit großer Rraft gegeben, Mit freder Stirne, fühner Bruft ?

Und wollt ibr recht ins Ann're geben.

Sabt ihr bavon, ihr müßt es grad' gefteben,

So viel als von herrn Schwerbtlein's Tob gewußt! Fanft. Du bift und bleibft ein Lugner, ein Sobbifte. 3590

mennifttopheles. Ja, wenn man's nicht ein bifichen tiefer miffite. Denn morgen wirft, in allen Chren,

Das arme Greichen nicht bethören, Und alle Seelenlieb' ihr fctworen ?

Rauft. Und awar bon Bergen. Gut und ichon ! menhiftobheles.

Dann wird von etv'ger Tren' und Liebe, Ron einzig überallmächt'gem Triebe --

Wird bas auch fo bon Bergen gehn ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Still something also is required of us.

FAUST. One good turn indeed deserves another. Mephistopheles. We merely lodge a formal deposition that the outstretched limbs of her late lord repose at

Padua in holy ground. FAUST. Very sage! We shall first have to make the

journey.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Sancta simplicitas! There's no need of that. Merely depose without knowing too much.

FAUST. If you have nothing better, the plan is broken up. MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh holy man! There, indeed, you would be one! Is it the first time in your life that you have borne false witness? Have you not with great energy, with shameless brow, with bold breast, given

definitions of God, the world, and what moved therein ; of man-what stirs in his brain and heart? And if you would dive into your conscience, have you known as much of these matters-you must confess it frankly-as of Mr. Schwerdtlein's death ?

FAUST. Thou art, and wilt remain, a liar, a sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ay, if one did not look a little deeper. For will you not to-morrow, in all honour, befool the poor Gretchen, and yow to her the love of all your soul ?

FAUST. And truly from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES, Oh, excellent! Then there will be talk of eternal truth and love, of a single overpowering passion-will that also come from the heart ?

2066

3070

3975

2080

Sauft. Laft bas ! Es wird! - Benn ich empfinde.

Für das Gefühl, für das Gewühl Nach Namen suche, teinen finde,

Dann burch bie Belt mit allen Sinnen fcmeife,

Nach allen höchsten Worten greife, Und biefe Gluth, von ber ich breune.

Und dieje Bluty, bon der ich breut Unenblich, ewig, ewig neume,

Ift das ein teuflifch Lügenfpiel?

Mephikophetes. Ich hab' doch Recht! Fanst. Hör'! — merk' dir dies —

Ich bitte bich, und schone meine Lunge — Wer Recht behalten will und hat nur eine Kunge,

Behāli's gewiß. Und fomm, ich hab' des Schwähens Ueberdruß; Denn du halt Necht, porthalich weil ich muß.

Garten.

Margareie au Faustens Arm. Marthe mit Mephistopheles auf und ab fpagierent.

margarete. Ich fuhl' es wohl, bag mich ber herr nur icont,

herab fich läßt, mich zu beschämen. Ein Reisenber ift so gewohnt,

Aus Gütigkeit fürlieb zu nehmen; Ich weiß zu aut, baß folch erfahrnen Mann

Mein arm Gefpräch nicht unterhalten fann.

gauft. Gin Blid bon bir, Gin Bort mehr unterhalt,

(Gr tigt ihre Sanb.)

FAUST. Loavo that I it will—When I feel, and seek after names for the feelings, for the tumult, and find none—then sweep with all my senses through the world, grasp at all loftiest words, and call this flame with which I burn endless, eternal, eternal—is that a devilish play of list?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet I am right!

FAUST. Listen! mark you this, I pray you, and spare my lungs; he who wills to carry his point, and has but a tongue, will certainly carry it. And come, I am weary of prating; for you are right,—particularly because I caunot help myself.

Garden.

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm. MARTHA walking up and down with Mephistopheles.

MARGARKI. I feel indeed that the gentleman only indulges mo—demeans himself, and shames me by it. A traveller is so accustomed, out of good-nature, to put up with things. I know too well that my poor talk cannot interest so experienced a man.

FAUST. One glance from thee, one word, is more interesting than all the wisdom of this world. (He kisses her hand.) Margarete. Infommodirt euch nicht! Wie fönnt ihr fie nur fuffen ?

Sie ist so garftig, ift so ranh!

Bas hab' ich nicht ichon alles ichaffen muffen ! Die Mutter ift aar zu genau.

(Gehn vorüber.)

Marthe. Und ihr, mein Herr, ihr reift so immerfort? 3085 Mephikopheles. Ach, daß Gewerb' und Pflicht uns dazu treiben !

Mit wie viel Schmerz verläßt man manchen Ort, Und barf boch nun einmal nicht bleiben !

marthe. Ju rajchen Jahren geht's wohl au, So um und um frei durch die Welt zu itreifen :

Doch tommt die bofe Beit heran,

Und fich als Hageftols allein zum Grab zu ichleifen, Das hat noch feinem wohl getban.

mephiftophetes. Mit Graufen feh' ich bas bon weiten. marthe. Drum, werther Berr, berathet ench in Beiten! 3095

(Cefu reelter.) Margarete. Ja, ans den Angen, ans dem Sinn ! Die Hössichteit ist ench geläufig ; Allein ibr habt der Krennde känsia.

Sie sind verständiger, als ich bin. Banp. D Beste I glanbe, was man so verständig neuut, 3100 Mt oft mehr Sitelfeit und Kurgfinn.

Margarete. Bie?

gaus. Ads, daß die Einfalt, daß die Unschuld nie Sich selbst und ihren heil'gen Werth ertenut ! Daß Demuth, Riedrigkeit, die höchsten Gaben Der liebevoll austheilenden Natur —

- MARGARET. Do not incommode yourself! How can you, now, kiss it † It is so ugly, is so rough. What a lot of things have I not had to do already! My mother is much too close. (They pass on.)
- MARTHA. And you, sir-you are always travelling thus?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Alas, that business and duty drive us to it! With how much pain one leaves many a place, and yet—no help for it—may not tarry!
- MARTHA. In the wild years, it does very well to rove thus freely round about through the world. But the evil time draws near; and to drag oneself as an old bachelor alone to the grave, that has done no good yot to any one.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. I see that with terror from afar.
- MARTHA. Then, worthy sir, bethink you in time! (They pass on.)
- MARGARET. Yes, out of sight out of mind! Politeness is easy to you. But you have plenty of friends; they are more sensible than I am.
- FAUST. Oh dearest! believe, what people thus call sensible, is often rather vanity and narrow-mindedness.
- MARGARET. How ?
- FAUST. Ah, that simplicity, that innocence, never knows itself and its holy worth! that humility, lowliness—the highest gifts of kindly-dispensing nature—

3115

Margarete. Deuft ihr an mich ein Augenblidchen nur,

Ich werbe Beit genug an euch zu benten haben.

Want. Ihr fenb wohl viel allein?

Margarete. Sa, unfre Birthichaft ift nur flein.

Und both will fie verfeben fenn.

Wir haben feine Magb; muß tochen, fegen, ftriden

Und nähn, und laufen früh und ibat :

Und meine Mutter ift in allen Studen

So geenrat !

Nicht daß fie just so febr fich einzuschränten bat,

Bir tonnten uns weit eh'r als anbre regen : Mein Bater binterließ ein bubich Bermogen.

Gin Sauschen und ein Gartchen por ber Stabt.

Doch hab' ich jest fo ziemlich ftille Tage;

Mein Bruber ift Solbat,

Mein Schwesterchen ift tobt. Ach hatte mit bem Rind wohl meine liebe Noth :

Doch übernähm' ich gern noch einmal alle Plage,

So lieb war mir bas Rinb.

Ein Engel, wenn bir's glich ! Manft.

Margarete. 3ch 30g es auf, und herglich liebt' es mich. 3125 Es war nach meines Baters Tob geboren :

Die Mutter aaben wir verloren.

So elend wie fie bamals laa.

Und fie erholte fich febr langiam, nach und nach.

Da tonnte fie nun nicht brau beuten,

Das arme Bürmden felbft gu tranten,

Und so erzog ich's ganz allein, Mit Milch und Baffer; fo warb's mein.

Auf meinem Arm, in meinem Schoof

War's freundlich, sappelte, warb groß.

3130

MARGARET. Think of me but one little moment; I shall have time enough to think of you.

FAUST. You are much alone, I dare say ?

MARDAHET. Yes; our household is but small, and yet it
must be looked after. We have no maid; I must cook,
sweep, knit, and sew, and run early and late. And my
mother is so precise in all things! Not that she has to
junch herself quites so much; we might makes a star much
more than others. My father left a presty property,—
a small house, and a little garden outside the town.
But at present lawe fairly quite days. My brother is
a soldier; my little sister is dead. I had, indeed, a nice
to of trouble with the child; but I would willingly
undertake once more all the worries, so dear was the
child to me.

FAUST. An angel, if it resembled thee !

Mananarr. I brought it up, and it loved me heartly. It was born after my father's death. We gave my mother up for lost, so wretched as she then lay; and she recovered very slowly, by degrees. Thus, of course, he could not think of smelling the poor little mitch herself; and so I reaced it all alone with milk and water. So it became mine. On my arm, in my lap, it was cheerful; kitched, and grow,

3150

Fauft. Du haft gewiß bas reinfte Glud empfunben. Margarete. Doch auch gewiß gar manche ichwere Stunben. Des Meinen Wiege ftanb zu Racht

Un meinem Bett'; es burfte faum fich regen, Bar ich ertvacht ;

Balb mußt' ich's tranfen, balb es zu mir legen, Balb, wenn's nicht ichwieg, vom Bett' aufftebn, Und tangelnd in ber Lammer auf und nieber gehn,

Und früh am Tage icon am Waichtrog ftehn; Dann auf bem Martt und an bem Berbe forgen,

Und immerfort wie heat so mornen. Da geht's, mein Herr, nicht immer mutbig zu :

Doch ichmedt bafür bas Effen, fcmedt bie Rub'. (Gefin verliber.)

Marthe. Die armen Weiber find boch übel bran : Ein Sageftolg ift ichwerlich zu befehren. Menniftonneles. Es fame nur auf eures Gleichen an.

Mich eines Beffern zu belehren. Marthe. Sagt grab', mein herr, habt ihr noch nichts

gefunden? Hat fich bas Bers nicht irgendtvo gebunden?

Mentittanbeles. Das Sprichwort faat : Ein einner Berb. Ein braves Weib, find Golb und Berlen werth. 3156

Marthe. Ich meine, ob ihr niemals Luft befonnnen? Mephiftopheles. Man bat mich überall recht höslich aufgenommen.

Marthe. 3ch wollte fagen : warb's nie Ernft in enerm Sierzen?

Dephiftopheles. Dit Franen foll man fich nie unterftehn an ichergen. 3160

Marthe. Ach, ihr verfteht mich nicht!

FAUST. You have certainly felt the purest happiness.

Magagarr. Yet cortainly full many weary hours also. The little one's endle stood at night by my bed; it could hardly stir but I woke. Now I had to give it drink; now to lay it by me; now, when it was not quiet, to rise from bed, and go skipping up and down the room; and, early in the day, to stand already at the wash-tub; then go to market, and see to the cooking; and on and on, as to-day so to-morrow. Thus, sir, things do not always go chordly; but eating reliables, rest reliables, for it. (They parts on.)

MARTHA. The poor women are indeed in a sad plight as to that; an old bachelor is hard to convert.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It would depend only on your like to inform me of a better thing.

Martha. Say plainly, sir; have you found nothing yet $\mathfrak f$ Has your heart not attached itself anywhere $\mathfrak f$

Mephistopheles. The proverb says—a hearth of one's own, a good wife, are worth gold and pearls.

MARTHA. I mean, has no fancy ever taken you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have everywhere been received very politely.

MARTHA. I wished to say, was there never anything serious with your heart?

MEPHISTOPHELES. One should never venture to just with ladies.

MARTHA. Ah, you do not understand me!

3175

Das thut mir heralich leib!

Mephiftopheles.

Doch ich verfteh' - bağ ihr fehr gutig fend. (Gebn verüber,)

Fant. Du fannteft mich, o fleiner Engel, wieber,

Gleich als ich in ben Garten fam? Margarete. Sabt ihr es nicht? ich fclug bie Angen nieber.

Sauft. Und bu verzeihft bie Freiheit, bie ich nahm. Bas fich bie Frechheit unterfangen,

Mis bu jungft aus bem Dom genannen?

Margarete. Ich war bestürzt, mir war bas nie geschehn ;

Es tonnte Riemand von mir llebels fagen. Uch! bacht' ich, bat er in beinem Betragen

Was Freches, Unanftänbiges gesehn ?

Es febien ibn aleich nur anzuwandeln.

Mit biefer Dirne grabe fin gu handeln. Gefteh' ich's boch ! ich wußte nicht, was fich

Bu enerm Bortheil bier gu regen gleich begonnte;

Allein gewiß, ich war recht boj' auf mich, Daß ich auf end nicht boier werben tonnte.

Mant. Guft Liebchen !

Lakt einmal ! Margarete.

(Gie pflüdt eine Sternblume und aupft bie Blatter ab, eine nach bem antern.)

Bas foll bas? Einen Strauft? Manft.

Margarete. Rein, es foll nur ein Sviel. 3180 Wie? Fauft.

Geht! ihr lacht mich aus. Margarete.

(Gie rupft und mnemelt.)

Fangt. Bas murmelft bu?

Margarete (balb laut). Er liebt mich - Liebt mich nicht. Mann. Du holbes Simmelsangeficht!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am heartily sorry for it! Still I understand—that you are very kind. (They pass on.)

FAUST. You knew me again, Oh little angel, directly I came into the garden ?

MARGARET. Did von not see it ? I cast down my eves.

FAUST. And you forgive the liberty that I took ?—what my impertinence ventured on, as you were going out of the cathedral lately?

Mandater: I was confused; it had never happened to me; no one could speak ill of me. Ah, thought I, has he seen anything bold, unbooming, in thy behaviour? It seemed simply to strike him directly, to deal with his girl off-hand. I must confuse it at one I I knew not what began directly to stir here in your favour; but certainly I was very angry with myself, that I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST. Sweet darling !

MARGARET. Just wait! (She gathers an aster, and pulls off the leaves one after the other.)

FAUST. What is that for \(\)—a nosegay \(\)

MARGARET. No; it is only a game.

FAUST. How ?

MARGARET. Go! you will laugh at me. (She plucks off the petals and murmurs.)

FAUST. What are you murmuring ?

MARGARET (half aloud). He loves me-loves me not.

FAUST. Thou sweet, heavenly face!

Margarete (fahrt fort). Liebt mich - Richt - Liebt mich - Richt -

(Das lehte Blatt ausruhfent, mit holber Freibr.)

Er liebt mich!

Faust. Ja, mein Kind! Laf dieses Blumenwort Dir Götterausspruch sehn! Er liebt dich! 3185 Verstehnt du. was das beist? Er liebt dich!

(Gr faßt ihre beiben Sanbe.)

margarete. Mich überläuft's!

Fauft. D fcaubre nicht! Lag biefen Blid, Lag biefen Sanbebrud bir fagen.

Lag biefen Handebrud dir jagen,

Was unaussprechlich ist:

Sich hinzugeben gang und eine Wonne Bu fühlen, die ewig fehn muß!

Su jugien, die einig jegn mag:
Ewig! - Thr Ende wurde Berzweiflung febu.

Rein, fein Ende! Rein Ende!

(Margarete brudt ifm bie Sanbe, macht fich los und lauft meg. Er

ftest einen Augenblid in Gebanten, bann felgt er ihr.) Marthe (fommenb). Die Nacht bricht an.

3190

3195

wephiftopheles. In, und wir wollen fort. Marthe. Ich bat' euch, langer bier ju bleiben,

Mein es ift ein gar zu bofer Ort.

Es ift, als hatte Niemand nichts zu treiben Und nichts zu ichaffen,

Mis auf bes Nachbarn Schritt und Tritt gu gaffen,

Und man kommt ins Gereb', wie man sich immer stellt.

Und unfer Barden ? Webbikabbeles. Alt ben Gang bort aufgeflogen.

Muthwill'ge Sommervögel!

marthe. Er scheint ihr gewogen. mephiftopheles. Und fie ihm auch. Das ift ber Lauf ber

29eft I

MARGARET (continues). Loves me—not—loves me—not
—(plucking off the last petal with ond delight) he loves
me!

FAUST. Yes, my child! Let this flower-language be to thee a divine decision! He loves thee! Dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee! (He takes both her hands.)

MARGARET. I shake all over !

FAUST. Oh, tremble not! Let this look, let this pressure of the hand, tell thee what is unspeakable;—to give oneself up wholly, and to feel a joy that must be eternal! Eternal!—its end would be despair. No! no end! no end!

(MARGARET presses his hands, disengages herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, then he follows her.)

MARTHA (approaching). The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, and we'll away.

MARTHA. I would beg you to stay here longer, but it is much too wicked a place. It is as if nobody had any thing to carry on, or anything to do, but to gape after his neighbour's comings and goings; and one gots talked about, however one behaves. And our little rair?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Have flown up the walk yonder. Wanton butterflies!

MARTHA. He seems taken with her.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And she with him, too. That is the way of the world!

Ein Gartenbauschen.

Margarete freingt herein, fledt fich hinter bie Thur, halt bie Singerfpihe an bie Lippen, und gudt burch bie Ribe.

Margarete. Er fommt! 3205

Faup (fommt). Ach Schelm, so nedst du mich! Treff' ich dich!

(Gr fujt fie.)

Margarete (ihn faffend und ben Auf jurudgebend). Bester Mann! von Herzen lieb' ich bich! Webbistobbeles liebt an.

Janft (ftampfenb). Ber ba?

Mephiftopheles. Gut Freund!

Fauft. Ein Thier !

Mephinophetes. Es ift mohl Beit gu icheiben.

Marthe (fommt). Ja, es ift fpat, mein herr.

Fauft. Darf ich euch nicht geleiten? Wargarete. Die Mutter würde mich — Lebt wohl!

Fauft. Muß ich bette gehn? Lebe wohl! 3210

Marthe. Abe! Margarete. Auf balbig Bieberfehn !

(Sauft und Mephistopheles ab.) Waraarete. Du lieber Gott I was in ein Mann

Nicht alles, alles benten tann! Beschämt nur steh' ich vor ihm ba,

Und fag' zu allen Sachen ja. Bin boch ein arm, untviffend Rind,

Bin boch ein arm, unwiffend Kind, 3015 Begreife nicht, was er an mir find't. (Ab.)

A Summerhouse.

(MARGARET springs in, places herself behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.)

MARGARET. He comes!

FAUST (comes). Ah, rogue! Dost tease me thus † I've

caught thee! (He kisses her.)

Margaret (embracing him and returning the kiss). Best

of men! I love thee from my heart!

(MERKISTOPHELES énecks.)

FAUST (stamping). Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A friend.

FAUST. A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is time to part, I believe.

MARTHA (comes). Yes, sir, it is late.

FAUST. May I not attend you?

MARGARET. My mother would—farewell!

MARGARET. My mother would—larewe

FAUST. Must I then go ? Farewell!

Martha. Adieu!

MARGARET. Till our next speedy meeting!

(Excent Faust and Merristopheles.)

Good God! what a lot—a lot—of things such a man can think about! I merely stand there ashamed before him, and say Yos to all things. I am in sooth a poor ignorant child; I do not understand what he finds in me. (Exit.)

Balb und Soble.

Banft (allein). Erhabner Geift, bu gabft mir, gabft mir Mies, Warum ich bat. Du baft mir nicht umfonft Dein Angeficht im Fener augemenbet. Gabft mir bie herrliche Ratur gum Ronigreich, 3220 Braft, fie gu fühlen, gu genießen. Richt Ralt ftannenden Befind erlaubit bu nur. Bergonnest mir in ihre tiefe Bruft. Wie in ben Bufen eines Freunds, ju ichauen. Du führft bie Reihe ber Lebenbigen Ror mir borbei, und fehrft mich meine Brüber Im ftillen Buich, in Luft und Waffer tennen. Und wenn ber Sturm im Balbe brauft und fnarrt. Die Riefenfichte fturgend Rachbarafte Und Rachbaritamme anetidend nieberftreift. 3230 Und ihrem Sall bumpf bobl ber Sugel bonnert. Dann führft bu mich jur fichern Soble, zeigft Did bann mir felbit, und meiner eignen Bruft Geheime tiefe Bunber öffnen fich. Und fteigt por meinem Blid ber reine Mond 3235

Mich dann mir selbst, und meiner eignen Bruft Geheime tiese Bunder öffnen sich. Und steigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond Besänstigend herüber, "ishweben mir Von Felsenvänden, and dem senchten Busch, Der Borwelt silberne Gestalten auf,

Und findern ber Betrachtung ftrenge Luft.

O daß dem Menschen nichts Boltomunes wird, Empfind ich nun. Du gabit zu dieser Wonne, Die nich den Editern nah nuh näher bringt, Mir den Gefährten, den ich schon nicht nehr Entbehren kann wenn er gleich, kalt und frech, 3240

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (alone). Sublimo Spirit! thou gavest me, gavest me everything for which I prayed. Not in vain hast thou turned to me thy countenance in fire. Thou gavest me glorious Nature for a kingdom, power to feel, to enjoy her. Not merely a coldly wondering visit dost thou permit: thou grantest me to look into her deep breast. as into the bosom of a friend. Thon bringest past before me the series of living things, and teachest me to know my brethron in the still copse, in air, and water. And when the storm roars and creaks in the forest, the giantpine, precipitating its neighbour-boughs and neighbourstems, sweeps, erushing, down,-and the hill thunders, dull and hollow, to its fall,-then thou leadest me to the safe cavern, showest me then to myself; and secret, deep wonders of my own breast reveal themselves. And when soothingly the pure moon rises above in my sight, the silvery forms of past ages float up to me from the walls of rock, out of the moist copse, and temper the stern delight of contemplation.

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect comes to man! With this joy, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion whom already I can no longer dispense with; though, cold and insolent, he de-

244	Fauft	3245-3273
Mich vor mi	ir felbft erniebrigt, und gn Richts,	3245
Mit einem A	Borthauch, beine Gaben wandelt.	
Er facht in	meiner Bruft ein wildes Fener	
Nach jenem	ichonen Bild gefchaftig an.	
So tauml' i	d von Begierbe ju Genuß,	
Und im Gen	uß verschmacht' ich nach Begierbe.	3250
	Mephiftopheles tritt auf.	
	1e8. Habt ihr nun balb bas Leber	g'ung ge-
führt?		
	euch in die Länge freueu?	
	gut, daß man's einmal probirt;	
	wieber zu was Neuen l	
	ollt', bu hättest mehr zu thun,	3259
	n guten Tag zu plagen.	
	108. Run, nun! ich laff' bich gerne	ruhu;
	ir's nicht im Ernste sagen.	
	llen, unhold, barich und toll,	
	wenig zu verlieren.	3260
	Tag hat man die Banbe voll !	
	fällt und was man laffen foll,	
	bem herrn nie an ber Rafe fpuren.	
	ft so just der rechte Ton !	
	Dant, daß er mich ennühirt.	326
	tes. Wie hätt'ft bu, armer Erbenfol)II,
	ohne mich geführt?	
	trabs der Zmagination	
	boch auf Beiten lang enrirt;	
	h nicht, so war'st du schon	327
	Erdball abspaziert.	
	ı ba in Höhlen, Feljenripen	
win wie eir	ı Schuhu zu verfiğen?	

grades me in my own eyes, and, with a word-breath, turns thy gifts to nought. He is busily kindling in my breast a wild fire for that fair image. Thus I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment I languish for desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Have not you now had almost enough of this kind of life? How can it delight you for any length of time? It is all very well that one should try it once, but then on again to something new!

FAUST. I would you had something else to do than to plague me in my happier hour.

Merissrophilass. Well, well! I will leave you to yourself with pleasure;—you need not tell me so in earnest. Truly, it is little to lose in you a companion ungracious, peovish, and crazy. One has one's hands full the whole day! One can never find out from the gentleman's face what pleases him, and what one must let alone.

FAUST. That is so exactly the proper tone! You want thanks, to boot, for wearying me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor son of earth! how would you have led your life without me? I have at least cured you, for some time to come, of the whimnies of imagination; and but for me, you would already have walked off from this globe. What business have you to sit and mope here in caverns and rock-rifts, like an ow!? Why

Was ichlürfft aus bumpfem Moos und triefenbem Geftein. Wie eine Rrote, Nahrung ein? 3275 Gin ichoner, fither Reitvertreib! Dir ftedt ber Doeter noch im Leib. Rang. Berftehft bu, mas fur neue Lebensfraft Mir biefer Banbel in ber Debe ichafft? Na, murbeit bu es ahnen tonnen, 3280 Du mareft Teufel a'nug, mein Glud mir nicht zu gonnen. Manbiftonbeles. Ein überirbifches Beraniigen ! In Nacht und Than auf ben Gebirgen liegen. Und Grb' und Simmel mouniglich umfaffen. Ru einer Gottheit fich aufichwellen laffen. 3285 Der Erbe Mart mit Abnungsbrang burchwühlen, Mle feche Tagewert' im Bufen fühlen. In fipliger Rraft, ich weiß nicht mas, genießen, Balb liebewonniglich in alles überfließen. Berichwunden gang ber Erbeniobn. 3200 Und bann bie hobe Intuition - (Dit einer Geberbe.) Sch barf nicht fagen, wie - su ichließen. Soutt. Bfui über bich ! Das will ench nicht behagen: Menhiffanheles. Ihr habt bas Recht, gefittet pfui gu fagen. Man barf bas nicht bor feuiden Ohren nenuen, 3295 Bas feuiche Bergen nicht entbehren fonnen. Und furs und aut, ich abnn' Ihm bas Berannaen. Gelegentlich fich etwas vorzulügen : Doch lange halt Er bas nicht aus. Du bift icon wieber abgetrieben, 1100

In Tollheit ober Angst und Graus. Genug damit! Dein Liebchen sist badrinne,

Unb, währt es langer, aufgerieben

do you sip in nourishment from damp moss and dripping stone, like a toad † A fair, sweet pastime! The doctor still sticks in your body.

FAUST. Dost thou understand what new life-power this wandering in the wildorness procures for me? Yes, wert thou able to divine it, thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge me my happiness.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A super-terrestrial pleasure! To lie in night and dev on the mountains, and joyfully enhance cart and heaven; is owell yourself up to a divinity; to rake through the earth's marrow with preasgeful inpulse; to feel all the six days' works in your hoson; to enjoy in proud strength I know not what;—now to overflow love-empatered into everything, the most vanished quite; and then the lofty intuition—(with a extent) I must not say how—to clear

FAUST. Fie upon you!

MEPHISTOPHEAS: That will not please you—you are right; it is decorous to say fiel 10 no must not name before chaste ours that which chaste hearts cannot go without. And, in short, 1 do not gradey you the pleasure of lying somewhat to youncelf to suit the oceasion. But you will not keep up that long. You are already again worn out, and if it lasts longer, will he fretted into madness, or anguish and horror. Boundy of this! Du fommit ihr gar nicht aus bem Sinne, Sie hat bich übermächtig lieb.

Erft tam beine Liebeswuth übergefloffen.

Wie vom geschmolinen Schnee ein Bachlein überfteigt :

Du haft fie ihr ins herr gegoffen.

Run ift bein Bachlein wieber feicht.

3310

2220

Mich bünft, anftatt in Balbern zu thronen,

Liek' es bem großen Gerren gut.

Das arme affeniunge Blut

Für feine Liebe gu belohnen.

Die Reit wird ihr erbarmlich lang ;

Sie fteht am Fenfter, fieht bie Wolfen giehn Ueber bie alte Stadtmauer bin.

Wenn ich ein Boglein war'! fo geht ihr Gefaug

Tage lang, halbe Rachte lana.

Einmal ift fie munter, meift betrübt,

Einmal recht ausgeweint. Dann wieber rubig, wie's icheint.

Und immer perfiebt.

Want. Schlange! Schlange!

Dephifiopheles (für fich). Gelt! bag ich bich fange! Rauft. Berrichter ! hebe bich von binnen,

Und nenne nicht bas ichone Beib!

Bring' bie Begier zu ihrem fuken Leib

Nicht wieder vor die halb verrücken Sinnen ! Mephiftopheles. Bas foll es benn? Gie meint, bu fenft

entflohn. 3330 Und halb und halb bift bu es ichon.

wang. Ich bin ibr nab', und mar' ich noch fo fern,

3d tann fie nie bergeffen, nie berlieren ;

Your darling sits within there, and everything is growing confined and gloomy to her. You are never of
her thought. She loves you overpoweringly. First
came your passion overflown, like a rivulet surcharged
with meleted mow; you have pound it into her heart;
now your rivulet is shallow again. Methinks, instead of
regizing in forests, it might seem good to the great
gouldenan to reward the poor young creature for her
love! The time grows pittably long to her; she stands
at the window, and sees the clouds travel away over the
old only and the stands of the stands of the control of
good alt the day, and half the night. One while she is
eheerful, mostly cust down; one while quite out-wept;
then again, as it sooms, calm; such ever in love!

FAUST. Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside). I'm sure now—I shall catch thee!

FAUST. Miscreant! Get thee from hence, and name not the lovely woman! Bring not again the desire for her sweet body before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What is to be done, then ? She thinks you are flown; and so in some manner you already are.

FAUST. I am near her, and were I ever so far off, I can

2340

3345

3350

3355

3360

Na. ich beneibe ichon den Leib des Kerrn.

Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indeß berühren.

wephiftopheles. Gar wohl, mein Freund! Ich hab' ench oft

Ums Zwillingspaar, das unter Rosen weidet.

Fauft. Entfliehe, Ruppler !

mephistophetes. Schön! The schimpst und ich muß lachen.

Der Gott, ber Bub' und Mabden fcuf,

Erfannte gleich ben ebelften Bernf,

Auch selbst Gelegenheit zu machen. Rur fort! Es ist ein großer Jammer!

Ihr follt in eures Liebchens Rammer,

Richt etwa in ben Tob.

Fauft. Bas ist die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen ? Laft mich an ihrer Bruft erwarmen!

Fühl' ich nicht immer ihre Noth?

Bin ich der Flildstling nicht, der Unbehaufte, Der Unmensch ohne Rwed und Ruh',

Der wie ein Wafferfturg bon Fels gu Felfen braufte,

Begierig wüthend, nach dem Abgrund zu? Und seitwärts sie, mit findlich dumpfen Sinnen.

Und seitwarts sie, mit findlich dumpsen Sinner In Sutten auf bem fleinen Albenfeld.

Und all ihr hänsliches Beginnen Umfangen in der kleinen Welt.

Umjangen in der tiemen weit. Und ich, der Gottverhaßte,

hatte nicht genug,

Daß ich die Felsen saßte Und sie zu Trümmern schlug!

Sie, ihren Frieden mußt' ich untergraben!

Du, Solle, nußteft biefes Opfer haben!

never forget, never lose her. Yes, I envy even the Body of the Lord when her lips are touching it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Very well, my friend! I have often enviced you the twin-pair that feed among the roses!

FAUST. Begone, pander !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fine! You rail and I must laugh.

The God who eveated lad and lass recognised at the same
time the most noble calling of making opportunity too.
But away! It is a vast pity! You must to your
sweatheart's chamber—not neradventure to death!

FAUST. What is the heavenly bliss in her arms 1 Be it, that I warm myself on her breast—do I not always feel her distress 1 Am I not the fugitive, the houseless one, the monater without aim and rest, who musted like a catamat from ruck to rock, greedilly ruging towards the always 1 Am I show position, with child-like, unwakened senses, in the oct upon the little Alpine field, and all her homely work enfolded in that little world! Am I, the hated of God, was not contented that I grauped the rocks and smoot them to shatters! Her—her peace—I must undermine! Thou, Hell, requireds this secrifies!

Mein armer Kopf Ist mir verrück, Mein armer Sinn Ist mir serstück.

3385

Help me, devil, to shorten the time of anguish! Let what must happen, happen at once! May her fate fall crushing on me, and she, with me, be ruined!

MEPHISTOPHELES. How it see the a again, glows again 1 Go in and comfort her, you fool 1. When such a noddle seas no outlee, it imagines at once that all is at an end. He who bears himself bravely, for ever! Yet otherwise, you have had a fair spice of the devil about you. I know nothing in the world more absurd than a devil who desmin.

Gretchen's Room.

GRETCHEN (alone at the spinning wheel).

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore

Where I have not him, is the grave to me; the whole world is embittered to me.

My poor head is distraught, my poor sense is shattered.

254	Fauft	3386-3413
	Meine Anh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer; Ich sinde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.	
	Rach ihm nur fchan' ich Kum Fenster hinans, Rach ihm nur geh' ich Uns bem Hans.	3390
	Sein hoher Bang, Sein' edfe Geflaft, Seines Mundes Lächeln, Seiner Angen Gewalt,	3395
	llub seiner Rebe Lauberstuß, Sein Häubebruck, Und ach! sein Kuß!	3400
	Meine Ruh' ift hin, Mein Herz ift schwer; Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.	3405
	Mein Bufen brängt Sich nach ihm hin. Uch, dürft' ich fafien Und halten ihn l	
	llnb füffen ihn, So wie ich wollt', An feinen Küffen Bergeben follt' !	3410

- My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore.
- For him alone I look out at the window; for him alone I go out of the house.
- His lofty gait, his noble form; the smile of his mouth, the power of his eyes,
- And the witching flow of his speech; the pressure of his hand, and ah! his kiss!
- My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore.
- My besom presses towards him. Ah, could I clasp and hold him.
- And kiss him as I would, upon his kisses I should pass away!

Marthens Garten.

Margarete. Mauft.

Margarete. Beribrich mir, Beinrich! -

Gauft.

Was ich kaun! Margarete. Run fag', wie faft bu's mit ber Religion? 3415

Du bift ein berglich auter Mann. Allein ich alaub', bu hältst nicht viel bavon.

gauft. Lag bas, mein Rind! Du fühlft, ich bin bir gut;

Für meine Lieben ließ' ich Leib und Blut,

Will Niemand fein Gefühl und feine Rirche rauben.

Margarete. Das ift nicht recht; man muß bran glauben! Bauft. Duf man?

Margarete. Adi, wenn ich etwas auf bich tounte! Du ehrft auch nicht bie beil'gen Sacramente.

Bautt. Ich ehre fie.

Margarete. Doch ohne Berlangen. Rur Meffe, sur Beichte bift bu lange nicht gegangen. 3425 Glaubft bu an Gott?

Mein Liebden, wer barf fagen, Sauft.

Ich alaub' an Gott?

Magit Briefter ober Weife fragen, Und ihre Antwort icheint nur Spott

lleber ben Frager zu fein. So glaubft bu nicht ? Margarete.

Gaupt. Difffor' mich nicht, bu holbes Angeficht ! Wer barf ibn nennen ?

Und mer befennen : Ich glaub' ihn?

Ber empfinben

3430

3.

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET. Promise me, Henry !-

FAUST. What I can!

MARGARET. Now say, how is it with thy religion? Thou art a thoroughly good man, but I believe thou dost not think much of it.

FAUST. Leave that, my child! thou feelest I love thee: I would give up body and bloed for those I love; I wish to rob nobody of his feeling and his church.

MARGARET. That is not right; one must believe in it!

FAUST. Must one?

MARGARET. Ah, if I had any influence over thee! Thou dost not honour even the holy sacraments.

FAUST. I honour them.

MARGARET. Yet without desiring them. It is long since thou hast gone to mass or confession. Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST. My darling, who dares say, 'I believe in God'? Thou mayst ask priests or sages, and their answer will seem to be but mockery of the questioner.

MARGARET. Then, thou dost not believe?

FAUST. Misconceive me not, thou sweetest countenance! Who dare name Him? And who avow, 'I believe in reduct pas der granten nicht voorvoor ? Liegt die Erde nicht hieranden fek ? Und feigen, freundlich blidend, Ewige Sterne nicht herand ? Schan' ich nicht Ang' in Ange dir, Und derügt nicht alles

3445

Und de dig nicht alles Nach Haupt und Herzen die, Und webt in ewigen Geheimniß, Unflickar, lichtbar, neben dir? Erfüll' duvon dein Gerz, do groß es ift,

Erfüll' davon dein Herz, so groß es iß, Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle felig biß, Renn's Sdann, wie du willh, Renn's Glüd! Jerzzl Liebel Gott! Ich habe feinen Rannen

Jay jube etten Fanken Dafür! Gefüß ift alles ; Name ift Schall und Nanch, Umnebelnd Simmelsgluth.

wargarete. Das ift alles recht schön und gut; Ungesähr sagt das der Bjarrer auch, 3460 Our mit ein bischen andern Worten.

Faup. Es fagen's aller Orien Alle Herzen unter bem himmlischen Tage, Jebes in seiner Sprache;

Warum nicht ich in ber meinen? 3465 Wargarete. Wenn man's fo bort, mocht's leiblich icheinen.

argarete. Wenn man's jo hort, mocht's leidlich icheinen,

Him's Who can feel, and venture to say, 'I believe ont in Him's 'I he All-moldiest, he All-sustaines, enfolds and sustains He not thee, me, Himself's Does not the heaven earh listed there above? Lies not the earth firm here below? And do not cernal stars rise, cheerfully gleaming, on high? Gaze I not into thine eyes; and is not all througing to thy head and heart, and moving, invisibly, visibly, in elternal mystery about thee? Fill my the heart with it, great as it is, and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thom with; call it Bliss Heart! Love! God? I have no name for it! Peeling is all; amme is sound and monke, oferclouding haven's glow.

MARGARET. That is all very fine and good; the parson also says pretty nearly that, only with somewhat different words.

FAUST. All hearts in all places beneath the heavenly day say it, each in its language,—why not I in mine?

MARGARET. If one hears it thus, it might seem passable

260	Fauft	3467-3495
Steht aber be	och immer schief barum;	
	t fein Christenthum.	
Fauft. Lieb's S		
Margarete.	Es thut mir lang' fcon web,	
Daß ich bich	in ber Gesellschaft seh'.	3470
Gauft. Bie fo ?	?	
Margarete.	Der Menfch, ben bu ba bei bir haft,	
Ift mir in tie	efer inn'rer Seele verhaßt;	
Es hat mir i	n meinem Leben	
Co nichts ein	en Stich ins Berg gegeben,	
Mis bes Men	fcen widrig Geficht.	3475
Gauft. Liebe B	uppe, fürcht' ibn nicht!	
Margarete. G	eine Gegenwart bewegt mir bas Blut.	
Ich bin fonft	allen Menschen aut;	
Aber, wie ich	mich febne, bich ju fchanen,	
	bem Menfchen ein heimlich Grauen,	3480
	für einen Schelm bagu!	
Gott verzeih'	mir's, wenn ich ihm Unrecht thu'!	
	auch folde Rauge geben.	
Margarete. M	Bollte nicht mit feines Gleichen leben!	
Lomint er ein	mal zur Thür' herein,	3485
	er so spöttisch brein,	
llub halb era		
	iß er an nichts keinen Autheil nimmt :	
	an ber Stirn' geichrieben,	
	mag eine Seele lieben.	3490
	o wohl in beinem Arm,	317-
	ingegeben warm,	
	genwart ichnurt mir bas Inn're gu.	
- Jenne Ov	Ormania indicate and Chair or Our	

Jauft. Du ahnungsvoller Engel bu! Margarete. Das übermannt mich jo febr,

there is, however, still something wrong about it, for theu hast no Christianity.

FAUST. Dear child!

MARGARET. I have long been grieved at the company I see thee in.

FAUST. How so ?

MARGARET. The man whom thou hast here with thee is hateful to me in my deep, inmost soul. Nothing in my life has given me such a pang in my heart as the man's repulsive face.

FAUST. Dear pet, fear him not !

Mangarer. His presence agitates my blood. Otherwise, I am well-disposed te all men; but, much as I long to see thee, I have a secret horror of the man, and hold him for a rogue besides! God forgive it me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST. There must be such queer creatures, too.

Makadarr. I would not live with the like of him! If over he comes inside the door, he always looks in so mockingly, and half-ennged; one sees that he has no sympathy with anything; it stands written on his forthead that he cannot love a soul. I feel so happy with thine arm around ne, so free, so yielding, and warm; and his presence closes up no mimost heart.

FAUST. Thou divining angel!

MARGARET. It overcomes me so much, that whon he hap-

Daß, wo er nur mag zu uns treten, Mein' ich fogar, ich liebte bich nicht mehr. Auch wenn er ba ift, fount' ich nimmer beten. Und bas frift mir ins Berg binein : Dir, Beinrich, muß es auch fo fetnt. 3500 Fauft. Du haft nun bie Untipathie! Margarete. Ich muß nun fort. Ach. fann ich nie Sauft. Ein Stünden rubig bir am Bufen bangen, Und Bruft an Bruft und Geel' in Geele brangen ? Margarete. Ach wenn ich nur alleine ichlief! 3505 3ch lieft bir gern beut Racht ben Riegel offen : Doch meine Mutter ichtaft nicht tief, Und würben wir bon ihr betroffen, Sich war' aleich auf ber Stelle tobt! Gauft. Du Engel, bas hat feine Roth.

Sier ift ein Alaididen! Drei Tropfen nur In ihren Trauf umhüllen Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig bie Ratur. Margarete. Bas thu' ich nicht um beinetwillen?

Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht ichaben ! Rauft. Burb' ich fouit, Liebchen, bir es rathen ? Margarete. Geh' ich bich, befter Mann, nur an, Bein nicht, mas mich nach beinem Billen treibt :

Sich habe ichon in viel für bich gethan. Daß mir au thun faft nichts mehr übrig bleibt. (216.) 3520

3515

Mebbiftobhetes tritt auf.

Menhiftanbeles. Der Grasoff'l ift er men ? Saft wieber fpipuirt? Sauft. Mephiftophetes. Ich hab's ausführlich wohl bernommen.

pens merely to come up to us, I even think as though I loved thee no more. Besides, when he is here, I could never pray, and that eats into my heart. It must be the same, Henry, with thee.

FAUST. The fact is, thou hast antipathy!

MARGARET. I must now away.

FAUST. Ah, can I never hang peacefully, one little hour, on thy bosom, and press breast to breast, and soul to soul?

MARGARET. Ah. if I but slent alone! I would willingly

leave the bolt undrawn for thee to-night; but my mother does not sleep soundly, and were we caught by her, I should forthwith be dead on the spot. FAUST. Thou angel, no fear of that! Here is a phial!

in deep sleep.

Margaret. What would I not do for thy sake? It will

not harm her, I hope!

FAUST. Would I else, darling, advise it to thee?

MARGARET. If I do but look on thee, best and dearest man, I know not what drives me according to thy will! I have done so much for thee already that almost nothing more remains over for me to do. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The little monkey! is it gone?

FAUST. Hast spied again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have heard it fully; the Doctor was

3210

Berr Doftor wurden ba fatecifirt: Soff', es foll Ihnen wohl befommen.

Die Mabels find boch febr intereffirt. Db Einer fromm und ichlicht nach altem Brand.

Sie benten, budt er ba, folgt er une eben auch, Janft. Du Ungehener fiehft nicht ein,

Bie biefe treue, liebe Seele,

Bon ihrem Glauben voll,

Der gang allein Ihr feligmachend ift, fich beilig audle.

Daß fie ben liebften Mann verloren balten foll. Mennifionneles. Du überfinnlicher, finnlicher Freier.

Ein Magbelein nasführet bich. Jang. Du Spottgeburt von Dred und Fener !

Meubitfopheles. Und Die Bhufiognomie verfteht fie meifterlid. An meiner Gegenwart wirb's ibr, fie weiß nicht wie.

Mein Mastchen ba weiffagt verboranen Ginn : Sie fühlt, baft ich gang ficher ein Genie, Bielleicht wohl gar ber Teufel bin.

Rnn beute Racht - ? Mas geht bich's on? Sauft. Mentiftonbetes. Sab' ich boch meine Frende bran !

Mm Brunnen.

Gretchen und Liebden mit Rrigen.

Liedmen. Saft nichts von Barbelden gebort? Gretgen. Rein Bort. 3ch tomm' gar wenig unter Lente. Liedden. Gewiß, Gibnfle faat' mir's bente ; 3545 catechised there; I hope it may do you much good. The girls are, to be sure, very interested in knowing whether a man is pious and single-minded after the old fashion. They think: 'if he knuckles under in that matter, he will even follow us too.'

FAUST. Thou, monster! dost not conceive how this true, dear soul, full of her faith, which alone is saving to her, grieves holily that she must deem her hest-beloved lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou super-sensual, sensual suitor, a -chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

FAUST. Thou absurd offspring of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELIS. And she understands physiognomy like a master. In my presence, she feels she knows not how; this little mask of mine hodes some hidden sense; she feels that I am most assuredly a genius,—perhaps the devil himself! Tonight, them—?

FAUST. What is that to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, I have my pleasure in it!

At the Well

GRETCHEN and LIESCHEN with pitchers,

LIESCHEN. Hast heard nothing of Barhara ?

GRETCHEN. Not a word. I go very little ahroad.

LIESCHEN. 'Tis true; Sihylla told it me to-day. She has

Wie fo?

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Die hat sich endlich auch bethört. Das ist das Rornehmtsun!

Gretten.

Ltesten. Ge ftinft !

Sie füttert zwei, wenn fie nun ift und trinft.

Grethen. Ach!

Bie lange hat fie an bem Rexl gehangen !

Auste latige hat jie an dem seerl gehangen !

Das war ein Spazieren,

Auf Dorf und Tangplat Führen!

Mußt' überall die erste sehn,

Curtefirt' ihr immer mit Baftetchen und Wein ;

Bild't fich was auf ihre Schönheit ein.

War doch io ehrios, lich nicht zu ichämen.

Geschenke von ihm anzunehmen.

Bar ein Befof' und ein Befchled';

Da ist benn auch das Blümchen weg!

Greichen. Das arme Ding! Lleschen. Bebanerst sie noch aar!

Leeden. Bebauerft fie noch gar! Wenn unfer eins am Spinnen war.

Wenn unfer eins am Spinnen war, Uns Rachts die Mutter nicht hinunterließ,

Stand fie bei ihrem Buhlen fuß;

Auf der Thürbauf und im dunkeln Gang Ward ihnen keine Stunde zu lang.

Da mag sie denn sich duden nun, Am Sünderbemben Nirehbuk' thun !

Gretchen. Er nimmt fie gewiß zu feiner Fran. Rieschen. Er mar' ein Rarr! Ein flinfer Jung'

Hat anderwärts noch Luft genung.

Er ist auch fort.

Gretchen. Das ift nicht fcon !

even played the fool at last. That comes of giving hersolf airs!

GRETCHEN. How so ?

LIESCHEN. It stinks! She feeds two when she eats and drinks now.

GRETCHEN. Ah!

Linscuits. She's rightly served at last. How long she has hung on the fellow! There was a promeading, a being taken to the village and dancing place. She must be the first everywhere; he was athways courting ther with tarts and winne. She was ruther conceided about her beauty, but was so lost to honour as not to be ashamed to accept presents from him. There was a lungging and bussing; so at last the little flower is gone!

GRETCHEN. Poor thing !

LIESCHEN. Thou even pitiest her! When one of us was at spinning, mother did not let us down at night, she was with her sweet lover; no hour was too long for them on the beach outside the door, and in the dark walk. Now, therefore, she may humble horself, and do church-neuge in a sinner's shift!

GRETCHEN. He'll surely take her for his wife.

LIESCHEN. He would be a fool! A brisk youth has openings enough still elsewhere. Besides, he's off,

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Bledmen Kriegt fie ihn, foll's ihr übel gehn. Das Kränzel reißen die Buben ibr.

Das Kränzel reißen die Buben ihr, 3575 Und Häderling streuen wir vor die Thür'! (Ab.) Gretchen (nach Gause gebend). Wie konnt' ich sonst so tapfer

fcmählen,

Wenn that ein armes Magblein fehlen ! Wie tonnt' ich über Anbrer Sanben

Richt Worte g'nug ber Zunge finben!

Wie schien mir's schwarz, und schwärzt's noch gar, Mir's immer doch nicht schwarz g'ung war,

Und seguet' mich und that so groß,

Und bin nun felbst ber Sanbe bloß! Doch — Alles, mas dazu mich trieb.

Sott. max so out! ach. max so lieb!

Aminger.

In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater dolorona ; Blumenfrüge donor.

Greichen (fiedt frifde Blumen in bie Rritge),

Ach neige, Du Schmerzenreiche,

Dein Antlig gnabig meiner Roth!

Das Schwert im Herzen, Mit tausend Schwerzen

Blidft auf gu beines Cohnes Tob.

Bum Bater blidft bu Und Seufzer schieft bu

hinauf um fein' und beine Roth.

GRETCHEN. That is not fair.

LIESCHEN. If she gets him, it shall go bad with her! The boys will tear off her wreath, and we shall strew chopped straw before the door.

(Exit.)

GIBETCHEN (going home). How stoutly could I once revile when a poor girl did ert! How I could not find worsh enough for my tongue about the sins of others! How black it seemed to me! and I blackened it still more; you it was not ever black enough for me; and I blessed myself, and carried it so high—and an now myself have to the sin! Yet—everything that drove me to it, was, fold knows, as coold—but was so dear!

Zwinger.

(In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa; flower-jars before it.)

GRETCHEN (places fresh flowers in the jars),

Ah, incline, thou rich in sorrows, thy countenance graciously to my distress!

The sword in thy heart, thou lookest up, with a thousand pangs, on thy Son's death.

To the Father thou lookest, and thou sendest up sighs for his and thy distress.

2604

2610

26x €

Wer fühlet,

Wie wühlet Der Schmers mir im Gebein?

Was mein armes herz hier banget, Was es gittert, was verlanget.

Weißt nur bu, nur bu allein !

gotipi nat on, nat on ut

Wohin ich immer gehe, Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe

Wird mir im Bufen hier! Ich bin, ach! taum alleine

Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,

Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben bor meinem Tenfter

Bethaut' ich mit Thränen, ach! Als ich am frühen Morgen

Dir dieje Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Rammer

Die Sonne früh herauf, Sak ich in allem Nammer

In meinem Bett' icon auf.

Silf! rette mich von Schmach und Tob!

Ach neige, Du Schmerzenreiche,

Dein Untlig gnabig meiner Roth !

- Who feels how the pain racks me to the quick? How my poor heart here fears, how it trembles, how it yearns, thou only knowest, only thou alone!
- Whithersoe'er I go, what woe, what woe, what woe grows in my bosom here! I am hardly, alas, alone; I weep, I weep, I weep; my heart is hreaking within me!
- The flower-pots before my window I bedewed with tears, alas! as in the early morning I plucked these flowers for thee.
- When early the sun shone hrightly upwards into my ehamber, I was already sitting up, in all wrotchedness, in my hed.
- Help! rescue me from shame and death! Ah, incline, thou rich in sorrows, thy countenance graciously to my distress!

Racht. Strafe vor Gretchent Thüre.

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25.10

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Balentin (Solbat, Greichens Bruber).

Benn ich fo faß bei einem Belag, Bo mancher fich berühmen mag, Und bie Gefellen mir ben Alor Der Mägblein laut gebriefen por. Mit vollem Glas bas Lob verschwemut; Den Ellenbogen aufgeftemmt, San ich in meiner fichern Rub'. Bort' all bem Schwabroniren gu. Und ftreiche lächelnb meinen Bart, Und friege bas volle Glas gur Sand. Und foge : Mles nach feiner Art! Aber ift Gine im gangen Land, Die meiner trauten Gretel aleicht, Die meiner Schwefter bas Baffer reicht? Top! Top! Aling! Rlang! bas ging berum! Die Ginen fdrieen : Er hat Recht! Sie ift die Bier vom gangen Gefchlecht! Da faffen alle bie Lober ftumm. Und nun! - um's Saar fich auszuraufen Und an ben Wanben binauf gu laufen! -Mit Stichelreben, Raferumpfen Soll ieber Schurfe mich beidinwien! Soll wie ein bofer Schuldner figen, Bei jebem Rufallswörtchen ichwigen ! Und modit' ich fie aufammen ichmeißen, Rount' ich fie boch nicht Lugner beifen.

Night.

Street before GRETCHEN'S door.

VALENTINE, soldier, GRETCHEN'S brother.

When I used to sit at a carouse, where many a man likes to brag, and my comrades had vaunted loudly to me the flower of girls, the praise being washed down with a full glass.-leaning upon my elbows. I sat in my safe repose. listened to all the swaggering, and, smiling, I stroke my beard, and seize the full glass in my hand, and say : 'Each well enough in her own way! But is there one in the whole country that equals my dear Margerywho can hold a candle to my sistor ?' Done! Done! Cling, clang! so it went round! Some cried; 'He is right; she is the ornament of the whole sex!' Then sat all the praisers dumb. And now !- it is enough to make one tear ont one's hair and run up the walls !every knave shall twit me with jibes and sneers! I must sit, like a bad debtor, to sweat at every chance word! And though I might smash them up, vet I could not call them liars

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Bas kommt heran? Bas fchleicht herbei? Frr' ich nicht, es find ihrer Bwei. Ift er's, gleich pad' ich ihn beim Felle; Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle!

Fauft. Mephiftopheles.

gant. Wie von dem Jenster dort der Sofristei 3650 Aufpärärb der Schein des erd gen Ländpiens slämmert Und Schnode scheinder einerkrib demmert, Und Hingernis dennet ringsam det: So siehrt im meinem Busse nächtig. Ausbeitesveleck. Und mir ihr der Nächlein schmächtig, Ausbeitesveleck. Und mir ihr der Nächlein schmächtig,

Mehiffopheles. Und mir ist's wie dem Raglein schmächig, Das an den Fenerleitern schleicht, 3656

Sich leif' bann um bie Manern ftreicht; Mir ift's gang tugenblich babei,

Gin bifichen Diebsgeluft, ein bifichen Rammelei.

So fputt mir schon burch alle Glieber Die herrliche Walpurgisnacht.

Die tommt uns übermorgen wieber;

Da weiß man boch, warum man wacht. Fauft. Rudt wohl ber Schat inbeffen in bie Boh',

Den ich bort hinten flimmern feh'? Wenniffennetes. Du fannft bie Freude balb erleben.

Das Reffelden herauszuheben.

Ich schielte neulich so hinein; Sind herrliche Löwenthaler brein.

Fauft. Richt ein Geschmeibe, nicht ein Ring, Meine liebe Buble bamit zu gieren ?

mephiftophetes. Ich fah babei wohl fo ein Ding,

Mis wie eine Art von Perlenichnuren.

What draws near? What is slinking hither? If I mistako not, there are two of them. If it is he, I'll collar him at once; he shall not go alive from the spot!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

- Faust. How, from the window of the sacristy yonder, the light of the eternal lamp flickors upwards, and glimmers weakly, and more weakly, at the sides, and darkness closes round about! So sooms it night-like in my bosom.

 MEPHISTOPHELES. And I feel lauruishing like the small
- cat that slinks along the fire-ladders, then softly moves around the walls. It makes me feel quite virtuously a spice of thievish hankering, a spice of wantomoss. So thrills already through all my limbs the glorious Walpurgis-inght. It comes again to us the day after to-morrow; then indeed one knows why one's awake.
- FAUST. Meanwhile, can that be the treasure rising on high, which I see glimmering behind yonder ?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. You can soon experience the pleasure of lifting out the little kettle. I lately took a squint inside; glorious lion-dollars are within.
- FAUST. Not a trinket, not a ring, to deck my dear mistress with ?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. I think I saw some such thing there as a sort of string of pearls.

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3700

Wenn ich ohne Geschenke gu ihr geh'.

mephiftopheles. Es follt' ench eben nicht berbrießen,

Umsonst auch etwas zu genießen. Jeht, da der Himmel voller Sterne glüht, Sollt ihr ein wahres Kunstländ bören :

Sollt ihr ein wahres krimftstud hörer Ich sing' ihr ein moralisch Lieb,

Um fie gewiffer gu bethören.

(Gingt gur Bither.)

Bas machst du mir Bor Liebchens Thür, Lathringen bier

Rathrinden, hier Bei frühem Tagesblide?

Laß, faß es fetyn! Er fäßt bich ein.

Als Mädchen ein,

Mis Mäbchen nicht zurüde.

Rehmt euch in Acht!

Ift es vollbracht, Dann gute Racht,

Ihr armen, armen Dinger !

Habt ihr euch lieb, Thut feinem Dieb

Rur nichts zu Lieb', Als mit bem Ring am Finger !

sera mit ocu ornig mit Gringer

Balentin (ritt vor). Wen lodft bu bier? Beim Glement! Bermalebeiter Nattenfanger!

Bum Teufel erft bas Inftrument!

Bum Teufel hinterbrein ben Ganger !

FAUST. That is well! I am pained if I go to her without a present.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You ought not to grieve exactly at enjoying something gratis also. Now that the heaven glows full of stars, you shall hear a true piece of art. I will sing her a moral song, to befool her the more certainly.

(Sings to the guitar.)

'What, prithee, art thou doing here before thy lover's door, Katrina, in the early glance of day? Let, let it alone! He lets thee in—as a maiden, in—not as a maiden, back again.

Beware! If it is accomplished, then good-night, you poor, poor things! If you love yourselves, do nothing at all to please any thief, except with the ring on the finger!'

VALENTINE (comes forward). The deuce! Whom are you luring here, cursed rat-catcher? To the devil, first the instrument! To the devil, afterwards, the singer! webbiftopheles. Die Bither ift entzwei! an ber ift nichts zu halten.

Balenein. Run foll es an ein Schabelfpalten !

mephinopheles (gu Fanft). herr Dofter, nicht gewichen! Frifch!

Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe! Seraus mit euerm Aleberwiich!

Par sugestosen! Ich parire.

Batenein. Barire ben !

Mephiftspheles. Barum benn nicht?

Balentin, Much ben!

Sarearra, entry bent

Mephiftopheles. Gewiß!

Batentin. Ich glaub', ber Teufel ficht! Was ift benn das? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm. 3710

Mebhlftopheles (ju Fauft). Stoß' gu!

Balentin (fällt). D weh! Wephiftopheles. Run ift ber Lümmel gahn!

Run aber fort! Bir muffen gleich verschwinden;

Denn icon entfteht ein morberlich Gefchrei.

Ich weiß mich trefflich mit ber Polizei, Doch mit bem Blutbann ichlecht mich abzufinden.

Doch mit dem Blutbaun schlecht mich abzustnben. 3715 Warthe (am Fenster). Heraus! Heraus! Gretden (am Tenster). Gerbei ein Licht!

Bereigen (am genger). Dan schilt und rauft, man schreit und ficht.

Bott. Da liegt ichon einer tobt!

marthe (heranstretenb). Die Morber, find fie benn entflohn?

Greichen (heranstretenb). Ber liegt hier? 3720 Boff. Deiner Mutter Cohn.

Grethen. Allmächtiger! welche Roth!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The guitar is in pieces! It is all up with it.

VALENTINE. Now then for a skull-splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Doctor, no yielding! Brisk! Close by me, as I guide you! Out with your duster! Only thrust! I'll parry.

VALENTINE. Parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why not, then ?

VALENTINE. That too!
MERPHISTOPHELES. Certainly!

VALENTINE. I believe the devil is fighting! What, then, is that? My hand gets lame already.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Thrust home!

VALENTINE (falls). Ah me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The lubber is tame now! But now away! We must vanish at once; for already a murderous outcry is arising. I am on an excellent footing with the police, but could ill come to terms with the criminal court.

MARTHA (at the window). Out! Out!

GRETCHEN (at the window). Bring a light!

MARTHA (as before). They are scolding and scuffling; they are screaming and fighting.

PROPLE. Here lies one dead already!

MARTHA (coming out). The murderers—have they fled, then ?

GRETCHEN (coming out). Who lies here ?

PEOPLE. Thy mother's son.

Gretchen. Almighty God! what misery!

280	Fauft	3722-3749
Balentin. 3ch	fterbe! das ift bald gesagt,	
Und balber no	och gethan.	
Was fteht ihr	Beiber, heult und flagt?	
Rommt her m	id hört mich an!	3725
	(Alle treten um ihn.)	
Mein Gretcher	n, fieh! du bift noch jung,	
Bift gar noch	nicht gescheibt genung,	
Machft beine &	Sachen schlecht.	
Ich fag' bir's	im Bertrauen nur:	
Du bift boch n	nun einmal eine Hur';	3730
So fen's auch	eben recht!	
Grethen. Deit	Bruber! Gott! Bas foll mir !	oas?
Balentin. Lag	unfern Herrgott aus bem Spaß !	
Geschehn ift le	iber nun geschehn,	
Und wie es ge	hu kann, fo wird's gehn.	3735
Du fingft mit	Einem heimlich an,	
Balb kommen	ihrer mehre bran,	
Und wenn bid	j erst ein Dußenb hat,	
So hat bich ar	nch die ganze Stadt.	
Benn erft bie	Schande wird geboren,	3740
Wirb fie heim!	lich zur Welt gebracht,	
	t ben Schleier ber Nacht	
Ihr über Rop	f und Ohren;	
Ja, man möch	te sie gern ermorden.	
	r und macht sich groß,	3745
	auch bei Tage bloß,	
	icht schöner geworden.	
	oirb ihr Gesicht,	

Je mehr fucht fie bes Tages Licht.

VALENTINE. I am dying! that is soon said, and sooner still done. Why do you women stand howling and wailing? Come here and listen to me! (All come round him).

My Gretchen, look, thou art yet young, art by no means yot elever enough, and managest thy affairs badly. I tell it thee in confidence only: sinco thou art once for all a whore, be also one outright!

GRETCHEN. My brother! God! What moans that to me?

VALENTINE. Leave our Lord God out of the game! What is done, alas, is now done; and things will go as go they may. Thou didst begin secretly with one; soon more of thom will follow; and whon once a dozen have had thee, the whole town will have thee too.

When first Shame is born, she is brought into the world secretly, and the voil of night is drawn over her head and ears; ay, people would fain slay her. But when she grows and waxes great, then goes she also baro by day, and yet has become no fairer. The uglier her face becomes, the more she seeks the light of day.

282	Fauft	3750-3775
	nftig icon bie Beit,	3750
Daß alle brave		
	angestedten Leichen,	
	ehe l seitab weichen.	
	erz im Leib verzagen,	
	bie Augen fehn!	3755
	due Retie mehr tragen !	
	ticht mehr am Altar stehn !	
	en Spigenkragen	
	Tanze wohlbehagen !	
In eine finftre		3760
	nd Krüppel bich versteden,	
	benn auch Gott verzeiht,	
Auf Erben sehn		
	enre Seele Gott gu Gnaben !	
	Läft'rung auf euch laben?	3765
	t' ich dir nur an den dürren Leib,	
	upplerisches Weib!	
	ler meiner Sünden	
Bergebung reich	je Maß zu finden.	
Grethen. Mein	Bruber! Belche Höllenpein!	3770
	ige, laß bie Thränen fehn!	
	chft ber Ehre los,	
Gabft mir ben f	chwersten Herzensstoß.	
Ich gehe burch !		
Bu Gott ein als	Solbat und brav.	3775
	(Stirbt,)	

By my fatth, I already see the time when all honest townsfolk will turn aside from thee, thou strumpet, as from a tainted corpse. Thy heart shall despair in thy hody, when they look thee in the face! No golden chain shall thou wear more! no more stand at the altar in the church! Thou shalt not please thyself, in a fair lacecollar, at the dance! In some dark, wretched corner, among beggars and cripples, shalt thou hide, and, even if God then forgives thee, be urned on earth!

MARTHA. Commend your soul to God's grace! Will you besides load blasphemy on yourself?

VALENTINE. Could I but at thy withered body, thou scandalous, pimping woman, I should hope to find pardon, in rich measure, for all my sins!

GRETCHEN. My brothor! What hellish torment!

VALENTINE. Have done with tears, I tell thee! When thou renounceds honour, thou gavest me the bitterest heart-stab. I go in, through the sloep of death, to God as a soldier and a brave one. (*Dits*).

3780

3789

3790

3795

Dom.

Umt, Droel und Gefang,

Gretchen unter vielem Bolft. Bofer Geift binter Greichen.

Bofer Getft. Bie anbers, Gretchen, mar bir's,

Mis bu noch voll Unidulb

Sier zum Altar trat'it.

Aus bem vergriffnen Buchelchen Glohete Lallteft

Salb Rinberfviele.

Salb Gott im Bergen!

Greichen !

Wo fteht bein Roof?

In beinem Bergen

Belche Missethat?

Bet'ft bu für beiner Mutter Seele, bie

Durch bich gur langen, langen Bein binüberichlief?

Muf beiner Schwelle weffen Blut?

-Und unter beinem Bergen Reat fich's nicht auillend ichon.

Und angftigt bich und fich

Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Gretmen. Beh! Beb!

Mär' ich ber Gebaufen fos. Die mir berüber und hinüber geben

Wiber mich!

Dies iræ, dies illa Chor. Solvet seelum in favilla.

(Degelten.) Bofer Betft. Grimm faßt bich!

3800

Die Bofaune tont!

Cathedral.

(Service, organ and anthem. Gretchen amongst a number of people.

EVIL SPIRIT behind Gretchen.)

EVIL STRIT. How different was it with thee, Gretchen, when, still full of innocence, thou camest here to the altar, lispedet prayers out of the well-thumbed little book, half child's play, half God in thy hear! Gretchen! Where is thy head of What transgression in thy heart! Prayest then for thy mother's soul, who, through thee, slept over into long, long forment 1 On thy threshold, whose blood 1—And, under thy heart, stirs there not something, quickening already, and corturing these and itself with foreboding presence of

GRETCHEN. Woe! Woe! Would I were free from the thoughts which come to me hither and thither against me!

CHOIR.

Dies iræ, dies illa Solvet sædum in favilla.

(Organ-sound.)

EVIL SPIRIT. Wrath seizes thee! The Trump sounds!

286	Fauft	3802-3832
9	die Gräber beben!	
u	nd dein Herz,	
9	us Alichenruh'	
9	u Flammenqualen	3805
2	dieder aufgeschaffen,	
Q	lebt auf!	
Grether	. Wär' ich hier weg!	
9	Rir ift, als ob die Orgel mir	
2	den Athem verfette,	3810
6	befang mein Berg	
S	m Tiefften lof'te.	
Chor.	Judex ergo cum sedebit,	
	Quidquid latet apparebit,	
	Nil inultum remanebit.	3813
Grether	. Mir wird fo eng'!	
2	die Mauernpfeiler	
2	defangen mich!	
	- 01 - 007	

Befangen mich! Das Gewölbe Drängt mich! — Luft!

3820

3825

3830

BBfer Geift. Berbirg bich! Gund' und Schanbe Bleibt nicht berborgen.

Luft? Licht?

Chor. Quid sum miser tune dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus,

Cum vix justus sit securus ? Bifer Geiß. Ihr Antlih wenden

Bertfarte von bir ab.

Die Sande bir gu reichen,

Schauert's ben Reinen !

Weh!

The graves tremble! And thy heart, raised again from its ashy rest for flame-torments, starts up trembling!

Gretchen. Would I were hence! I feel as if the organ took away my breath, as if the anthem dissolved my inmost heart.

Choir. Judex ergo cum sedebit,

Quidquid latet apparebit, Nil inultum remanebit.

GRETCHEN. I feel so oppressed! The wall pillars confine me! The vault presses on me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT. Hide thyself! Sin and shame remain not hidden. Air? Light? Woe to thee!

CHOIR. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogalurus, Cum viz fustus sil securus ?

EVIL SPIRIT. The glorified avert their faces from thee!

The pure shudder to reach thee their hands! Woe!

38.13

3850

Chor. Quid sum miser tune dicturus ? Gretchen. Rachbarin! Ener Fläschchen! — (Sie fallt in Ohnmacht.)

Balpurgienacht.

Surgerbirn. Genend von Schirfe und Gleub.

Fauft. Mebbiftobbeles.

mephiftophetes. Berlangft bu nicht nach einem Befeuftiele?

Ich wünschte mir ben allerberbsten Bock. 3836 Luf diesem Weg sind wir noch weit vom Ziele.

Fauft. Go lang ich mich noch frifch auf meinen Beinen fühle.

Genügt mir biefer Rnotenftod.

Was hilft's, daß man den Weg verkürzt! 3840 Im Labhrinth der Thäler hinzulchleichen,

Dann biesen Felsen zu ersteigen, Bon bem ber Quell fich ewig fprubelnd fturgt,

Das ift die Lust, die solde Psade würzt! Der Krübling webt schon in den Birken.

Und selbst die Fichte sühlt ihn schon! Sollt' er nicht auch auf unfre Glieder wirken?

Mespissopheles. Fürwahr, ich fpüre nichts babon! Mir ist es winterlich im Leibe;

Ja wünschte Schnee und Frost auf meiner Bahn. Wie traurig steigt die unvollsommne Scheibe Des rothen Monds mit später Gluth heran, Und senchtet schlecht, daß man bei jedem Schritte

Bor einen Baum, vor einen Felfen renut!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

GRETCHEN. Neighbour! Your smelling bottle!

Walpurgis-Night.

(Harz mountains, District of Schirke and Elend.)

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Do you not long for a broomstick? For myself, I should like the very sturdiest he-goat. By this way we are still far from our goal.

EAUST. So long as I feel fresh on my legs, this knotty staff suffices me. What boots it to shorten the way? To steal along the labyrinth of the valleys, then to mount the rock from which the spring, ever bubbing, dashes,—that is the pleasure white gives zest to such paths. Spring is already stirring in the birches, and even the pine already feels it: should it not work also upon our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Verily, I feel nothing of it! In my body it is wintry; I should desire frest and snow upon my path. How mournfully the imperfect disk of the red moon rises with bolated glow, and lights so ill that, at every step, one runs against a tree, against a rock!

386¢

3875

2880

Erlaub', daß ich ein Irrlicht bitte! Dort seh' ich eins, das eben lustig brennt. He da! mein Freund! darf ich dich zu und fodern? Was willk du so vergebens Todern?

Sey both so gut und leucht' und da hinauf! Arritat. Aus Chrfurcht, hoff' ich, soll es mir gesingen. 3860

Arritat. Aus Egrurgt, poff ich, fou es mit gelingen, 3860 Mein leichtes Naturell zu zwingen; Rur zickzach geht gewöhnlich unfer Lauf.

Mephikopheles. Ei! Ei! Er benkt's ben Menschen nachzuahmen. Geh' Er nur grad', ins Teufels Namen!

Souft blaf' ich Ihm fein Flader-Leben aus.

Brettet. Ich merke wohl, ihr feib ber herr vom hans, Und will mich gern nach euch bequemen.

Allein bedenkt! ber Berg ift heute zaubertoll, Und wenn ein Irrlicht euch die Wege weisen soll,

So mußt ihr's fo genau nicht nehmen. 3870

Im Wechfelgefung. In die Araum- und Jaubersphäre Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen. Führ' uns gut und mach' dir Ehre, Daß wir vorwärts dalb aelangen.

Dag wir vorwarts dato getangen, Ju den weiten öden Räumen! Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen, Wie sie schwell vorüder rüden, Und die Nippen, die sich büden,

Und die langen Felsennasen, Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!

Durch die Steine, durch den Rasen Gilet Bach und Bäcklein nieder.

- Allow me to invite a will-o'-the wisp! I see one yonder that is just burning merrily. Hi there, my friend! May I summon you to us? Why will you flare so uselessly? Pray be so good as to light us up along here!
- WILL-O'THE-WISP. Out of reverence, I hope I shall succeed in restraining my flighty nature; our course usually goes but xig-zag.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Heyday! You think to imitate man.
 Go you simply straight, in the devil's name! Else I will hlow your flickering flame out for you.
- WILLO-THE-WISP. I well perceive, you are the master of the house, and I will willingly accommodate myself to you. But consider! The mountain to-day is magicmad, and if a willo-the-wisp is to show you the way, you must not be so particular.
 - FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP (in alternate song).
- 'Into the sphere of dream and magic, it seems, we have entered. Lead us right, and do thyself credit, that we may get fast forwards into the wide, desert spaces!
- 'I see the trees behind trees, how quickly they move hy; and the cliffs that bow, and the long snouts of rocks, how they snort, how they blow!
- 'Through the stones, through the turf, brook and hrooklet hurry down. Hear I rustling? Hear I songs? Hear

Fels und Bäume, die Gesichter Schneiben, und die irren Lichter, Die sich mehren, die sich blähen. Wesphikopheles. Fasse wader meinen Lipsel!

2010

Sier ift fo ein Mittelgipfel,

I the sweet plaint of love,—voices of those heavenly days f—what we hope, what we love! And Echo, like the tale of old times, sends back the sound.

Oohoo! Shoohoo!—it sounds nearer; screech-owl, and peewit, and the jay,—have they all remained awake? Are those salamanders through the bushes!—long legs, big paunches! And the roots, like serpents, wind from out of rock and aand, stetch forth strange bands, to affright us, to catch us; from living, sturdy gnarls, they stretch polypshres towards the wanderer. And the mice, thousard-coloured, in hosts, through the moss, and through the heather! And the fire-flies flit, with crowded swarms, in a bewildering escort.

'But tell me whether we are standing still, or whether we are moving on ! Everything, everything seems to turn round,—rock and trees, which make faces, and the will-o'-the-wisps, which multiply, which swell themselves out.'

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grasp my skirt stoutly! Here is a

294	Faust	3914-3944
230 m	nn mit Erstaunen sieht,	
Wie in	ı Berg ber Mammon glüht.	3915
Fauft. S	Bie seltsam glimmert durch die Gründe	
Ein m	orgenröthlich trüber Schein!	
Und se	fbft bis in die tiefen Schlunde	
Des A	bgrunds wittert er hinein.	
Da fte	igt ein Dampf hart ziehen Schmaben	9090

Les Kögnuds wittert er jinein.

De liegt ein Zoumf, bort zichen Schweden,
Her zeufte Günt aus Dunft und Flor,

Zum higleich se wie ein gerter Fieden,

Zum brüch se wie ein Zusel fevore.
Her zich seine gesterte,
Mit imwert Wener, sich durch Zusel,
Mit durch Wener, sich durch Zusel,
Mit wier in der gedreingten Ede

Bereingelt sie füg auf einmel.
Da sprüssen günter wöher Schot.

Vie ausgestreuter goldner Sand. Doch schan! in ihrer ganzen Höhe Entzimbet sich die Aestenvand. Mephikophetes. Erleuchtet nicht zu diesem Feste herr Mammon prächtig dem Palast? Ein Misch. das hab wie desken kast:

3030

3940

Ich juüre schon die ungestümen Gäse.
3003
Aunn. Wie rast die Windsbraut burch die Luft!
Mit welchen Schlägen trifft sie meinen Naden!
Mehbisobeced. Du mußt des Selsens alse Nieden;
South flützt sie die hind in wieler Schlände Gruft.

Ein Rebel verdichtet die Racht. Sore, wie's durch die Walber fracht! Aufgescheucht fliegen die Eulen. Hor'l es splittern die Säulen Ewia armer Baläfte. mid-peak, whence one sees with wonder how Mammon is glowing in the mountain.

FAUST. How strangely glimmers through the hollows a murky lustre like the red of dawn! And it quivers even into the deep gorges of the abyss. There an exhalation rises; vapours trail youder; here a glow shines out from mist and haze; then it steals along like a fine thread; then it bursts forth like a fountain. Here it winds, a whole reach, with a hundred veins, through the valley; and here, in the compressed corner, it isolates itself at once. There, close by, sarks are saintillating, like seatured golden sand. But look! the wall of rocks kindles in all its height.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Does not Sir Mammon light up his palace magnificently for this festival † A piece of luck, that you have seen it! I feel already the approach of the boisterous guests.

FAUST. How the storm-blast rages through the air! With what thumps it strikes my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yeu must grip the old ribs of the rock; else it will hurl you down into the grave of these abysess. A mist thickens the night. Hark, what a crashing through the woods! The owls fly scared away. Hark, the columns of the evergreen palaces

296	Sants	3945-3973
Girren und Bre	chen der Afte,	3945
Der Stämme mi	ichtiges Dröhnen,	
Der Burgeln Ri	iarren und Gähnen!	
Im fürchterlich !	berworrenen Falle	
Ueber einanber f	rachen fie alle.	

tteber einander tragen zie aue, Und vorch die übertrümmerten Klüfte Bischen und heulen die Lüfte. Hörft du Stimmen in der Höhe?

out, on Calman in Set Joyer

In der Serie, in der Alche?

Ja, den gangen Berg entlang

Etfont ein wähfender Zandergefang!

Deren (im Gorf). Die Herg zu dem Broden ziehn;

Die Teispefich gelh, die Saat ih grün.

Dort lammel lich der vorde Aunfri

3950

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3970

Herr Urian sibt oben auf.
So geht es über Stein und Stod;
Es s—t die Bere, es ft.—t ber Bod.

Stimme. Die alte Baubo kommt allein; Sie reitet auf einem Mutterschwein. Chor. So Ehre bem, wem Ehre gebührt!

Fran Baubo vor! und angeführt! Ein tildfig Schwein und Mutter drauf, Da folgt der gange Prenthauf. Seimme. Welchen Weg konunft du her?

Seimme. Welchen Weg tommit du ber? Uebern Menftein!

Da gudt' ich ber Euse ins Reft hinein ; Die macht' ein Baar Augen ! Ctimme. D fabre zur Hölle !

Bas reit'ft bu fo fcnelle!

Da fieh nur die Wunden!

are splintering! The crackling and breaking of the handes, the mighty grouning of the turnus, the exclusing and yawning of the roots—they all crash, in centrally continued fall, over one another; and the winds hiss and how! through the wreek-covered elefts. Do you heav voices aloft !—in the distance!—near at hand! Ay, a raving magiosong streams along the whole mountain!

WITCHES (in chorus). The witches repair to the Brocken; the stuhble is yellow, the young corn is green. Yonder assembles the great multitude. Sir Urian sits np aloft. So they go over stock and stem, the witch ——s, the hegoat ——s.

VOICE. The old Bauho comes alone; she rides on a farrow sow.

Chorus. So honour to him to whom honour is due! Dame Baubo to the front, and lead the way! A goodly sow and mother thereon; then follows the whole swarm of witches.

VOICE. Which way did you come hither ?

VOICE. Over Ilsenstein. There I peeped into the owl's nest. She made such a pair of eyes!

VOICE. Oh go to hell! why are you riding so fast?

VOICE. She has grazed me; only see here the wounds!

3980

3985

3995

Berenmeifter (Salbes Chor). Bir fcleichen wie bie Schned' im Baus ;

Die Beiber alle find boraus. Denn geht es zu bes Bofen Saus,

Das Beib hat taufenb Schritt boraus. (Minber Stiffte.)

Wir nehmen bas nicht fo genau :

Mit taufend Schritten macht's bie Frau : Doch wie fie auch fich eilen fann.

Mit Einem Sbrunge macht's ber Mann. Stimme (oben), Rommt mit, fommt mit, bom Relfenfee !

Seimmen (von unten). Bir möchten gerne mit, in bie Soh'. Bir waiden und blant find wir gang und gar.

Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar. Beibe Chare. Es fcmeigt ber Binb, es flieht ber Stern, 2000

Der trübe Mond verbirat fich gern : Im Saufen fprüht bas Bauberchor Biel taufend Fenerfunten berbor.

Stimme (von unten). Salte! Salte!

Stimme (von oben). Ber ruft ba aus ber Relfenfpalte? Stimme (nuten). Rehmt mich mit! Rehmt mich mit!

3d fteige icon breihundert Sahr, Und fann ben Gipfel nicht erreichen.

Ich ware gern bei meines Gleichen. Beibe Chore. Es tragt ber Befen, tragt ber Stod,

Die Gabel tragt, es tragt ber Bod;

Ber heute fich nicht heben fann,

- WITCHES (in chorus). The way is broad, the way is long; what mad throng is this? The fork pricks, the broom scratches, the child is stifled, the mother bursts.
- WIZARDS (half-chorus). We steal along like the snail in its house; the women are all ahead. For in going to the Evil One's house, woman is a thousand steps ahead.
- THE OTHER HALF. We do not take that precisely so: the woman does it with a thousand steps; but, however she may hasten, the man does it at a single bound.
- VOICE (above). Come with us, come with us, from the Felsensee!
- VOICE (from below). We should much like to go with you aloft. We wash, and are thoroughly clean, but also eternally barren.
- BOTH CHORUSES. The wind is still, the star flies, the gloomy moon is fain to hide herself. The magic choir, in its whizzing, sparkles forth many thousand sparks.
- Voice (from below). Halt! Halt!
- VOICE (from above). Who calls there from the rock-cleft ?
- Voice (below). Take me with you! Take me with you! For full three hundred years I have been mounting, and cannot reach the summit. I would fain be with my fellows.
- BOTH CHORUSES. The broom carries, the stick carries, the

4005

coro.

4015

Ift ewig ein berlorner Mann. Salbbere (unten). Ich tribble nach, fo lauge Reit :

Wie find die Andern schon so weit!

Ind hab' zu hause teine Ruh', Und komme bier boch nicht bazu.

Chor ber Begen. Die Salbe giebt ben Begen Muth;

Gin Lumpen ift jum Segel gut,

Ein gutes Schiff ist jeder Trog; Der flieget nie, der heut nicht flog.

Beibe Chare. Und wenn wir um ben Gipfel giehn,

So streichet an bem Boben fin,

Und best die Seibe weit und breit

Mit euerm Schwarm der Herenheit!

(Sie lassen fich nieber.) Mephistopheles. Das drängt und stößt, das ruscht und

Kappert! Das gifcht und quirlt, das gieht und plappert!

Das leuchtet, forüht und ftinkt und brennt !

Ein wahres Hegenelement!

Nur fest an mir ! sonst find wir gleich getrennt. Wo bift bu ?

Fauft (in ber Ferne). Sier!

Mephiftopheles. Bas! bort ichon bingeriffen ?

Da werb' ich hausrecht brauchen mullen. Plat ! Junter Boland tommt. Plat ! füßer Pöbel, Plat ! Sier. Dottor, fasse mich ! und nun. in Einem Sab.

hier, Dofter, faffe mich ! und nun, in Einem Sag, Lag uns aus bem Gebrang' entweichen; 4005 Es ift ju toll, sogar für meines Gleichen.

Dort neben leuchtet was mit gang besonbrem Schein, Es giebt mich was nach fenen Sträuchen.

Romm, tomm ! Wir ichlubfen ba binein.

fork carries, the he-goat carries; he who cannot raise himself to-day is a lost man for ever.

DEMI-WITCH (below). I have been tripping after for so long a time: how far the others are already! I have no rest at home, and do not get it here either.

CHORUS OF WITCHES. The salve gives courage to the witches; a rag is good for a sail; every trough is a good ship; he will never fly who flew not to-day.

BOTH CHORUSES. And when we round the peak, do you pass away on the ground, and cover the heath far and wide with your swarm of witch-hood!

(They let themselves down.)

MEPHISTOPHELIS. There's crowding and pushing, there's rustling and clattering! There's whizing and twirling, there's tugging and clattering! There's shining, sparkling, and stinking, and burning! A true witch-element! But close to me! else we shall be parted at once. Where are you?

FAUST (in the distance). Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What I carried away younder already? I Then I shall be obliged to excretes domestic authority. Room! Squire Voland comes. Room! sweet rabble, room! Here, Dector, take hold of me! And now, with one bound, let us escape from the crowd; it is too mad even for the like of me. Hard by thore, something shines with a quite peculiar light; something attracts me towards those bushes. Come, come! we will slip in there.

302	Fauft		4030-4059
Fauft	Du Geist bes Wiberspruchs!	Mur zu l	Du magst mich
	führen.		4030
3ch	bente boch, bas war recht flug	gemacht:	
But	n Broden wandeln wir in ber	Walpurgi	Bnacht,
11111	und heliebig nun biefelbft an i	infiren	,

Dephiftopheles. Da fieh nur, welche bunte Flammen ! Es ift ein nuntrer Rlub beifammen.

1031

Im Aleinen ift man nicht allein, Rauft. Doch broben mocht' ich lieber fein !

Schon feb' ich Gluth und Birbelrauch.

Dort ftromt bie Menge au bem Bofen :

Da muß fich manches Rathfel lofen.

Dephiftophetes. Doch manches Rathfel fnüpft fich auch. Lag bu bie große Belt nur faufen !

Bir wollen bier im Stillen haufen. Es ift boch lange bergebracht.

Daß in ber großen Belt man fleine Belten macht. Da feh' ich immae Berchen, nacht und bloft.

Und alte, bie fich flug verhüllen. Send freundlich, mir um meinetwillen !

Die Dith' ift flein, ber Sbaft ift groß,

3d hore was bon Inftrumenten tonen ; Berflucht Geidnart! Man unft fich bran gewöhnen. Romm mit! Romm mit! Es fann nicht anbers febn.

Ich tret' bergn und führe bich berein, Und ich perhinde bich aufs Neue. Bas faaft bu, Freund? bas ift fein fleiner Raum,

Da fieh nur bin ! Du fiebit bas Enbe faum. Ein Sunbert Fener brennen in ber Reihe ;

Man tangt, man fcmast, man tocht, man trinft, man liebt : Run fage mir, wo es was Beffers giebt?

- FAUST. Thou spirit of contradiction! But go on! thou mayst lead me. I think, however, it was right sagely done! We repair to the Brocken on Walpurgis-night in order now, in this place of all others, to isolate ourselves of our own accord!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Only see thore, what variegated flames!

 A lively club is met together. In a small circle one is not alone.
- FAUST. I would rather be above, though! Already I see fire and eddying smoke. Yonder streams the multitude to the Evil One; many a riddle must be untied there.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. But many a riddle will be knotted too. Just leave the great world to whir : we will abide here in peace. Surely, it has long been handed down, that in the great world little worlds are made. I see there young witches naked and bare, and old ones who prudently cover themselves. Be amiable, if only for my sake! The trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear something sounding from instruments. Cursed jangling! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! It cannot be otherwise: I shall walk on and introduce you hore, and I shall oblige you afresh. What say you, friend I that is no small space. Only look there! you scarcely see the end. A hundred fires are burning in a row; people are dancing, talking, cooking, drinking, loving: now tell me where is there anything better ?

Mls Baubrer ober Tenfel produciren ? Webbiftobbetes. Rwar bin ich febr gewohnt, incognito gu

gehn : Doch faßt am Galatag man feinen Orben febn.

Ein Rnieband zeichnet mich nicht aus ; Doch ift ber Bferbefuß bier ehrenvoll gu Saus. 4065 Siehft bu bie Schnede ba ? Sie fommt herangefrochen; Mit ihrem taftenben Geficht

Sat fie mir icon was abaerocen. Wenn ich auch will, verläugn' ich bier mich nicht.

Romm nur! Bon Tener geben wir an Fener: 3ch bin ber Berber und bu bift ber Freier.

(Bu einigen, bie um verglimmente Robien fiben,)

Ahr aften Berrn, mas macht ihr bier am Enbe ? 3ch lobt' euch, wenn ich euch hubich in ber Mitte fanbe, Bon Cans umsirft und Angendbraus;

Genna allein ift ieber ia zu Haus. 4975 General. Ber mag auf Rationen trauen ! Man habe noch fo viel für fie gethan ;

Donn bei bem Rolf, wie bei ben Frauen.

Steht immerfort bie Angend obenan. minifter. Sest ift man bon bem Rechten allguweit,

36 lobe mir bie guten Alten ; Denn freilich, ba wir Alles galten,

Da war die rechte goldne Beit. Barbenu. Bir maren mahrlich auch nicht bumm,

Und thaten oft, was wir nicht follten : Doch jeto fehrt fich Alles um und um,

4085

Und eben ba wir's feit erhalten wollten.

Mutor. Ber mag wohl überhaupt jest eine Schrift

- FAUST. To introduce us here, do you mean now to present yourself as wizard, or devil ?
- MEPHISTOPHELES, In truth, I am much used to go Incognite; but on a gala-day one shows one's order. A gaster does not distinguish me, but here the eleven foot is honourably at home. Do you see the small there? It somes creeping up; it has already scented out something from me with its feeler-face. Even IT would, I could not disown myself here. But come I we will go from five to five; I shall be the mediator, and you will be the woose.

(To some persons sitting round dying embers.)

- Old gentlemen, what are you doing here at the extremity? I should commend you if I found you fairly in the midst, encircled with riot and youthful turmoil,—why, every one is enough alone at home.
- General. Who can trust in nations, however much one may have done for them † For with the people, as with the women, youth has ever the preference.
- MINISTER. People at present are all too far from the right; for me, I praise the good old ones; for verily when we were all in all, that was the true golden age.
- PARVENU. We, too, were certainly not stupid, and often did what we ought not; but at present everything is turning round and round, and just when we wished to keep it steady.
- AUTHOR. Altogether, who now, pray, wants to read a

306 Sauft 4089-4117

1005

4100

4105

4115

Bon mäßig tlugem Inhalt lefen ! Und was bas liebe innae Bolf betrifft. Das ift noch nie fo nafetveis gewefen. Mephiftopheles (ber auf einmal febr alt ericbeint).

Rum ifinaften Tag fiibl' ich bas Bolt gereift. Da ich jum lettenmal ben Berenberg erfteige,

Und weil mein Sanden trübe läuft, So ift bie Belt auch auf ber Reige.

Trobelbere. 3hr Berren, geht nicht fo borbei ! Lafit die Gelegenheit nicht fabren !

Aufmerkiam blidt nach meinen Waaren !

Es ftebt babier gar mancherlei.

Und boch ift nichts in meinem Laben. Dem feiner auf ber Erbe gleicht,

Das nicht einmal zum tücht'gen Schaben

Der Menichen und ber Welt gereicht. Rein Dold ift bier, bon bem nicht Blut gefloffen,

Rein Relch, aus bem fich nicht in ganz gefunden Leib

Bergehrend beifes Gift ergoffen, Rein Schmud, ber nicht ein liebenswürdig Beib

Berführt, fein Schwert, bas nicht ben Bund gebrochen,

Richt etwa hinterrids ben Gegenmann burchftochen. Dephiftonbeles. Fran Dubme, fie verfteht mir ichlecht bie

Reiten. 4110 Gethan geichehn! Geichehn gethan!

Berleg' fie fich auf Renigfeiten ! Rur Renigfeiten giebn uns an.

Rauft. Daß ich mich nur nicht felbft bergeffe! Beig' ich mir bas boch eine Deffe !

Mephiftopheles. Der gange Strubel ftrebt nach oben;

Du glaubit zu ichieben, und bu wirft geschoben.

work of moderately wise contents? And as regards the precious young people, they have never yet been so pert.

MEPHISTOPHELES (who all at once appears very old). I feel the people ripe for doomsday, as I ascend the witchmountain for the last time; and because my keg runs thick, the world, too, is on the lees.

HUGESTER-WTCH. Gentlemen, do not go by thus! Do not let the opportunity pass! Look attentively at my wares: there are very many sorts here. And yet fin my shop, to which none one arth is equal, there is nothing that has not redounded, at some time or other, to the great detriment of mankind, and of the world. No dagger is here from which blood has not flowed; no bowl, from which consumingly hot poison has not poured out into some quite healthy body; no trinket, that has not seduced an amikale woman; no sword, that has not broken union,—has not perchance stabled an adversary from behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Coz, methinks you ill understand the times. What's done has happened! What has happened's done! Apply yourself to novelties. Novelties alone attract us.

FAUST. That only I may not forget myself! This I call a fair indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The whole throng is striving upwards. You think to shove, and you are shoved.

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Lifith ift bas. Mer ?

Mebhiftopheles. Abams erfte Frau. Rimm bich in Acht bor ihren iconen Saaren,

Bor biefem Schmud, mit bem fie einzig prangt ! Wenn fie damit ben jungen Mann erlangt,

Co läßt fie ihn fo balb nicht wieber fahren.

gang. Da fiten zwei, Die Alte mit ber Jungen ; Die haben ichon was Rechts gesprungen !

Mephiftopheles. Das hat nun hente feine Ruh'. Es geht aum neuen Tana ; nun tomm ! wir greifen gu.

Ranft (mit ber Jungen tangenb). Einft hatt' ich einen ichonen Traum ;

Da fah ich einen Apfelbaum, Bwei icone Mepfel glangten bran;

4130 Sie reigten mich, ich ftieg binan.

Die Goone. Der Mevielden begehrt ihr fehr. Und ichon bom Barabiefe ber. Bon Freuben fühl' ich mich bewegt,

Daß auch mein Garten folde traat. Mephiflopheles (mit ber Alten).

Einft hatt' ich einen wüsten Traum ; Da fab ich einen gefvaltnen Baum. Der hatt' ein ---;

So - es war, gefiel mir's boch. Die Mite. Ich biete meinen beiten Grufi

Dem Ritter mit bem Bferbefuß !

Balt' er einen - bereit, Wenn er - - nicht ichent. FAUST. Who, then, is that ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Mark her well! That is Lilith.

FAUST. Who?

- MEPHISTOPHELES. Adam's first wife. Beware of her lovely hair,—of this adornment in which she shines unmatched! When she wins a young man with it, she does not let him go again so soon.
- FAUST. There sit two, the old one with the young one; they have already capered famously.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. There is no rest to-day for these creatures. A new dance is beginning. Come, now, let us lend a hand!
- FAUST (dancing with the young one). Once I had a fair dream; therein I saw an apple tree; two fair apples shone upon it; they enticed me, I climbed up.
- THE FAIR ONE. You crave much for the little apples, and from Paradise even till now. I feel moved with joy that my garden also bears such.
- MEPHISTOPHELES (with the old one). Once I had a wild dream; therein I saw a cleft tree; it had a — ; as it was, it pleased me still.
- THE OLD ONE, I present my best respects to the knight with the cloven foot! Let him have a — ready, if he does not fear — —.

Brottophantasmist. Berfluchtes Bolf! mas unterfteht ibr euch? Sat man euch lange nicht bewiesen. 4145

Ein Beift fteht nie auf orbentlichen Ruffen ? Run taust ibr gar, uns andern Menichen gleich !

Die Schone (tangenb). Bas will benn ber auf unferm Ball?

Ranft (tangenb). Gi ! ber ift eben überall. Mas Andre tansen, muß er ichaten : 4150

Rann er nicht jeben Schritt beichwäten, So ift ber Schritt fo aut als nicht geschebn.

Mm meiften ärgert ibn, fobald wir borwarts gebn.

Wenn ihr ench fo im Rreife breben wolltet,

Wie er's in feiner alten Duble thut,

Das bieff' er allenfalls noch gut : Befonbers wenn ihr ihn barum bearfiffen folltet.

Brottophautasmift. Ihr fend noch immer ba ! Dein, bas ift unerbört.

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Berichwindet doch! Bir haben ja aufgetfart!

Das Tenfelsvad, es fragt nach feiner Regel! Wir find fo fing, und bennoch fputt's in Teael.

Wie lange bab' ich nicht am Wahn binausgekehrt !

Und nie wird's rein : bas ift boch unerhört ! Die Gaone. Co bort boch auf, und bier zu ennühiren !

Brottophantasmift. 3ch fag's euch Beiftern ins Beficht: 4165 Den Geiftesbespotismus leib' ich nicht;

Mein Geift tann ibn nicht ererciren. (Es mirb fortgetangt.) Beut, feb' ich, will mir nichts gelingen ;

Doch eine Reife nehm' ich immer mit. Und hoffe noch, bor meinem letten Schritt,

Die Tenfel und bie Dichter au bezwingen.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. Accursed folk! how dare you? Was it not long since proved to you that a ghost never stands on ordinary feet? Now you are even dancing away like us other men!

The Fair One (dancing). What does he want, then, at our ball ?

FAUST (dancing). Oh, he is in fact overywhere! What others dance, he must appraise. If he cannot talk about every step, the step is as good as not made. He is most vexed, directly we go forwards. If you would turn in a circle, just as he does in his old mill, that perhaps he might yet call good; especially if you were to ask his leave.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. You are still there! No, that is unheard of! Do vanish! We have, you know, enlightened [the world] This devil's pack, it cares for no rules. We are so wise—and yet Tegel is haunted! How long have not I been sweeping away at the delusion; and it never becomes clean! That is surely unheard of!

THE FAIR ONE. Now, do leave off boring us here!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. I tell you spirits to your face: I
will not tolerate spirit-despotism; my spirit cannot
exercise it.

(The dancing goes on.)

To-day, I see, I shall succeed in nothing; but anyhow I shall avail myself of the opportunity for a journey; and I hope still, before my last step, to get the better of the devils and the poets.

4125

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Mephiftopheles Er wird fich gleich in eine Bfute feben Das ift die Urt, wie er fich foulgairt.

Und wenn Blutegel fich an feinem Steiß ergeben,

Aft er bon Geiftern und bon Geift curirt. (Bu Ranft, ber aus bem Sans getreten ift.)

Bas läffeft bu bas ichone Dabchen fabren.

Das bir gum Tang fo lieblich fang? Jant. Ich! mitten im Gefange fprang

Ein rothes Mauschen ihr aus bem Munbe.

Mephiftopheles. Das ift mas Rechts! Das nimmt man nicht genau: 4180

Genna, die Maus war boch nicht arau. Wer fragt barnach in einer Schaferftimbe ?

Dannt fab ich -

Mebbiftobbeled. 933n& ?

Mephifto, fiehft bu bort Jauft. Ein blaffes, ichones Lind allein und ferne fteben ?

Sie ichiebt fich langfam nur bom Drt, 1185 Sie ideint mit geichlofinen Ruften zu geben.

3ch muß befennen, bag mir baucht,

Daß fie bem anten Gretchen gleicht.

menbiftonbeles. Laft bas nur ftehn! Dabei wirb's Diemand tophi. Es ift ein Bauberbild, ift leblos, ein Ibol. 1100

Ihm an begegnen ift nicht aut : Bom ftarren Blid erftarrt bes Menichen Blut,

Und er wird faft in Stein verfehrt :

Bon der Medufe haft du ja gehört.

Fauft. Furwahr, es find bie Mugen einer Tobten, Die eine liebenbe Sand nicht ichloß.

Das ift bie Bruft, Die Gretchen mir geboten,

MEPHISTOPHELES. He will forthwith set himself in a puddle—that is the way in which he solaces himself and when leeches regale themselves on his breech, he is ented of spirits and of spirit. (70 PAUST, tubo hat quitted the dance.) Why do you forsake the fair maid who sang so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST. Ah! in the middle of the song a little red mouse sprang out of her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That is out of the way! One is not particular about that. Enough, the mouse was, at any rato, not grey. Who cares for such things in a happy lover's hour ?

FAUST. Then I saw-

MERPHISTOPHELES. What?

FAUST. Mephisto, do you see yonder a pale, fair child, standing alone and afar? She shifts but slowly from the place; she appears to go with shackled feet. I must own, it seems to me that she resembles my good Gretchen.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Just let that alone! No good will come of it to any one. It is a magic-form, is lifeless,—a phantom. Tis not well to meet it; at its fixed gaze the blood of man curdles, and he is well-nigh turned to stone; you have heard, no doubt, of Medusa.

FAUST. In truth, they are the eyes of a corpse, which a loving hand did not close. That is the bosom which

4210

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Wephinophetes. Das ist die Zanberei, du leicht verführter Thor!

Denn Jebem tommt fie wie fein Liebchen vor.

Ich tann von biefem Blid nicht icheiben.

Wie fonberbar muß biefen ichonen Sals

Ein einzig rothes Schnürchen schmüden, Nicht breiter als ein Melierrüden!

Mephikopheles. Gang recht! ich jeh' es ebenfalls.

Sie tann bas haupt auch unterm Urme tragen;

Denn Berfens hat's ihr abgeschlagen. --

Nur immer biefe Luft zum Wahn! Komm boch bas Sügelchen beran!

Hier ift's so lustig, wie im Prater;

Und hat man mir's nicht angethan,

So feh' ich wahrlich ein Theater. Was giebt's benn ba?

Gerbibitis. Gleich fängt man wieber an.

Ein nenes Stud, bas lebte Stud von fieben!

So viel zu geben ift allhier ber Brauch. Ein Dilettaut hat es geschrieben.

Und Dilettanten fpielen's auch.

Berzeiht, ihr Herrn, wenn ich verschwinde;

Mich bilettirt's, ben Borhang aufzuziehn.

Das find' ich gut; benn ich ench auf bem Blodsberg finbe,

our fine to gin, bein on gegori ist s

Gretchen yielded to me; that is the sweet body which I enjoyed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. There lies the witchcraft, you easily deluded fool! for she appears to every one as his sweetheart.

FAUST. What bliss! what suffering! I cannot part from that look. How strange that a single red line, no broader than the back of a knife, should adorn this fair neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quite right! I see it too. She can also carry her head under her arm; for Perseus has cut it of for her.—Perpetually this fondness for dolusion! Do come up the hillock! Here it is as merry as in the Prater; and, if they've not bewitched me, I actually see a theatre. What then, is going on here?

SERVIBLIS. They will begin again directly. A new piece,
—the last piece of seven! It is the custom here to give
so many. A dilettante has written it, and dilettanti
also play it. Pardon, gentlemen, if I vanish! It is my
dilettante office to draw up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Whon I find you on the Blocksberg, that is what I approve; for you belong to the place.

Malpurgisnachtstraum

Oberons und Eifanias goldne Sochzeit

Antermesso.

Theatermeifter. Seute ruben wir einmal. Miebinge modre Cobne. Alter Berg und feuchtes Thal. 1225

Das ift bie gange Scene ! Berofb. Daß bie Sochzeit golben feb, Soll'n funfgia Rabr febn borfiber :

4230

Aber ift ber Streit porbei. Das Giniben ift mir lieber.

Operon. Sebb, ibr Geifter, mo ich bin. So zeigt's in biefen Stunben ! Ronia und bie Ronigin.

Sie find aufe Reu verbunden. Bud. Rommt ber Bud, und breht fich quer

Und ichleift ben Auft im Reiben : Sunbert fommen hinterber, Sich auch mit ibm gu freuen.

Artet. Ariel betvegt ben Sang In hinmflich reinen Tonen :

Biele Fraten lodt fein Plana. Doch loct er auch bie Schonen.

Oberon, Gatten, Die fich bertragen wollen. Lernen's von und Beiben !

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM

OF

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Intermezzo.

- MANAGER. To-day we rest for once, the valiant sons of Mieding. Old mountain and damp dale,—that is the whole scenery!
- Herald. That the wedding may be golden, fifty years must be passed; but if the strife is over, that golden result is more pleasing to me.
- OBERON. If ye spirits be where I am, show it at this time; the king and queen, they are united anew.
- PUCK. When Puck comes and whirls himself across, and slides his foot in the dance, a hundred come after, to rejoice also with him.
- ARIEL. Ariel evokes the song in celestially pure tones; his music allures many ugly faces, but it also allures the fair ones.
- OBERON. Spouses who wish to agree, let them learn from

4265

4270

Braucht man fie uur zu icheiben. Ditanta. Schmollt ber Mann und grillt bie Frau,

So faßt fie nur behenbe,

Rührt mir nach bem Mittag fie,

Und ihn an Norbens Enbe.

Orgefter, Tutti (fortissimo). Fliegenichnaug' und Müdennaf' Mit ihren Anverwandten,

Froich im Land und Grill' im Gras.

Das find bie Mufifanten !

Coto. Seht, ba fommt ber Dubelfad! Es ift bie Seifenblafe.

Sort ben Schnedeichnideichnad

Durch feine ftumpfe Rafe !

Beitt, ber fich erft bilbet. Spinnenfuß und Rrotenbauch Und Flügelchen bem Wichtchen ! 4250

Bwar ein Thierchen giebt es nicht, Doch giebt es ein Gebichtchen.

Gin Barden. Rleiner Schritt und hober Sprung

Durch Sonigthau und Dufte : Awar bu trippelit mir genung,

Doch geht's nicht in bie Lufte. Rengieriger Reifenber. Ift bas nicht Masterabenfpott?

Soll ich ben Augen trauen?

Dberon, ben ichonen Gott, Huch beute bier au ichquen !

Orthobox. Reine Rlauen, feinen Schwang ! Doch bleibt es außer Ameifel,

Co wie die Gotter Griechenlands.

So ift auch er ein Teufel. Rorbifder Raugter. Bas ich ergreife, bas ift heut

- us both! If two are to love each other, you need only separate them.
- TITANIA. If the husband sulks, and the wife is capricious, do but seize them nimbly; convey me her to the South, and him to the extremity of the North.
- THE WHOLE ORCHESTEA (fortissimo). Shout of fly and nose of gnat, with their kindred, frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass,—they are the musicians.
- Solo. See, there comes the bagpipe! It is the soap-bubble. Hear the Schnecke-schnicke-schnack through its snubnose!
- SPIRIT THAT IS JUST GROWING INTO SHAPE. Foot of spider, and paunch of toad, and winglets for the little wight! True, it will not make an animalcule, but it will make a little poem.
- A LITTLE COUPLE. Little step and high spring, through honey-dew and exhalations; truly you trip it enough for me, yet you don't get into the air.
- INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER. Is not that masquerading mockery † Am I to trust my eyes † To see the beauteous god Oberon here to-day too!
- ORTHODOX. No claws, no tail! Yet it remains beyond doubt that, even as the gods of Greece, so he too is a devil.
- NORTHERN ARTIST. What I take in hand to-day is truly

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Fürwahr nur ftizzenweise; Doch ich bereite mich bei Zeit

Bur Stalian'iden Reije. Burift. Adl ! mein Unglud führt mich ber :

Wie wird nicht hier gelubert!

Und von bem gangen Hegenheer

Sind zweie nur gepubert.

Junge Bege. Der Buber ift, jo wie ber Rod,

Für alt' und grane Weibden;

Drum fib' ich nadt auf meinem Bod,

Und zeig' ein berbes Leibchen.

Matrone. Wir haben zu viel Lebensart, Um hier mit euch zu maulen;

Doch hoff' ich, follt ibr inne und sert.

So wie ihr fend, perfoulen.

Capellmeifter. Fliegenichnaus' und Müdennaf',

Umichvärmt mir nicht die Nacte!

Aroich im Laub und Grill' im Gras.

So bleibt doch auch im Tacte!

Binbfahne (nach ber einen Seite). Befellichaft, wie man munfchen tann! 4095

Wahrhaftig, lauter Bräute!

Und Junggefellen, Mann für Mann, Die hoffnungsbollften Leute!

Binbfahue (nach ber anbern Seite). Und thut fich nicht ber

Boben auf, Sie Alle au vericklingen. 4300

So will ich mit behendem Lauf Gleich in die Solle fpringen.

Renien. Als Infecten find wir ba,

Mit kleinen icharfen Scheren,

only sketch-wise, but I am preparing betimes for the Italian journey.

- PURIST. Ah! my ill-fortune brings me hither: what dissipation is there not here! And of the whole host of witches, only two are powdered.
- Young Witch. Powder, as well as the pettieoat, is for old and grey little women; therefore, I sit naked on my he-goat, and show a strapping little body.
- MATRON. We have too much good-breeding to sulk with you here; but I hope, young and delicate as you are, you will rot.
- Band-Conductors. Snout of fly and nose of gnat, swarm me not about the naked one! Frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass, pray, keep you also in time!
- Weathercock (pointing in one direction). Company as good as one could desire! Truly, nothing but female aspirants for matrimony! And bachelors, man for man, the hopefullest people!
- Weathercock (pointing in the other direction). And if the ground does not open to swallow them all up, with a quick run I will jump immediately into hell.
- XENIEN. We are here as insects, with little sharp nippers,

Naiv aufammen ichergen! Um Enbe fagen fie noch gar,

Sie hatten aute Bergen.

Mufaget. Ich mag in biefem Berenbeer Mich aar zu gern verlieren :

Denn freisich biefe mußt' ich eb'r.

Mis Mufen anzuführen.

Di-devant Genine ber Bett. Dit rechten Leuten wirb man mas. 4315

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4525

4330

Romm, faffe meinen Bipfel ! Der Blodsberg, wie ber beutiche Barnag,

Sat gar einen breiten Gipfel.

Rengieriger Reifenber. Sagt, wie beißt ber fteife Mann? Er geht mit ftolgen Schritten : 4320

Er ichnobert, was er ichnobern fann. " Er fpurt nach Jefuiten."

Branich. In bem Maren mag ich gern Und auch im Trüben fischen:

Darum feht ihr ben frommen Berrn Sich auch mit Teufeln mifchen.

Bettfind. Ja, für bie Frommen, glaubet mir, Ift alles ein Behitel ;

Sie bilben auf bem Blodsberg bier Gar manches Conventifel.

Tanger. Da fommt ja wohl ein neues Chor? Ich hore ferne Trommeln.

Mur ungeftort! Es find im Robr Die unifonen Dommeln.

to honour Satan, our worshipful papa, according to his dignity.

- HENNINGS. See how, in crowded troop, they jest naïvely together! In the end, they will e'en say, they had good hearts.
- MUSAGET I am all too willing to lose myself in this host of witches; for, truly, I should know better how to manage these than Muses.
- CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE. With proper people, one is appreciated. Como, take hold of my skirt! The Blocksberg, like the German Parnassus, has a very broad top.
- INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER. Say, what is the name of the stiff man? He walks with proud steps. He snuffles at overything he can snuffle at. 'He is scenting out Jesuits.'
- CRANE. I like to fish in the clear, and also in the turbid; therefore you see the pious gentleman consorting even with devils.
- Worldling. Ay, for the pious, believe me, everything is an instrument; they form full many a conventicle here upon the Blocksberg.
- DANCER. Here is surely a new choir coming? I hear distant drums. But don't be disturbed! It is the unisonous bitterns in the reeds.

324	Fauft	4335-4365
Taugmeifter. Bie Jeber boch bie Beine lupft,		4335
	nn, herauszieht!	
	pringt, ber Plumpe hupft,	
	, wie es aussieht.	
	kt sich schwer, das Lumpenpack,	
Und gab' sich gern bas Restchen;		4340
Es eint fie hier		
	Leier die Bestjen	
Dogmatiter. 3d	laffe mich nicht irre schrei'n,	
	til noch Bweifel.	
Der Teufel mm	g boch etwas feyn ;	4345
Wie gab's benn	fonst auch Tensel?	
Sbentift. Die Bi	jantafie in meinem Sinn	
Ift diesmal gar	r zu herrisch :	
Fürwahr wenn	ich das alles bin,	
So bin ich hent	e närrijd).	4350
Rentift. Das 29	esen ist mir recht zur Dual	
Und muß mich	bağ verbrießen ;	
Ich stehe hier g	um erstenmal ·	
Nicht fest auf n	ieinen Füßen.	
Supernaturalift	. Mit viel Bergnügen bin ich da	4355
Und freue mich	mit biefen;	
Denn von ben !	Tenfeln kann ich ja	
Auf gute Beifte	er schließen.	
Steptiter. Gie	gehn ben Flammchen auf ber Spur,	
Und glaub'n fich nah bem Schape.		4360
Auf Tenfel reit	nt der Zweisel nur;	
Da bin ich rech	t am Plate.	
Capenmetfter. Froich im Lanb und Grill' im Gras,		
Berfluchte Dile	ttanten!	
Miegenichnaus'	und Mudennaf'	4365

- DANCING-MASTER. How each, to be sure, lifts his legs!—
 gets on as best he can! The crooked jumps, the heavy
 hops, and asks not how it looks.
- FIDDLER. The pack of ragamuffins! they hate one another thoroughly, and would fain give one another the finishing blow! The bagpipe unites them here, as Orpheus' lyre the beasts.
- DOGMATIST. I shall not let myself be put out, either by eriticism or doubt. The devil, though, must be something; for how else should there be devils?
- IDEALIST. Phantasy, this time, is much too masterful in my mind: verily, if I be all that, I must be crazy to-day!
- REALIST. Entity is a regular plague to mc, and must needs vex me much. I stand here, for the first time, not firm upon my feet.
- SUPERNATURALIST. I am here with much pleasure, and am delighted with these; for, from devils, I can surely draw conclusions as to good spirits.
- Sceptic. They follow the track of the little flames, and believe themselves near the treasure. Doubt alone rhymes to devil; therefore I am in the right place.
- BAND-MASTER. Frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass,

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4395

Ihr fehd boch Mufikanten ! Die Gewandten. Sansfouci, so heißt bas Heer Bon luftigen Gelchöbsten :

Bon luftigen Geschöpfen; Auf den Füßen geht's nicht mehr,

Drum gehn wir auf ben Ropfen.

Die Unbehülflichen. Sonft haben wir manden Biffen er-

Run aber Gott befohlen !

Unfere Schuhe find burchgetauzt,

Wir laufen auf nadten Sohlen. Errlichter. Bon bem Sumbfe tommen wir,

Woraus wir erft entstanden;

Doch find wir gleich im Reihen bier

Die glänzenden Galanten.

Sternfcunppe. Aus ber Sobe fcoft ich ber, Im Stern- und Benerfcheine,

Liege unn im Grafe quer :

Wer hilft mir auf die Beine? Die Maffiben. Plat und Plat ! und ringsherum !

So gehn bie Braschen nieber;

Geifter tommen, Geifter auch, Sie haben plumpe Glieber.

Bud. Tretet nicht so mastig auf, Bie Elephantenkalber!

Und der Plumpft' an diesem Tag

Sen Bud, ber Derbe, felber!

Gab der Geift euch Flügel, Kolaet meiner leichten Spur.

Folget meiner leichten Spur, Auf jum Rofenhügel!

Orchefter (pianissimo). Bolfengug und Rebelflor

- accursed dilettanti! Snout of fly and nose of gnat, you are fine musicians!
- THE Adroit Ones. Sans souci—that is the name of the host of merry creatures; there is no longer any walking upon feet, therefore we walk upon our heads.
- THE AWKWARD ONES. In times past, we have sponged many a morsel, but now adicu! Our shoes are danced through; we run on bare soles.
- Will-O'-THE-WISPS. We come from the swamp out of which we first sprang; yet here we are at once, glittering gallants, in the dance.
- SHOOTING STAR. From on high shot I hither in star-andfire-gleam; I am now lying awry in the grass: who will help me up on my less ?
- THE MASSIVE ONES. Room, and room, and round-about! So down go the grass-blades. Spirits are coming, but spirits as they are, they have clumsy limbs.
- Puck. Tread not so heavily, like elephant-calves! And the clumsiest on this day be Puck, the stout, himself.
- ARIEL. If loving nature gave, if the spirit gave you wings, follow my light track up to the hill of roses!
- ORCHESTRA (pianissimo). Train of clouds and gauze of

Erhellen fich bon oben. Luft im Laub und Wind im Robr, Und Mes ift zerftoben.

> Truber Tag. Felb.

Sauft. Webbiftabbeles.

Sauft.

Im Elend! Bergweifelnd! Erbarmlich auf ber Erbe lange verirrt und nun gefangen! Me Diffethaterin im Rerter zu entfetslichen Qualen eingesperrt, bas holbe, unfelige Gefchopf! Bis babin! babin! - Berratherifcher, nichtswürdiger Geift, und bas haft bu mir verheimlicht!-

10 Steh nur! fteh! Balge bie teuflifchen Angen ingrinmend im Roof berum! Steh und trute mir burch beine unerträgliche Gegenwart! Gefangen! Im nuwieberbringlichen Elend! Bofen Geiftern übergeben und ber richtenben gefühllofen Menichheit! Und mich wiegft bu indeß in abacidungten Berftrennngen, verbiraft mir ihren

wachfenden Rammer und läffeft fie bulflos verberben !

Sie ift bie erfte nicht.

Mebhiftobbeles. Sauft.

20 Hund! abidenliches Unthier! - Wandle ihn, du unendlicher Geift! wandle ben Burm wieber in feine Sunde. gestalt, wie er fich oft nächtlicher Weise gefiel, bor mir mist brighten from on high. Air in the leaves and wind in the reed, and all is scattered.

Gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. In misery! Despairing! Having long wandered pitially on the carth, and now imprisoned! Shut up as a malefactor in a dungeon, a prey to terrible tortures,—the gracious, hapless creature! Unto that it has come! to that!—Teacherous, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! Stand, then—stand! Roll round the devilish eyes freeely in thy head! Stand, and brave me with thy umbearable presence! Imprisoned! In irretrievable misery! Delivered over to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling man! And me meanwhile thou hullest with absurd dissipations, concealed from me her growing wrotchedness, and leavest her to perish helplessly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is not the first,

Faust. Dog! abominable monster!—turn him, thou Infinite Spirit! turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which he was often pleased by night to trot before

herzutrotten, bem harmlofen Banderer vor bie Riffe gu tollern und fich bem nieberfturgenben auf bie Schultern gu hangen! Banbl' ihn wieber in feine Lieblingsbilbung, bağ er por mir im Sand auf bem Bauch frieche, ich ihn mit Fugen trete, ben Berworfnen! - Die erfte nicht! -Jammer ! Jammer ! bon feiner Menichenfeele an faffen, baft mehr als Ein Gefchobf in bie Tiefe biefes Efenbes berfant, bag nicht bas erfte genngthat für bie Schulb aller übrigen, in feiner windenden Tobesnoth bor ben Angen bes ewig Bergeihenben! Dir wühlt es Mart unb Leben burch, bas Efend biefer einzigen; bu grinfest ge-

Mebhiftobheles.

laffen über bas Schidial von Taufenben bin !

Run find wir ichon wieber an ber Grange unfers Biges, ba wo end Menfchen ber Sinn überfchnappt. Warum machft bu Gemeinicaft mit uns, wenn bu fie nicht burchführen fannft? Millft fliegen und bift porm Schwindel 40 nicht ficher? Drangen wir und bir auf, ober bu bich 11113.7

Fauft.

Fleifche beine gefraßigen Bahne mir nicht fo entgegen! Dir efelt's ! - Großer, herrlicher Geift, ber bu mir gu 45 ericeinen würdigteft, ber bu mein Berg tenneft und meine Seele, warum an ben Schanbaefellen mich ichmieben, ber fich am Schaben weibet und an Berberben fich febt?

Mebhiftobheles.

Sauft.

Endiaft bu ?

Rette fie! ober web bir! Den graflichften Alnch über bich auf Rabrtaufenbe!

me, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and hang upon his aboulders when he fell. Turn him again into his favourite form, that he may crouch before me on his belly in the sand, but I may tread him under foot, he reprobate I—Not the first I—Woe I Woe I not to be cenecived by any human soul, that more than one creature should sink into the depth of this misery—that the first did not atone, before the oyes of the Ewenpardoning, in its writhing death-agony, for the guilt of all the rest I is harrows up my marrow and my life,—the misery of this single one: thou art grinning away calmly at the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now we are already at our wits' ends again,—there, where the mind of you men snaps over. Why enterest thou into fellowship with us, if thou canat not carry it through † Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness † Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us †

FAUST. Show not thus thy ravenous teeth at me! It fills me with loathing! Great, glorious Spirit, thou who didst deign to appear to mo, thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to this base companion, who foods on mischief, and revols in destruction ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hast done?

FAUST. Save her, or woe to thee! The fearfullest curse on thee for thousands of years!

Mephiftopheles.

3ch fann die Bande bes Rachers nicht lofen, seine 55 Riegel nicht öffnen. — Rette fie! — Wer war's, ber fie ins Berberben fturgte? Ich ober bu?

(Fanft blidt wild umfer,)

Greifft bu nach dem Donner? Wohl, daß er euch eelben Sterfischen nicht gegeben ward! Den unichnibig Gelenten bat ift so Thraunenart, sich in Verlegeneiten Luft zu machen.

Fauft.

Bringe mich bin! Sie foll frei fenu!

Dephiftspheles.

65 Und die Gefahr, ber bu bich ausseheit? Wiffe, noch liegt auf der Sicht Autichuft von beiner hand. Ueber bes Erichtagenen Stätte ichtveben rachende Geifter und laueru auf ben wiebertehrenden Mörber.

Sauft.

70 Roch das von dir? Mord und Tob einer Welt über bich Ungeheuer! Führe mich hin, sag' ich, und besrei' sie!

mephistopheles.

3(h führe dich, und vool ich thun tann, höre! Habe 75 ich alle Nacht im Himmel und auf Erden? Ded Andrumers Sinne will ich numedeln; bemächtige dich der Schliftler und führe sie herans mit Menschenhand! Ich vooche; der Lauberpferde sind bereit, ich entstürre einen. Das vermag ich

Fauft

80 Auf und davon!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot loosen the avonger's bonds. cannot undo his bolts.-Save her !-Who was it that plunged her into ruin ? I, or thou ?

(FAUST looks wildly round.)

Wilt thou grasp after the thunder? Well that it was not given to you miserable mortals! To dash to pieces one who replies innocently, that is the tyrant's way of relioving oneself in embarrassments.

FAUST. Take me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself ? Know, the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST. That, too, from thee! Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and free her

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will conduct thee: and what I can do, hear! Have I all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the warder's senses; do thou possess thyself of the keys, and lead her forth with human hand! I will watch. The magic-horses are ready: I will bear thee off. That is in my power,

FAUST. Up and away !

Racht. Offen Belb.

Gauft, Mephiftopheles, auf fcmargen Pferben baberbraufenb.

gaup. Was weben die dort um den Nabenstein? Wehbilsvobeled. Welf nicht, was sie fochen und schaffen. 44000 gaup. Schweben and, schweben ob, neigen sich, beugen sich, Webbilsvobeled. Eine Hezeugunft. Gaup. Sie strenen und weißen. Webbilsvobeled. Anscheil Moncheil

Rerter.

Fauft (mit einem Bund Schluffel und einer Lampe, vor einem eifernen Thurchen). Dich faßt ein langft entwohnter Schauer, 4405

4410

4415

Der Menschheit ganger Jammer saßt mich an. hier wohnt sie, hinter biefer fenchten Maner,

Und ihr Berbrechen war ein guter Wahn! Du zauberft, zu ihr zu gehen! Du fürchtett. fie wiederzuseben!

Fort! Dein Bagen gogert ben Tob heran. (Er ergreift bas Schlof. Es fingt inwendig.)

(Er ergriff tod Schof. Es kogt inu Meine Mutter, die Hur', Die mich umgebracht hat! Mein Later, der Scholm, Der mich gessen hat!

Mein Schwesterlein klein Sub auf die Bein'

Night. Open Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, rushing along on black horses.

FAUST. What are they doing yonder round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Don't know what they are cooking and making.

FAUST. They're waving up, waving down, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A witches' guild.

FAUST. They strew and consecrate.

MEPHISTOPHELES. On! on!

Dungeon.

FAUST (with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before a small lives door). A long unwonted shudder seizes mo; the whole wretchedness of mankind fastens on me. Hero she dwells, behind these damp walls, and her crime was a good illusion! Thou delayest to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! Thy shrinking draws death near.

(He takes hold of the lock, Singing within,)

'My mother, the whore, who has killed me! My father, the regue, who has eaten me! My little sister laid the

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Un einem fühlen Ort: Da ward ein icones Balbvogelein;

Fliege fort, fliege fort!

Fauft (aufichliegenb). Sie ahnet nicht, daß ber Beliebte laufcht, Die Retten flirren hört, bas Strob, bas raufcht. (Er tritt ein.) Margarete (fich auf bem Lager perbergenb).

Beh! Beh! Sie tommen. Bittrer Tob!

Rauft (leife), Still! Still! Ich tomme, bich an befreien,

Margarete (fich bor ibn bimvalgenb).

Bift bu ein Menich, fo fühle meine Roth !

Fauft. Du wirft bie Bachter ans bem Schlafe ichreien ! (Gr fafit bie Retten, fie aufaufcbließen.)

Margarete (auf ben Rnicen). Ber bat bir Senter biefe Dacht Ueber mich gegeben !

Du holft mich icon um Mitternacht.

Erbarme bich und lag mich leben !

Mit's morgen frub nicht zeitig gennng?

(Gie fteht auf.) Bin ich boch noch fo jung, fo jung! Und foll icon fterben!

Schon war ich auch, und bas war mein Berberben.

Rah war ber Freund, nun ift er weit; Rerriffen liegt ber Rrang, Die Blumen gerftrent,

Faffe mich nicht fo gewaltfam an!

Schone mich ! Bas hab' ich bir gethan ?

Lafi mich nicht vergebens fleben! Sab' ich bich boch mein' Tage nicht geseben !

Faun. Berb' ich ben Jammer überfteben!

Margarete. 3ch bin nun gang in beiner Dacht. Lag mich nur erft bas Bind noch tränten !

Ich bergt' es biefe gange Racht :

- bones in a cool place. There I became a beautiful little woodbird: fly away, fly away!'
- FAUST (unlocking). She divines not that her lover listons, hears the chains clank, the straw that rustles. (He cuters.)
- MARGARET (hiding herself on the pallet). Woe! Woe! they come. Bitter death!
- FAUST (softly). Hush! Hush! I come to free thee.
- MARGARET (rolling herself before him). If you are a man, feel for my distress!
- FAUST. Thou wilt cry the guard out of his sleep!
- MARGARET (on her kness). Who has given yon, executioner, this power over me † You come already for me at midnight. Be merciful, and let me live! I snot to-morrow morning soon enough † (She stands np.)
- And I am still so young so young! and am to die already!
 I was fair, too, and that was my undoing! My friend
 was near—ho is far now. Torn lies the wreath, scattered
 the flowers. Scize me not so roughly! Spare me!
 What have I done to you? Let me not implore in vain!
 Why, I have not seen you before in my life!
- FAUST. Shall I outlive this misery ?
- MARGARET. I am now wholly in your power; only let me first suckle the child! I pressed it to my licart this

Und fagen nun, ich batt' es umgebracht.

Und niemals werd' ich wieber frob.

Sie fingen Lieber auf mich! Es ift bos bon ben Lenten!

Ein altes Mährchen endigt fo :

Ber heißt fie's beuten ?

Rauft (wirft fich nieber). Gin Liebenber lient bir an Gufen.

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Margarete (wirft fich ju ibm).

Die Nammerfnechtichaft aufzufchließen. D faft uns fnien, Die Beil'gen angurufen !

Sieh! unter biefen Stufen,

Unter ber Schwelle

Siebet bie Solle !

Der Bofe,

Mit furchtbarem Grimme.

Macht ein Getofe!

Rauft (laut). Gretchen! Gretchen!

margarete (aufmertfam). Das war bes Freundes Stimme !

(Gie fpringt auf; bie Retten fallen ab.) Bo ift er? Ich hab' ihn rufen boren.

Ich bin frei! Mir foll Niemand webren.

Un feinen Sals will ich fliegen,

Un feinem Bufen liegen !

Er rief: Gretchen! Er ftanb auf ber Schwelle! Mitten burch's Benlen und Alabben ber Solle,

Durch ben grimmigen, teuflischen Sobn.

Erfannt' ich ben fugen, ben liebenben Ton. Rauft. 3ch bin's!

Margarete. Du bift's! D fag' es noch einmal!

(3hu faffenb.) Er ift's! Er ift's! Bobin ift alle Qual? whole night. They took it from me to vex me, and now say, I had killed it. And never again shall I bo happy. They sing songs about me—it is wicked of the people! An old tale ends so—who bids them apply it ?

FAUST (flings himself down). A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the thraldom of thy woe.

MARGARET (flings herself beside him). Oh let us kneel, to call upon the saints! Soo under those steps, under the threshold, hell is seething! The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din!

FAUST (aloud). Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (attentively). That was my friend's voice! (She springs up; the chains fall off.)

Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobedy shall hinder me. I will fly to his neek, lie on his bosom! He called 'Gretchen!' He stood on the threshold. Through the midst of the howling and gnashing of hell, through the grim, dovilish seeding, I knew the sweet, the loving tone again!

FAUST. "Tis I!

MARGARET. "Tis thou! Oh say it once more! (Clasping him.) "Tis he! "Tis he! Whither is all torment?

D meile !

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Und der heitere Garten, Wo ich und Marthe beiner warten.

Fauft (fortftrebend). Komm mit! Lomm mitt Margarete.

Rargarete. Weil' ich boch so gern, wo du weilest. (Sickleiem.)

Fauft. Gile!

Wenn bu nicht eileft,

Berben wir's thener buffen muffen. margarete. Bie? Du fanuft nicht mehr fuffen?

Mein Freund, so furz von mir entsernt,

Und hast's Küffen verlernt? Warum wird mir an beinem Halse so bang? Wenn soust von beinen Worten, beinen Bliden

Wenn sonft von deinen Worten, deinen Bliden Ein ganzer himmel mich überdrang, Und du mich fäßieft, als wolltest du mich erstiden.

(Gie umfalt ibn.)

Rüffe mich! Soust tüff' ich dich!

D weh! beine Lippen find falt, Sind ftumm.

Wo ift bein Lieben Geblieben ?

Wer brachte mich brum?

(8

(Sie wendet fich von ihm.)

Fauft Romm! Folge mir! Liebchen, faffe Muth!

Whither the anguish of the dungeon,—of the chains? The thou! Thou com'st to save me—I am saved!—
There, already, is again the street in which I saw thee for the first time, and the cheerful garden where I and Martha wait for thee.

FAUST (striving to leave). Come with me! Come with me!

MARGARET. Oh stay! since I am so fain to stay where thou stayest! (Fondling him.)

FAUST. Haste! If thou dost not haste, we shall have to pay for it dearly.

MARGARET. What I thou cannt kiss no more 1 My friend, removed from ne so short a time, and hast unlearned to kinst 1 Why do I feel so anxious on thy neck 1 when, in other times, a whole howeve same over me from thy words, thy looks; and thou didst kiss me as though thou wouldst smother me!—Kiss me! clase I will kiss thee! (Ske endvisest kim.) Oh woe! thy lips are cold, are dumb! Where is left thy love? Who has robbed me of it 1 (Ske turns from kim.)

FAUST. Come! Follow me! Darling, take courage! I

Und bift bu's benn ? Und bift bu's auch gewiß?

Janft. 3ch bin's! Romm mit!

Margarete. Du machft bie Reffeln los. Nimmit wieber mich in beinen Schoof.

Wie fommt es, bag bu bich bor mir nicht icheuft?-Und weifit bu benn, mein Frenub, wen bu befreift?

Sauft, Roum! foum! Schon weicht bie tiefe Racht, Margarete. Meine Mutter bab' ich umgebracht.

Mein Rind hab' ich ertränft.

War es nicht bir und mir geschenft?

Dir auch - Du bift's! ich glanb' es faum. Bieb beine Sanb! Es ift fein Traum!

Deine liebe Saub! - Md, aber fie ift feucht! Wifche fie ab! Wie mich baucht. Mit Blut bran.

Mich Gott! Bas haft bu gethau! Stede ben Degen ein.

3ch bitte bich brum! Sauft. Laft bas Bergangue bergangen febu!

Du bringft mich um !

Margarete. Rein, bu mußt übrig bleiben ! 36 will bir bie Graber beichreiben,

Bur bie mußt bu forgen Gleich morgen ;

Der Mutter ben beiten Blat geben,

Meinen Bruber fogleich barneben. Mich ein wenig bei Seit',

Rur nicht aar zu weit!

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will press thee to my heart, with thousandfold warmth—only follow me! I beg of thee but this!

MARGARET (turning to him). And is it thou, then ? And is it thou in very deed?

FAUST. 'Tis I! Come along!

MARGARET. Thou loosenest my fetters, takest me again to thy bosom! How comes it that thou art not fearful of me?—And know'st thou, then, my friend, whom thou art freeing?

FAUST. Come! Come! The depth of night is already passing away.

MARGARET. I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not bestowed on me and thee 1 On thee too—The thou! I search solieve it. Give me thy hand! It is no dream! Thy dear hand!—Ah, but it is damp! Wipe it off! Mescens that blood is on it. Ah God! what hast thou done? Put up thy sword, I beg of thee?

FAUST. Let the past be past! Thou wilt kill me!

MARGARET. No, thou must stay behind! I will describe the graves to thee; thou must see to them the first thing to-morrow—must give my mother the best place my brother close by; me a little on one side, only not too far off! And the little one on my right breast!

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Mich an beine Seite gu ichmiegen, Das mar ein füßes, ein holbes Glud!

Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen ;

Mir ift's, ale mußt' ich mich gu bir awingen: Mis ftiefieft bu mich bon bir gurud :

Und boch bift bu's, und blidft fo gut, fo fromm. Ranft. Rublit bu, baf ich es bin, fo fomm !

Margarete, Dahinaus?

Fauft. Ine Freie. Margarete. Ait bas Grab brauß',

Lauert der Tod, fo fomm !

Ron bier ins emige Rubebett. Und weiter feinen Schritt -

Du gehft nun fort! D Beinrich, tonnt' ich mit!

Saust. Du fannit! Go molle nur! Die Thur fteht offen.

Margarete. 3ch barf nicht fort; für mich ift nichts gu hoffen, Was hifft es flieben ? fie lauern boch mir auf. 4545

Es ift fo elend, betteln an muffen, Und noch bagu mit bofem Bewiffen !

Es ift in elend, in ber Frembe ichweifen. Und fie werben mich boch ergreifen !

Mant. 3ch bleibe bei bir. Gefdwind! Gefdwind! Margarete.

Rette bein grmes Rinb!

Fort ! Immer ben Weg

Um Bach hinauf.

Ueber ben Stea. In ben Wald hinein,

Lints, mo bie Blante ftebt.

No one else will lie by me !—To nestle to thy side, that was a sweet, a dear delight! But I shall attain it no more! I feel as if I must force myself on thee, as if thou wert thrusting me back from thee; and yet 'tis thou, and thou look'st so kind, so gentle!

FAUST. If thou feel'st that 'tis I, then come !

MARGARET. Out there?

FAUST. Into the free air!

MARGARET. If the grave is without, if death lies in wait,—
then come! From here into the eternal resting-place,
and not a step further!—Thou art now going away?
Oh Henry, could I but go with thee!

FAUST. Thou canst! Only will it! The door stands open.

MARGARET. I dare not go out; for me there is nothing to hope. What avails it to fly ? They will still lie in wait for me. It is so wretched to have to beg, and with an evil conscience too! It is so wretched to wander in a foreign land; and they will catch me after all!

FAUST. I shall remain with thee.

MARGARET. Quick! Quick! Save thy poor child! Away! Keep the path up by the brook, over the bridge, into the wood, to the left, where the plank is—in the pond. Only Im Teich.

Fag es nur gleich !

Es will fich heben.

Es zappelt noch ! Mette ! rette !

Rauft. Befinne bid boch !

Rur Ginen Schritt, fo bift bu frei !

Margarete. Baren wir nur ben Berg porbei ! Da fitt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,

Es fant mich talt beim Schopfe !

Da fitt meine Mutter auf einem Stein.

Und madelt mit bem Rovfe ;

Sie wintt nicht, fie nidt nicht, ber Ropf ift ihr fcmer; 4570

Sie ichlief fo lange, fie macht nicht mehr.

Sie ichlief, bamit wir une freuten.

Es waren glüdliche Reiten !

Sauft. Silft bier fein Rieben, bilft fein Sagen,

So wag' ich's, bich hinweggutragen.

Margarete. Laft mich! Rein, ich leibe feine Gemalt! Faffe mich nicht fo morberifch an !

Sonft bab' ich bir ia alles zu Lieb' gethan.

Fauft. Der Tag grant! Liebchen! Liebchen!

Margarete. Tag! Na, es wirb Tag! Der lette Tag bringt berein: 4580

Mein Sochzeittag follt' es fenn !

Sag' Riemand, baß bu icon bei Gretchen warft.

Weh meinem Kranze ! Es ift eben geichehn!

Mir merben uns wieberfehn :

Aber nicht beim Tange.

Die Menge brangt fich, man bort fie nicht.

1585

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seize it at once! It wants to rise, it is struggling still! Save it! Save it!

FAUST. Do collect thyself! Only one step, and thou art free!

MARGARET. Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—something grasps me soldly by the hair!—there sits my mother on a stone, and shakes her head; she beckons not, she nods not, her head is heavy; she slept so long; she will wake no more. She slept, that we might cnjoy ourselves. Those were happy times!

FAUST. Since here no prayer avails,—no speaking avails,— I shall risk bearing thee forth.

MARGARET. Let me go! No, I will suffer no violence!

Grasp me not so murderously! In the past, thou know'st I have done everything to please thee.

FAUST. The day is dawning! My love! My love!

MARGARET. Day! Yes, it is growing day! the last day is breaking in! My welding-day it was to be! Tell no one that thou hadst been with Gretchen already. Woe to my wreath! It is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd presses;

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Der Plat, die Gaffen Können sie nicht fassen. Die Glock ruft, das Stäbchen bricht.

Bie fie mich binben und paden ! Rum Blutftuhl bin ich fcon entrudt,

Schon zudt nach jedem Raden

Die Scharfe, die nach meinem gudt.

Stumm liegt bie Welt wie bas Grab!

perforen.

Fang. O war' ich nie geboren ! Mephithophetes (ericheint braugen). Auf! ober ihr fenb

Unnüßes Bagen, Baubern und Plaubern!

Meine Pferbe schaubern, Der Morgen bämmert auf.

Margarete. Bas fteigt aus bem Boben herauf? Der! ber! Schid' ibn fort!

Bas will ber an bem heiligen Ort?

Er will mich!

Fauft. Dn follft leben!

margarete. Gericht Gottes! Dir hab' ich mich übergeben! mephitophetes (gu Tauft). Komm! tomm! Ich laffe bich mit ibr im Stich.

Margarete. Dein bin ich, Bater! Rette mich! Ihr Engel, ihr heiligen Schaaren,

Lagert euch umber, mich zu bewahren ! Heinrich! Mir graut's vor bir.

Mentrich ! Wir grant's bor bir.

Stimme (von oben). Ift gerettet !

Mephiftopheles (gu Tauft). Ber gu mir ! (Berfeiminbet mit Sauft,)

Stimme (von innen, verhallenb). Beinrich ! Beinrich !

it is not heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell toils, the staff breaks. How they bind and seize me! I am already taken away to the bloodscat. Already quivers for every neck the edge which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!

FAUST. Oh, had I ne'er been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (appears without). Up! or you are lost.

Useless hesitation, loitering, and babbling! My horses shudder, the morning dawns.

MARGARET. What rises up from the floor? He! He! Send him away! What wants he at this holy place? Ho wants me!

FAUST. Thou shalt live!

MARGARET. Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Come! Come! I will leave you in the lurch with her.

MARGARET. Thine am I, Father! Save me! Ye angels ye holy hosts, range yourselves round about to guard me! Henry, I shudder at thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is judged!

VOICE (from above). Is saved !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Hither to me!

(Vanishes with FAUST.)

VOICE (from within, dying away). Henry ! Henry !

NOTES

Page 2.

 The Dedication was not written earlier than 1797, when Goethe was forty-eight years old; twenty-four years after the composition of the first scenes of the work, and seven years after the publication of the Fragment of the First Part of Faust.

8. Ilmwittert. Sanders, in his Worterbuck defines the verb in connexion with this passage, —to surround or float round, like an atmosphere in motion. Among the senses of wittern, he gives,—fife pharen faffer; fife waterntember zeigen; fife regen; citing line 3919. For another instance of numetitern, see 1. 496.

11. Salbverflungnen: lit. 'half-died away', like music.

13. Bieberholt : lit. 'repeats'.

15, 16. Goothe had lost his sister Cornelia, and his friends Merck, Lonz, Gotter, and Basedow; while Klopstock, Lavater, and the two Stolbergs were estranged. Jacobi, Klinger, and Kestrier were separated from him by the circumstances of their lives.—Bayard Taylor.

Taylor.

21. Pich. This reading, says Strehlke, introduced by Riemer, and retained in many editions, may be regarded as finally rejected in favour of Pith, 'sorrow'. But Selas, Turner and Morshead, and Pradez adhere to Pith, which certainly seems more congruous with it? Reliable in the next line. Buchheim and Sabatier adout Peth.

Page 8.

Erpfiegen here = burch Pfiege behüten und fördern.—Strehlke.
 The word seems peculiar to Goethe.

 Sorgefallt, 'Whispered'.—H. Lit, 'stammered out'. 'Que bégayent les lèvres en tremblant'.—Sabatier.

71. 3aprt. 'Ages'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. The meaning is:—Often, not till after years of successive improvements, does a poem arrive at perfect form.—Pradez.

Page 10.

89. Lafit genug gefcheben : lit. 'let enough happen'.

Page 12.

122. Ging. Ethical dative, "The dative of the personal promon of the first and second persons is sometimes used to deutox in a familiar manner an interest or participation of feeling on the part of the person speaking or spoken is "—Ance's German Grummer. So in Latius: "The datives winti, nobic, etc., are used with a sense of special limitation to a particular person to express the sapect under which the act presents itself to his mind; as quid milki Gram apple? "What do I find Celsus dong?" her evols illowan per bidmon militial pini, "this you see, was their military service for vol any." See the a natives is called Datives Differer. Demonstruct of the control of the property of the property

141. Burude folingt. 'Draws'.-- H. Turner and Morshead, as in text.

144. Unbarmon'fche. 'Confused'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in

Page 14.

145, 149. Turner and Morshead render the lines,—Who summons the individual suity to the general consecration, in which it heats in sublime harmony? and add :—'It is easier to feet the meaing of this passage than to translate bit. The post is clashing for himself the special function at once of bringing harmony out of the seeming discover for Maure, and of infining lift into the raparently seeming discover for Maure, and of infining lift into the raparently beings, which is irrepressibly and eternally self-venewing'. 150, 151.

'Who links our passions with the tempest's glooms, Our solemn thoughts with twilight's roseate red?'

Page 16.

180. Roch. 'As vet' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

181. Schwung : lit. 'swing'.

183. Ein Berbenber : lit, 'one who is becoming'. See notes to 11, 346, 789,

Page 18.

218. Stimmung : lit. 'mood'. 224. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

Page 20.

255. Rfüffen, 'Waves'.-H. Strehlke gives as an equivalent, Strömungen. At any rate, the sea foaming against a rock does not take the form of waves.

Page 24.

317. See line 1759 for the complement to this thought.

Page 26.

246. Das Berbenbe: lit. 'the Becoming': i.e. that which is either becoming something out of nothing (as hy divine flat), or becoming something out of something else-taking new form (as in the eternal flux of Heraclitus). Cf. 1l. 183, 789. Hayward reports an interesting paraphrase of this passage by Carlyle, which concludes thus :- But ve, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ve in the living fulness of the heautiful' (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); 'let Being (or Existence) which is everywhere a glorious hirth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encirole you with the soft ties of Love : and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm', Thus would Das Merbenbe, the thing that is a heing, mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it hy 'Existence which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence' (or in some such way), and make a comfortable sense enough out of that quatrain.

Page 28.

350. Der Mite, Hayward's rendering has been adopted in the text, but Bayard Taylor and others translate the phrase simply z

as 'the Old One'. Whichever epithet may be preferred, there is no disguising the fact that Mephistopheles often blasphemes, or that both he and his familiars dabble at times in obscenity, not to say filtb. Of course all this makes the book unfit reading for girls. But for mature minds it is enough to know that, apart from the splendour of the poem, there is in Faust a manifold teaching which men cannot afford to lose, and which these devilries do not touch.

Page 30. 361. Schon an bie geben Jahr. 'Nearly ten years' .- H. 'These

ten years long',-Bayard Taylor. 370. Dafür. 'For this very reason'.-H. Selss, as in text.

Page 32.

384. Thu . . . framen - frame. This use of thun though it still continues among the uneducated classes, is obsolescent, and reaembles the old use of 'do', or 'did', before English verbs. Cf. Il. 2781, 3578.

397. Lit. 'Bathe myself sound in thy dew'.

290. Manerloch. The first sense given by Sanders is 'hole-in the wall': the second, which he illustrates by this line, is a 'dark, narrow prison, or room'.

Page 34.

415. Da Gott bie Menichen icuf binein. 'For which God mado man '.- H. Turner and Morshead, as in text.

420. Roftrabamus, the French astrologer, lived 1503-1566. Faust, according to tradition, was carried off by the devil about 1525.

424, 425. Lit. 'Then the soul's strength will rise up to thee, as one spirit speaks to another spirit'. Selse, as in text.

Page 36.

437. Mit geheimnisvollem Erieb. 'By a mystical intuition'.- H. Turner and Morshead, as in text. 443-446 are not found in Nostradamus.

Page 38,

473. 'A cold shuddering flickers down',-H. 'There falls a horror from the vaulted roof' .- Bayard Taylor.

'Il vient un souffle de terreur d'en baut '.- Sabatier.

Page 40.

496. Ben meinem hand umwittert. 'At the hare perception of my hreath'.—H. 'Under the mere fanning of my hreath'.—Turner and Morshead. See note to l. 8.

498. Beggefrümmter. From wegfrümmen, 'to remove hy bending'; here used in a reflective sense ber Wurm bat fich wegge-

ing'; here used in frammt.—Strehlke.

Psalm cii. 26.

rummit.—Strenke.

503. Beft was substituted by Goethe in the fourth edition for 1966. Sabatier's text has here been altered accordingly.

509. Had Goethe seen the following passage which he has so vastly transcended 2—'And the most ancient word of the living God is clothed with the world as with a garment, for it has put on earth, and water, and air, and fire, and the things which proceed from the four clements'.—Philo. De Profice, xx. (tr. Yone). Cf.

Page 42.

518. Famulus: a combination of student and servant.

539. Staut: Ht. 'hrew'. 540, 541. 'And fan your ash-heaps into flame'.—Swanwick.

Page 44.

544. Lit. 'You will never bring heart to hearts'.
548. The use of the third person singular for 'you' is expressive
of superiority, or impatience, on the part of the speaker. Cf. Il.

2304, 2361, 2634, 3039, 3265, 3297.

555. 'Ye orisp the shreds of humanity'.—H. Schnife! here shreds of paper twisted up to embellish tapers, or dressed mests.—Dintzer. Strehke agrees with Dintzer in regarding it as probable that ben Menichen is in the dative case.

Page 46.

581. Cuch. Ethical dative. See note to L 122.

503. Supply life Charlescriber: the name given to certain nerole and historical puppet-plays, from which all matters of living interest were excluded. Gottached's criticism drove these tasteless and stilted productions from North Germany.
520. Life 'Who daree call the child he the right name?' Programme of the production of

589. Lat. 'Who dares call the child by the right name?' Pro

Page 48.

607. Grifferfülle mich umgab. 'All around me teemed with apirita'.-H. As Sabatier points out the plural Griffer necessary in order to combine it with Rulls, need not therefore carry a plural sense : and here it is the Earth Spirit alone who has encountered Faust. Bayard Taylor translates :

the flow.

Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest'. 613. 'That I should feel like a dwarf' .- H.

So giant-like the vision seemed, so vast,

I felt myself shrink dwarfed as I surveyed' .- Swanwick. 621. Abnunaspoll is often used with different shades of meaning. which must be gathered from the context. Cf. Il. 773, 1180, 3494, 3793. Sometimes, as in the Second Part of Faust (Act 4), the word is applied to an inanimate object, with the sense of 'ominons' or 'sinister' --

Der Sorizont bat fich verbuntelt. Rur bie und ba bebeutenb funfelt Gin rother abnungepoller Schein.

Page 50.

645. Gebeime, 'Vague'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

650, 651. 'We dread the blows we never feel, And what we never lose is yet by us lamented'.

Bayard Taylor.

Page 52.

666, Bridten, 'Bright' .- H. This epithet (not litten) is used, as Bayard Taylor remarks, antithetically to fdmer, 'heavy'.

669. Bügel, 'Bows',-H. Schröer (cited by Strehlke) defines the word as a 'stirrup-shaped handle'.

678. Rolle, 'The pulley with which he raised or lowered his lamp',-Turner and Morshead, So also Düntzer, Sabatier and Selss. But against this interpretation are Strehlke, Sohröer, Hayward, and Pradez, who remarks that it is more natural to descant on the antiquity of a parchment than on that of a pulley. 682, 685. The language here is condensed, but may perhaps be

prosaically expanded as follows :-What thou hast inherited from thy sires, earn it by use, in order truly to possess it. As Bayard Notes 35

Taylor translates,—Earn it annew, to really possess it. What one does not use is a beavy burden. It is not the permanent ownership of thy goods, but only the occasions for nsing them, brought by the passing moment, which can be so turned to account as to make thee truly possess them. Out the other hand, Turner and Morshedat take line 685 to mean:—There must be active effort of some sort to enable us to use anything profitably.

689. Umweht; lit. 'breathes around'.

Page 58.

760. Referbe. 'Chastening'.—H. Turner and Morshead, as in text.

773. Uhnungevoll. See note to 1. 621.

Page 60.

787. Lebend Erhabene: It. 'livingly sublime One'; febend being used as an sdverb, and Erhabene as a substantive.
780, 790 are thus oxpanded by Esyard Taylor:—'The bliss of

789, 790 are thus expanded by Bayard Taylor:—'The bliss of being born into the higher life to which He has ascended is scarcely less than the joy of the Divine creative activity'. As to the word Berbriuft, of. 11. 183, 346.

Page 62.

804. Prebigent is here used adverbially, like thatig and bruber-lich, which precede it.

Page 64.

832. Wir. Etbical dative. See note to line 122.

Page 66.

850. \$4rtm. 'Sing'.—M. The German word, which may mean either playing on a hardy-grady, or spinging in a monotones, drawling tone, is given the former sense, in connection with this passage, by Strablko, and by Heyron in Grimm's Worterbook. But even if it the other meaning is preferred, the right equivalent can hardly be 'sing'. Some inmbler word—say 'trono—'handla be chosen, unless the poor Beggar is to be deprived of the credit due to his modesty.

Page 68.

884. Burgen. 'Towns'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. Soz. Eserben is here used in its double sense of 'enlisting' and

892. Eserben is here used in its double sense of 'enlisting' and 'wooing'.—Turner and Morshead.

912. Bilbung. 'Production'.—H. Sabatier points out that the word here means the process of taking form:—

'Tout se transforme, germe, s'agite';

or, as Bayard Taylor puts it :-

'Everywhere form in development moveth'.

Page 70.

936. Anblinfen. 'Glance'.-H. Sanders explains the word, in connexion with this passage, as blinfend anfirablen.

Page 74.

989. Degt: lit. 'encloses'.

Page 78.

1034. Dunfifer. Three different senses have been assigned to this epithet:—"mystical," by Dintzer, and by Turner and Morsheat; sombre', by Swanwick, and by Bayard Taylor; "obscure"—i.e. in position—by Hayward, Sabatier and others. The last rendering seems best to suit the context.

seems best to suit the context.

1039. Dir [chwargt Rück: the popular name for an alchemist's
laboratory. 'Adepts' (from adipisci)—those who have attained—
is the name they gave themselves, to denote either that they had

arrived at truth, or, at any rate, were initiated in the science which led to it.—Sabatier.

toqi. Dati Slitriqy: lit. 'the autogonistic'. The rendering in the text is the ordinary one; but Selss translates the phrase—'the mpislatable medicine'. As to the rest of the passage Hayard Taylor observes that, in the jargon of alchemy, the Red Lion was cinnabar,—called a bold woor, on account of the rapid action of mercury in anadymenticy with order metals. The Lidy was a family of the control of the contr

fumes were driven from one 'bridal chamber' to another; that is, from the alembic into a glass retort. If 'the young Queen'—i.e. the sublimated compound—shen appeared with a brilliant colour (ruby or royal pauple being most esteemed) 'this was the medicine'.

Page 80.

1066. Brauchte: lit. 'would use'; imperfect subjunctive.
1072. Müft. 'Bends'.—H.
1089. Subeffen. 'But'.—H.

Page 82.

1098. Tladen. 'Marsh'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

1117. Joher Uhnen. Beings related to man, of whose spirit he partakes; not departed souls.—Düntzer.

Page 84.

1124, 1125. Lit. 'With me it should not be saleable', etc.

Page 88.

1180. Ahnungsvollem. See note to 1. 621.

Page 90.

1221. Einmal. 'For once',—H. Lebahn, as in text; referring to a similar use of the word in l, 3179. 1224. Bayard Taylor points out that, in Widmann's Veritable

1224. Bayard Taylor points out that, in Widmann's Veritable History of Dr. Faust, Mephistopheles specifies the writings of St. John among those portions of the Bible which Faust is to avoid. His attempt, therefore, to translate the first verse of the Fourth Gospel agitates the poodle, and serves to hasten his transformation.

Page 92.

1258. Clavicula Salomonis: a book of magical formulas, written originally in Hebrew, and ascribed to Solomon; of which a German edition appeared in 1686.—Sabatier.

Page 94.

1273-76. The spirits of the four elements: fire, water, air, earth. —Düntzer.

Page 96.

1290. Düntzer opines that the substitution here of the Iucubus, or house-spirit, for the Cobold, the spirit of the inner earth, is for the sake of the rhyme.

Page 98.

1334. Beelzebub, Abaddon, Satan.

Page 102.

1395. O'tubering. 'D'tube, perhaps from the same root as Druis, is the old German for wisned. A pentagam is formed by producing each side of a regular pentagou till they intersect. Its pendal efficiency by in the fact that it consists of three triangles, and is so a triple symbol of the Trinity'.—Turner and Morshead and is so a triple symbol of the Trinity'.—Turner and Morshead Abstater adult that it passed in the old German mythodogy for the imprint of the swan-footed 'Normen', and of the good 'Prouden'. After the introduction of Curistianity, these were reguled as evil spirites; and the pentagram, with the cross, became the sign traced on the door, or threshold, of a boase, to preserve the instants from on the door, or threshold, of a boase, to preserve the instants from

1398. Sanut. 'Repels'.—H. Sanders defines the word in connexion with this passage,—to bind by spell or irresistible force, to deprive of free motion, to fetter, to hold fast. Cf. ll. 1310, 1522.

Page 106.

1444. Gefühl. 'Feelings'.-H. 'The nerves of touch'.-Bayard Taylor.

1459-61. Schwantende Bengung, the swaying of the angels downwards; femende Reigung, their longing for the earth.—Düntzer. In this lullaby, everything is left purposely dreamy; the sense

being subordinate to the sound.—Turner and Morshead.

Page 112.

1521. Rommit . . . hervorgehupft. Rommen, used with a verb of movement, requires the latter to he in the past participle, though the sense is that of the present participle. See note to first stage direction, page 182.

1522. Banntr. 'Repelled'.—H. 'M'arrête'.—Sabatier. 'Holds me bound'.—Swanwick. Cf. II. 1310, 1398.

Page 114.

1563. Mengflish. 'In anguish'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.
1565. Μιφ... [φτειέτα. 'Harrow me up'.—H. 'Fray me'.
—Bayard Taylor.

Page 116.

1586. Unflang carries with it here something of the sense of the verb from which it is derived, antlingen, 'to begin to sound'; as when an instrument is first touched.

Page 118.

1607—1626. Pradez remarks that the Spirits here are not indulging in irony—which would only have exapperated Faust—but are playing the part of friendly monitors, unb liftefu english worm fic liarn (line 1141).

1610. Mächtiger. 'Violent'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. Cf. 1, 1617.

Page 120.

1652. Um Gottes willen : lit. 'for the sake of God '.

Page 122.

1671. Sinnt. 'Mood'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.
1679. Ohnr Raft. 'Volatile'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

163r. 'Skill you may, if you will, show me this fruit of yours which rots before one has time to place it, and your trees which fade so fast that they need fresh leaves every day'.—Turner and Morshead. Looper, in his second edition of the drams (1870), places a note of interrogation after each clause of the passage, from 1.1678 to 1.183.

Page 124.

1698. Zop! From the French 'tope!' Cf. l. 3634. Schlag auf Schlag; lit. 'blow on blow':=Danbfchlag gegen Danbfchlag; as when, in token of mutual fidelity to a compact between two percens, each strikes his hand in that of the other.

cons, each strikes his hand in that of the other.

1700. Bernweile both! 'Stay l'—H. But what becomes of the

1710. Bie ich bebarre: lit. 'as I continue'.

1712. Doctor[chmaus. 'Among the suppressed portions of the tragedy, one scene referred to a Doctor's dinner, at which Mephietopheles acted as waiter to Faust.'—Selss.

Page 126.

1752. Undurchbrungen; lit. 'unpenetrated'.
Page 128.

1750. See note to 1, 317.

1764. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

Page 130.

1802. The Microcosm was the term applied by Paracelsus and other myetical writere to the world of Man, as distinguished from the Universe, or Macrocosm.—Turner and Morshead.

1811. Perbeigerafft: lit. 'snatched together'.

Page 134.

1862. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

Page 136.

1903. Mephistopheles bids the Student not to allow himself to be 'diverted'—i.e. from study. The latter understands this as a warning against amusement; 3rffrenen having the same double meaning of 'distructing' and 'amusing' as its English equivalent.

Page 138.

1911. Collegium Logicum: a course of logic, 1913. Spanishe Stiefeln: instruments of torture which com-

1943. Spatitive Strephin: instruments or torure which compressed the calf of the leg. Something of the same sort is called the 'Scotch boot' in Old Mortality, ch., xxvii.

1917. 3rrlichteliren: a verb coined by Goethe from 3rrlicht.

Page 140.

1040. Encheiresin Naturae. Taking the secondary sense of the Greek word-'a mode of treatment'-the phrase might mean the treatment of natural objects by man. But it is clear both from the context and from a letter to Wackenroder, in 1832, quoted by Bayard Taylor, that Goethe here adverts to the operations of Nature considered as agent, 'We willingly allow to Nature', he writes, 'her secret Encheiresis, whereby she creates and sustains life?

1062. Schreibens : lit. 'writing'.

Page 142.

1968. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

1974-79. 'This denunciation of Law seems to resolve itself into an anathema upon the "dead hand", or intrusion of the wishes and provisions of our predecessors into social and political affairs. "Woe on thee that thou art a grandchild !" is a compendious statement of the case '. - Turner and Morshead.

Page 144.

2004. Ein fraftig Bortden: lit. 'a strong little word'.

Page 146.

2028. Unterm Out; lit, 'under the hat'.

2020. Titel : lit. 'title'. 2030. Lit. 'That your art surpasses many arts'.

2035. Schlante Bufte. The collocation of ichlante with Sufte

seems to have troubled the translators. Bayard Taylor boldly substitutes the epithet 'swelling'; Hayward, 'tapering'; whilst Swauwick cuts the knot by rendering Suffe, 'waist'. But may not Goethe have merely meant to suggest that the hip was made artificially slim by the tight lacing referred to in the next line?

Page 148.

2053. Faust is shown the 'little world' in the First Part of the drama, and the 'great world' in the Second Part .- Pradez. 2054. Durchichmarusen. 'Revel'. - H. 'Lipper'. - Sabatier.

'Schmarußen is to sponge, to live like a parasite. Faust will

sponge upon Mephistopheles for his enjoyment : i.e. he will be provided for it without any effort of his own'. - Turner and Morshead. 2067. Schrift. 'Trip' .- H. 'Pas' .- Sabatier.

Page 152.

2098. Bapft, 'a Pope', is a student's slang term for the chairman of a drinking party. Page 154.

2132 Beibe, 'Body' .- H. Selss, as in text.

Page 156.

2147. Pfeift auf bem letten lod: lit. 'pipes on the last hole'. A proverbial allusion to the holes in a wind instrument.-Grimm's Wheterhuch

Page 158.

2174. Bei einem pollen Glafe. 'In the drinking of a bumper'. -H. 'I'll set them first to drinking'.-Bayard Taylor. 2175, 2176. To 'draw the worms out of a man's nose' is proverbial

for drawing out of him his secrets := 'tirer les vers du nez à quelqu'un '.-Strehlke. 2184. Loeper, in his second edition, places a note of interrogation

after 2Bad so as to make the sense here .- 'What ! does the fellow limp?' 2190. Hans Arsch von Rippach was a nickname given by Leipzig

students to a raw bumpkin; Rippach being the last post town between Weiszenfels and Leipzig.-Düntzer. 'Hans' is used iu Germany much as 'Jack' is used among ourselves in such words as 'Jack Pudding', 'Jack-an-apes', etc. See Il, 2628, 2727.

Page 166.

2286. Understand giebt after Sola. 2293. Rannibglifc mobil: an emphatic phrase, apparently coined by Goethe, which has passed into popular use. The epithet is used by Schiller and Lessing.

2294. The phrase faumohi fein, to express the highest degree of physical enjoyment, has been used by Hegel himself (Æsthetic, iii. 560) .- Loeper. The vulgar French saying 'contents comme cochons'

corresponds to it exactly.-Sabatier. We have our English equivalent in 'pleased as pigs'.

Page 168.

2304-6. Er. See note to l. 548.

2312. Bogtifrei. The word is derived from the legal formula which declares an outlaw's body and flosh to be given up to the beasts of the field and the fourt of the air.—Strehlke.

Page 172.

2336. Eins: colloquial for Jemanb. So, in the Second Part of the drama, Faust asks of the Sphinxes: " Sat eins ber euren Sefena acfebra?" Swehlke.

Stage-direction. Merrfater (male), and Merrfate (female) : the long-tailed monkey called Cercopitheous.—Lucas.

Page 174.

2358. Philippians ii. 6.
2369. Turner and Morshead remark that to build bridges in difficult places was a familiar task for evil spirits, and cite from

the Second Part, Act 4 :-
Mein Bandrer hinft an feiner Glaubensfrude
Bum Teufelftein, jur Teufelsbrude.

Footbridges over precipices are regarded as haunted, and as the work of the dovil.—Selse.

Page 176.

2384. Schwärmen is here used in its double sense of 'wandering' and 'rioting'.—Ib. 'What time takes she for dissipating?'—Bayard Taylor.

Bayard Taylor.

2387. Abgefdmadt. 'Disgusting'.—H. 'Je n'ai jamais rien vu,
moi, d'aussi plat'.—Sabatier. Cf. ll. 2534, 3372, and (in Trüber
Tag seenol.) 1.5.

Page 180.

2439. 3nbegriff. 'Innermost essence'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. 2442. Genesis i. 31.

Page 182.

2464. 'They are contented if they can only make their lines rhyme: rhyme, they think, will ensure sense (@rbanfen)'.—Turner and Morshead.

Lat Stage-direction. Rommt . . beruntergefahren. The past par-ticiple used with fommen has the effect of a gerund. See 1, 1521 and note.

Page 184.

2490. Uferbefuß: lit. 'horse-foot'. 'The English conception of the devil gives him a split claw, the German, one selid horse's foot, while the other is like a man's. That is the reason why Siebel exclaims in scene 5 : Bad binft ber Rert auf einem Auß?'-Selsa. 2503. Sinn: lit. 'sense'.

2507. 3nd Kabelbuch geschrieben; lit. 'written in the book of fables'.

2510. Serr Baron. 'Lord Baron'.-H. The word Strr before a title is not translated in English; though in French it has an equivalent ; e.g. 'Monsieur le Baron'.

1b. So ift bie Same aut : lit. (as Bayard Taylor translates it) 'Then is the matter good'.

Page 186.

2529. 36 gonn' ibm. 'I grudge him not'.-H. Besides this negative sense, the verb often, as here, signifies 'to grant willingly'. It is a standing jest among the Germans that we have no word that conveys singly the more cordial meaning. Cf. 1, 2769,

Page 188.

2534. Mbaefcmadtefte. 'Most discusting'.-H. 'Ces iongleries absurdes à l'excès '.-Sabatier. Cf. Il. 2387, 3372.

2cc2. Ginmalting: a name given to the multiplication table.

2574. Berbrechen : lit. 'break to pieces'.

Page 100. 2581-82 refer to academical degrees, earned not without

potations. Page 194.

2617. Rura angebunden: lit. 'tied up short': a proverbial figure for answering pettishly or pertly, derived from the fact that unruly animals, tied up short for safety's sake, are apt to become all the more savage to persons approaching them .- Grimm (cited by Strehlke).

2628. Sans Lieberlich is a popular equivalent for Don Juan = 'Jean-le-mauvais-sujet'.-Sabatier. See note to 1, 2190.

Notes 367

2613. Esbefan, for Isbefam, 'worthy': an opithet which used to be applied to Manifer, just as its equivalent is often applied to magistrates among ourselves, though the two titles denote of course very different things.

2634. Er. See note to l. 548.

Page 196.

2620. Ras gebn und fieben mag: lit. 'what can go and stand'. The combination of the verb of repose (= 'stare' in Italian) with the verb of movement includes all possibilities, active and passive .-Sabatier. Selss remarks that the phrase primarily refers to infants

learning to walk and stand. 2650. Brimberium, from the French 'brimberion' = 'bauble' or 'foolery'. It is said by Littre to be derived from Brevigrium; a

connexion of ideas which would doubtless commend the word to Mephistopheles. 2654. Schimpf, 'offence',-H. The word here means 'plea-

santry', which is the primitive sense, -Düntzer. It retains this signification in some other phrases : c.a. in Schimpf unb Gruff := 'in joke and earnest'.-Selss.

2662, 'A garter of my love,'-H. Selss, as in text.

Page 108.

2672. Sin. 'Now' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

Page 200.

2697. Batertoron. 'Patriarchal throne' .- H. 'Trone paternel'. -Sobstier.

2703. Rull' is translated by Hayward, 'abundance': and by Swanwick, 'abounding grace'. Sabatier, whose own equivalent is 'joie', remarks that the meaning is not clear; that the word has been variously rendered 'peace', 'economy', content'; and that some translators have simply passed it over, 'which', he adds, 'is perbaps the best plan'. After this, any further suggestion seems rash. Still, may not the 'spirit of fulness' be that which seeks to fill up, or complete, what is defective? For if so, it might well, in combination with the 'spirit of order', inspire Gretchen to make the most of her meagre surroundings by the methods which gratified Faust.

2706. Sraufein: lit. 'ourl'. Selss, as in text.

2712. Gingebornen. Both Birds and Swanwick render the word

'embryo'. Turner and Morshead give 'incarnate'. The opithet in the text, which is used by Selss, implies simply that Gretchen's angelic qualities were inborn : a sense favoured by Buchheim's 'angel from birth'.

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2727. Der große Bane, more commonly Großhane, means here an insolent braggart.-Düntzer. Große Sanfen is an obsolescent term for great personages, as distinguished from Kleinbanien, 'petites gens'.-Sabatier. See note to I. 2190.

2734. Euch. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

2737. 3mar. 'But'.-H. 'True'.-Bayard Taylor. The word, says Sabatier, has not here the usual disjunctive sense, but the corroborative etymological sense, 'it is true', 'en effet',

2740, Süffernbeit, 'Covetousness',-H. Selss, as in text.

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2769. Gönnt. See note to line 2529.

2779. Stilrzen. 'Splash'.-H. 'Plunging'.-Bayard Taylor. Trinten : lit. 'drink'. 2781. Thaten, provincial for thaten. See note to l. 385. Cf.

11. 2869, 2870.

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2806. Daß ich's fluchen founte : lit. 'that I might curse it '. Es, as Selss remarks, is a cognate accusative here.

Page 210. 2824. Befangt, 'Ensnares',-H. 'Trouble',-Sabatier, = beunrubigt, beffemmt,-Strehlke. For the second of these senses, see

1. 3818. 2828. Salt for ich haltt; a common interjection in South Germany .- Düntzer.

283c. Revelation xxi. 7.

2844. Ofifferlinge: lit. 'mushrooms'. Proverbial term for anything worthless. Es ift feinen Bufferling werth ; 'it is not worth a mah?

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2850. Looper places a comma after Sep, and again after Zenfel; but without apparent reason. Bie Brei: lit. 'like pap '.

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2862. Berpufft. 'Puffs away' .-- H. The word denotes the useless expenditure of ammunition, -- Strehlke. 2863. Euch. Ethical dative. See note to 1. 122.

2869, 2870, Ebat. See note te l. 2781.

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2013. Er. See note to l. 548.

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2970. Euch. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

2982. Rapel. Apud Italos 'Mal de Naples', vicissim 'malo Francese', et apud Germanes, 'Franzosen Krankheit' - aut brovius, 'die Franzosen'-appellatur. Itidem olim apud Angles : v. Shakespeare (Ancient Pistel), Henry Fifth, v. 1.

Page 222. 2001. Riffrie: lit. 'should take aim'.

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3028, Bei Rachbard Marthen - bei Rachbar Martheu's Saufe. It is a popular abbreviation for bei ber Rachbarin Marthe. The 2nd to the 7th editions had Nachbar': the apestrephe etanding instead of the feminine termination.

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3032. Dienft: lit. 'service'.

3034. Ausgeredte, for ausgeftredte, -- Strehlke.

3037. Darum ift's nicht zu thun; an idiomatic phrase, with three senses :- (1) 'that's not the point' : (2) 'that's not the object': (3) 'there's no need of that'.

3039. Er. See note to 1. 548.

2040. Da mar't ibr's nun! 'There you are'!-- H. 'Là vrai. le ceriez vous !'-Sabatier. The meaning seems to be : Da, 'in that case '-i.e. affected by that ecruple-yeu would indeed be a saint ! Düntzer expands ba into Menn ibr in Gruff barauf beffanbet.

3047. 'Leeking fairly at the real nature of thinge'.-H. 'Deecendez dans vetre conscience '.- Sabatier.

3051. Lit. 'Yes, if one did not know a little deeper'.

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3074. 'Is condescending, to make me blush', -- H. Bayard

Taylor, as in text. Salatier points out that y is not equivalent here to my yı, and therefore does not make leftfedimen depend as an infinitive on figent or legralified. Gretches is not suggesting that "Past condiscends in order to confine her; for, like the Italian "per", yı merely indicates that his condescendence is the cause of the confusion. Originally, in the Itayaft, the phrase stool,—, bife yım sefejmen." Gerişt's gang in nripringlight Gefalt (Eric Schmidt), 1, 202.

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3083. Bas agrees with alles. Cf. Il. 3211, 3212.

3092. Schleifen. 'Sneak'.—H. Sanders interprets the word in connexion with this passage,—'to drag oneself on, to move slowly and with offert'.

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3122. Liebe Roth. For another instance of this ironical use of liebe, see l. 4090.
3131. Bürmden; lit. 'little worm'. A common pet name for

3131. Bürmden: lit. 'little worm'. A common pet name for

Page 234.

3143. Tangeint. 'Dandling'.—H. 'Et danser par la chambre, eu rond, pour l'apaiser'.—Sabatier. 3145. Derb; lit. 'hearth'.

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3176. Begonnte: provincial for begann.

3179. Einmal. Of. 1. 1221.

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3211, 3212. Bas . . . alles. See note to 1. 3083.

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227-226. Cities have remarked that if this great invecation is addressed to the Barth Spirit, as the words 'turned to me thy face in fire' seem to imply, the pinnes 'thou gav'nt me all I saked 'doo not tally with our recollection that Sant has received nothing but a robult. Now, on the same supposition, do the words 'thou gavent me the compassion,' etc. agree with the Prologue in Haveau, where Mephitschules is assigned to Fassi, not by the Earth Spirit, but by 'the Earth'. On the other hand, if the invocation must be taken

as addressed to the Almighty, not only are the words 'turned to me thy face in fire ' obscure, but the expression 'thou gavest me the companion,' etc. conflicts with the tone of all the convergations between Fanst and Mephistopheles. Nowhere is the tempter recognised by the temptod as cent by God; nor indeed could the Boing, or Entity, adumbrated in lines 3432-3453, he conceived as giving such a commission. The only light thrown on the difficulty is to be found in the chronology of the composition of the drama. Though no portion of the 'Forest and Cavern' scene was contained in the Urfauft, which Goothe took with him to Weimar in 1775, the whole appeared in the 'Fragment' of 1790; when the Earth Spirit was to have taken a much more active part in the uncompleted portion of the play than was ultimately assigned to him. Amongst other things, he was intended, easy Dr. Selss, to dissuade Faust from drinking the poisou 'by promising to delegate to him a ministering spirit, viz. Mephistopheles.' When, however, seven years later, the Prologue in Heaven was added-entirely changing the plot-the part assigned to the Earth Spirit was reduced to its present dimensions; but without any corresponding modifications either of the invocation, or of lines 20-25, 44-47 in the Erüber Eag scene, Afterwards, the 'Forest and Cavern' scene was shifted from its original place, next after Gretchen's dialogne with Lieschen, to where it now etands : a change which has been attributed to a desire on the part of the post to represent Faust as making one last etrugglo before yielding to temptation. But if so, here again the requisite modifications were not made; for lines 3249, 3250, and the passage commencing with line 3345, irresietibly anggest that poor Gretchen had already fallen. Still, in spite of these dramatic incongruities, such is the intrinsic beauty of the 'Forest and Cavern' scene, that there is probably no reader of 'Faust' who would wish a single line of it away.

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3254. Renen, for Renem, to sait the rhyme. - Pradez.

3273. Brfiften is interpreted by Sanders in connexion with this passage,—'to sit and squat continually, to one's own detriment'—the doom of Theseus in a single word (Am. vi. 617, 618)!

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3297. Er. See note to line 548.

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3305. Lit. 'You come not at all out of her thought'.

3310. Seicht. 'Dry' .-- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

3313. Afferiumge Slut. The words affe and Grasaffe are often used by Goethe as bantering names for girls. With regard to the epithet gras, the train of ideas, according to Sanders, is 'grass',

'green', 'unripe', 'young'. Cf. L 3521.

335. Geft! bef ich bich fangt! 'Now I have trapped you!"

H. Geft, present subjunctive of geftrn, 'to be equivalent'. Bad
gift bit Bettit? = What will you bet? Geft! has now come to
mean, 'am I not right?' -to convey, in short, a strong assertion
that the speaker is right.

Page 250. 2334. Scott. 'Already'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

3334. Song of Solomon iv. 5.

3341. 'Setlbi is best understood here as an advorbial amplification of aud.'-Selss.

3352. Kinblid; used adverbially. Dumpfen; lit. 'dull'.

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3364, 3365. The alternative of marrying Gretchen, says Prader, onto open to Faust, since, according to the legend, it was excluded by the fifth and last clause of his compact with Mephistopheles. 3369. Lit 'It imagines at once the end'.

3369. Lit. 'It imagines at once the end'.
3376. Sie, agreeing with Muhr, and not with Orra, escapes the

formal ambiguity of 'it' in the translation.
3385. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

33.3.

Page 256. 2414. Sobann was the traditional name of Faust.

3419. Lieben is here the plural of lieb used as a substantive.

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3467. Schief; lit. 'oblique'.

3483. Sauge: lit. 'screech-owls', 3491. 3n beinem Arm. 'In thy arms'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. 3492. Hingegeben warm : lit. 'yieldingly warm'. 3494. Ahnungevoller. See note to 1. 621.

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3511. Drif Evopfen unt. There is no need to suppose that, had the portion been thus limited, it would have been more baneful than a common sleeping draught. But we are left to imagine that poor Gretchen failed to gather from Faust's words that snow than 'three drops' would be dangerous; and that hence, either from carelessness, unskilfulness, or a desire to ensure a soportife effect, she immentally administered a larger, and deadly lose.—Pradez.

3521. Grasaff'. See note to 1. 3313.

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3523. Burben. Titles are often used with the plural verb in German.

3527. Roigt er und: lit. 'he will follow us'; not in the senso of pursuing, but of being led.

355.6. Spitigétur. Dintare, on the strength of other compounds beginning with Spiti, interprets this word of Gotchie's own coining as an 'ofspring which mocks'. Strukhke, on the strength of other compounds ending with Glefur; interprets it as an 'ofspring exciting mockery's Spiti errors for General Control of the two, is dramatically the most effective. Control of the two, is dramatically the most effective of the Control of the Control

Swanwick, as in text.

Page 266. 3547. Sat fich betbort=bat fich betboren Taffen; lit, 'has let

herself be fooled'.

3551. Lit. 'So has it rightly happened to her at last'.

3560. Gefchled - fortwährenbes Schleden. Sandors, citing the line.

3572. Lit. 'Has air enough still elsewhere'.

Page 268. 3575, 3576. Formerly, in Germany, when a girl married whose

virtue was strongly suspected, the young people of the place tore off her nuptial wreath, and replaced it with a garland of straw. On the eve of the marriage, chopped straw was strewed before her door.—Sabatier.

3578, That, See note to 1, 2781,

Bivinger: the space between the town wall and the first parallel row of gardons, courts, and houses.—Düntzer.

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3597, 3598. Bühlet . . . mir im Sebein: lit. 'rages in my bones'. 3607. Berbricht: lit. 'breaks to pieces'.

3007. Seroring: ht. breaks to pieces

Page 272. 3630. Alles nach feiner Art! lit. 'Everything in its way!'

3633. Lit. 'Reaches, or offers, water to my sister'.
3638, 3639. A proverbial expression applied to desperate persons
who can find no exit to escape by.—Sabatier.

3648. Lit. 'If it is he, I'll seize him by the skin at once'.

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3659. Rammelei - Die Brunft rammelnber Thiere .- Sanders, citing this line.

3660. Spuft: lit. 'haunts'.

3664. It was a popular belief that buried treasures rose gradually of their own accord, and at the end of seven, or, as some said, of a bundred years, reached the surface. If not then recovered, they asak again into the earth. Their presence was indicated by lovering flame, and they resembled glowing coals, or red gold in a brewer's kettle.—Distage. Cf. Il 4350, 4390.

3669, Eöwentþafer. 'Lion-dollara are of Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of Louvain (in German, Eönen, lion), in Bmbant, where they were first struck, and from the figure of a lion on the obverse... their value is about eighty-fire cents'.—Bayard Taylor.

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3682. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122. The first verse was avowedly imitated from Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*, iv. 5.

3698. Beim Efement! lit. 'by the element!' i.e. by the consecrated element in the Eucharist.—Sanders. It is, however, a common oath which has lost its special significance.

3699. Rattenfänger, taken in connexion with todft, seems to refer to the legend immortalised by Browning in the Piper of Handin.

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3706. Alebermifch : from flebern, 'to dust', and Bifch, 'a whisk'; =a duster of goose-wing, or other feathers, for cleaning furniture, and is a cant name for 'sword '.

3737. Dran fommen : lit. 'will come to it'.

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3765. Eäftrung. 'Slander' .- H. Selss, as in text.

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3767. Schänblich is here used adverbially.

3769. Reiche Dag for in reichem Dage. 3775. Bray : used as predicate to Solbat.

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Stage-direction. In the Hrfauft, after 'Dom', come the words 'Erequien ber Mutter Gretgens'. 3779. Berariffnen : lit, 'held the wrong way'.

3788. Prin. 'Pain'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. This is the first intimation that the sleeping draught which Gretchen consented to give her mother had proved fatal.

3790, 3791. Unter beinem Bergen regt fich's nicht. 'It is common in Germany to say, " Sie tragt bas Pfant ber Liebe unter ihrem Dergen: "= 'Sho bears the pledge of love under her heart'. Thus Schiller, in Die Kindesmorderin : "Richt bas Anablein unter meinem

hergen ?"-Hayward. 3793. Abunnaspoller. See note to l. 621.

3798. 'Dies irm'. This chant, from the Roman Masses for the

Dead, is ascribed to Thomas de Celano, who died 1226. Scott quotes it in the Law of the Last Minstrel, c. vi. st. 30. 3800. Grimm, 'Horror',-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text,

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3806. Mufgefdaffen means here, says Strehike, 'restored to life'; the verb is used in the same sense by Klopstock.

3818. Befangen. For a cognato use of the word, see 1, 2824, and noto

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3834. 'The original word Riafthten means simply a phial; but it is evidently the neighbour's pocket-flagon of smelling salts for which Margaret asks . . . Mr. Taylor of Norwich, in his Historic Survey of German Poetry (London 1830), says "Your dram-bottle!" —Bayard Taylor. Here the first Fragmont of Faust, published in 1790, ended.

Balburaid-nacht. 'The title and character', says Bayard

Taylor, 'of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willihald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eightb century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and. after the extirnation of the old Teutonic faith, became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Insamuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken -or Blocksherg-naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary'.

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3863. Er. See note to l. 548.

3871-3911. The critics have conjecturally assigned the first and fourth of these strophes to Mephistopheles, the third and fifth to Faust, and the second to the Will o' the Wisp.

3876. Sep'. 'See'.—H. Sep'=ith febe.—Düntzer. The imperative would, of course, be fifth or febt.

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3888. Saffet wieber : lit. 're-echoes'.

390.5 mintendirure here—Sebamidirulmer.—Strehiko. As is well-known, it is only the sails of the flow-were (Lampris Necilluca) which is winged, and, though not so phosphoroscent as the emals, it may occusionally be called, by poetic lisence, sir-edy, 'It has often been said that the female alose is luminous. This, however, is an error, as I have caught numbers of these bestless of both sears, and always found that the sailes were gifted with the many control of the sail of the sail of the sail of the sail of the much sailed except than their mates, the light looking like two much sailed except than their mates, the light looking like two small pins' heads of phosphorus upon the end of the tail'.—Wood's Nat. History, iii. p. 472.

3905. Bum vermirrenben Geleite : lit. 'so as to form a bewildoring excort'.

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3919. Bittert. See note to l. 8.

3921. Flor: lit. 'gauze'. 3927. Berringelt. 'Seatters'.—H. Selss, as in text.

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3950. Rfüfte. 'Cliffs'.-H. Birds, as in text.

3951 Efifte: lit. 'airs'.

3959. Derr Urian is a general name for anyone whom one cannot, or will not, mention. In the form of "Meister Urian", it is a

euphemism for the devil.—Düntzer.
3961. 'In Aristophanic language, the witch περδέται, the he-goat

κιναβρά'.—Hayward.
3962. Baubo: the nurse who, by her indecent pranks, amused

Demeter when in search of Persephone.

3955. Engeführt. Past participle for emphatic imperative. See
1 4323

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3977. Pradez sees here 'le funeste résultat d'efforts outrés' on the part of a witch 'en état de grossesse avancée'.

3987-3989. 'A reference to those easthetic critics who can produce nothing, but are yet always ready to point out the faults of others'.

—Turner and Morshead.

3996-3999. 'This can only mean Science (more than three hundred years had clapsed since the so-called revival of the Sciences), which cannot make satisfactory progress, because it is hampored by pedantry and the narrowness (fixing) of the schools'.—Dintzer.

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4004-4007. 'Mediocrities which have enough ambition to make them dissatisfied with their natural sphere, but not enough talent to enable them to compete successfully with more gifted minds', —Turner and Morshead.

4008. Safet. After smearing herself with witch-salve, the witch was supposed to travel to the Blocksberg in a kneading trough.
—Düntzer.

4016. Ruicht for ruichelt.-Strehlke.

4023. Boland, more anciently, "Solant". The word means 'seducer', or the Evil One.—Düntzer.

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4090. Eifer. Cf. L 3122.
4095. Sabatier here detects a pun; Rrige meaning 'decline' or 'wane', as well as 'lees' or 'dregs'.

4110, 4115. Mir. Ethical dativo. See note to l. 122.

4112. Berieg': third person singular, present subjunctive, for imperative.

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419. Elfff, According to the legend, Adam and his first wife were literally one disch, heigh both 'rjoined tegether by the back'. The tie proved too close for conjugal peace, and was eventually severed. But, even with a separate body. Liftis went verong, some constant of the provided o

4126. Das is used contemptuously.

4130. Cf. Goethe's ballad Der Müllerin Verrath, St. 3, 1. 2.
4136-43. 'The manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin contains the completed lines as written by Goethe. They are neither better nor woree than many passages in Shakespeare, luving the coarseness.

without the wit, of Rahelais; hence the reader gains rather than loses by the omission .—Bayaral Taylor. They are given by Prades, 4144, 9troftophantafmid. From *pser*ie, anus, and debracepa, apactrum. Meant for Nicolai, the Berlin publisher, an assailant of the Romantic school. Attacked hy a malady in which he was visited by apparitions, he was oured by applying leeches to the end of his spine.—Bayard Taylor. See Il. 4267, 4319.

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4157. Begrüßen. Here used in its second sense of asking per-

mission. Grimm's Worterbuck.
4161. Tegel: a emall village near Berlin, said to have been

haunted in 1797.

4167. Erertiren. May not the word in the first draft have poscibly been written erertiren? It would suit the context perfectly. 4169. The allusion is to Nicolai's account of his journey through Germany and Switzerland, in twelve volumes.

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4190. βbol, 'Idol'.—H. The word here means 'phantom'—
είδωλον.—Düntzer.

4192. Starren. 'Chill'.—H. Birds, as in text. The verbal correspondence between this epithet and erflarri—'grows etiff'—has been emulated by Sabatier in the paraphrase,—

'Ces yeux glacés vous glacent votre sang.'

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4211. Brater: the public park of Vienna.

4214. Serbibilis; 'eupernumerary'.

4221. To wish a man at the Blooksberg was to wish him very far off.—Düntzer.

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4224. Mieding was the stage-decorator of the Court theatre at Weimar, and a great favourite of Goethe, who wrote a poem on his death. 4229. Der Streit. The allusion is to the quarrel between Oberon and Titania in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream; whence also the characters—or rather, the names—of Puck and Ariel are borrowed.

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4249. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.
4251. The Orchestra must either be the crowd of literary aspirants,

42)1. The Orientest's mass enter we me crown to interray aspirates, who, like insects, keep up a perpetual piping and humming, or the chorus of followers surrounding the literary celebrities of the time, and repeating their several views with a shrill, persistent iteration.—Bayard Taylor.

—Bayard Taylor.
4259. Goethe here ridicules those botching poetasters who, with-

out an idea that every living poem must flow spontaneously from within as an organic whole, tack and stitch rhymes together, and thus produce malformations which they attempt to pass off as creations of beauty.—Düntzer.

4263. The union of had music and commonplace poetry.—Düntzer. 4267. Nicolai. See note to I. 4144.

4271. Count F. Stelberg; who had attacked Schiller's poem, The Gods of Greece, as atheistical.

4275. Not clearly identified. Ergreife. 'Catch'.-H. Turner and Morshead, as in text.

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4279. Said to be meant for Josehim Campe.

4292. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1. 122.

4295, 4299. The 'Weathercocks' are supposed to be the Counts Stolberg, who, from being disciples of the Ciurm und Drang school,

veered round to the opposite extreme of prudery.
4296. Brante. 'Brides'.-H. Selss, as in text.
4303. Etnien: the name (borrowed from Martial's Xenia) given

4303. Ætnitn: the name (borrowed from Martial's Xenia) given to a collection of epigrams aimed by Goethe and Schiller at their literary autagonists.

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4307. Sennings: the Danish Chancellor, who had assailed Goethe and Schiller in his journal, Der Genius der Zeit. Another of his journals, Musaget, was intended to rival the Musenalmanach.

4315. Again Hennings. He claimed in his journal to assign to every poet his due place on Parnassus. He is called a 'ci-devant genius' because his paper was already extinct; not having survived its sixth number.

its sixth number,
4319. 'The "Inquisitivo Traveller" is again intended for Nicolai
under bis other character of a Jesuit-hunter,'—Turner and Mors-

head. See note to l. 4144.

4323. Lavater, whose gait was compared by Goethe, in writing to
Eckermann. to that of a crane.—Bayard Taylor.

4327. Supposed to be meant by Goethe for himself.

4327. Supposed to be meant by Goethe for himself.
4331. 'The neare &por is that of the philosophers, whose various
notes turn out, on pearer acquaintance, to be as monotonous as the

booming of bitterns.'—Turner and Morshead.

4333. Ungeffört: past participle, for emphatic imperative. See
1. 2065.

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4335, 4337. Lupft and bupft; old forms of lüpft and bupft.

4339. Looper rejects the view adopted by Bayard Taylor that fitefer is merely a student's term for a 'good fellow', and connects it with the verb fitefin, 'to fiddle'.

4343. Sabatier observes that, before Kant, the recognized philosophy was that of Wolf; and that either one of his disciples or himsolf is personlifed by "Dogmatifer;" who proves the existence of the devil by the outological argument used by the Cartesians to prove the existence of God.

4337. Fickte, in his first period, held that all the reality of the ron-ego' is derived from the 'ego'. Dinter tells how Goethe remarked, on hearing that the philosopher's windows had been broken by some students, that this must be a most unpleasant way of becoming convinced of the existence of a 'Nos-me' external to the 'Me'.—Therme and Morshead.

4351. The empirical sehool was a ramification from that of Wolf. Loeper given the little-known name of Garve as its representative.—Sabatier. "The "Realist", who was bound to accept all phenomens are rad, is staggered by what ho sees, and begins to doubt the truth of his philosophy if it depends upon accepting all around him as attaully vicients."—Thruse rand Morshead.

4355. Jacobi.

4359. See note to l. 3664. The school of Hume was represented in Germany by the Jew Maimon and by Schulze.—Sabatier,

4361. That is: Butiful alone rhymes to Etuful; therefore my logical position is sound in doubting both bad and good spirits.

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4357, 4374. Turning from philosophy to polities, 'the Adroit' are those who, like the Viear of Bary, know how to take care of the selves, however circumstances may alter; while 'the Awkward', who were able to liye the like of parasites under the old system; are quite ineapable of falling in with the new.—Turner and Morshead. 4377. Political parvenus thrown to the surface by the French

Revolution.
4376. 'From which we are just sprung'.—H. 'Where we originated'.—Bayard Taylor. 'D'oh tous nous primes l'être'.—

Sabatier.

4379. Supposed to represent the French emigrés, many of whom

4379. Supposed to represent the French enigres, many of whom Goethe had met, and held in seant esteem.—Sabatier. 4381. Bayard Taylor suggests that 'the Massive Ones' are pro-

bably meant for the writers of the Romantic school, with their exaggerated manner. 'In Goethe's dithyrambic "German Parnassus", he thus describes the crush and onset of the masses of rude literary aspirants:—

"Ah, the bushes down are trodden!
Ah, the blossoms erushed and sodden

'Neath the footsteps of the brood: Who shall brave their angry mood?"

On the other hand, Düntzer holds that the allusion is to the turbulont masses of the French Revolution; but, as Sabatier remarks,—'le quatrain de Goethe serait en ce cas bien anodin et peu charactéristique'.

4390. Der Derbe. The epithet was perhaps suggested by the words of the fairy in Midsummer Night's Dream, when taking leave of Puck:—"Farewell, thou lob of spirits!"—Bayard Taylor.

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Gloomy Day. A Plain. A considerable time must be supposed to have elapsed between this and the Broeken scene. During the interval, Margaret has given hirth to a child, which she has drowned; and she is now under sentence of death for infanticide. 20, 21. Illentififer Geiff. See note to II. 2217.3250.

37. Herrichnappt. The phrase is applied to a bolt, or other object, which, on the breaking of the spring that propels it, is driven beyond its proper limit.—Sabatier.

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43. Bittifet. 'Gnash'.—H. Anster, as in text. Mephistopheles is grinning with scorn, not gnashing (Inirféend) his teeth in fary. Originally the verb used was bidét (bitet), which means the same as fittifet. See Grette's Routifet (in 187).

44. Großer, herrlicher Geift. See note to lines 3217-3250.

47. Sid lett. 'Battens'.-H. Swanwick, as in text.

Page 334. 4399. Beben. 'Weaving'.-H. Sanders, citing this line, interprets the verb :--Eimas wirfend ichaffen, berborbringen. Sabatier

translates it 'Que font-lis' and remarks that the English 'weave' gives only one of the two senses attached to the term, dropping that which is the most natural here; viz., the idea of undetermined action. Cf. II. 1119, 2715, 3449.

Rabenfirin was the old German word for a height, enclosed with circular walls, where executions took place.—Düntzer.

4402. Derengunft. 'A witches' company'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

4411. Bogert ben Tob beran ; lit. 'lingers denth hither'.

4412-4420. 'The song', says Hayward, 'is founded on a popular

German story, to be found in the Kinder- and Haus-Mürchen of the distinguished brothers Grimm, under the title of 'Von dem Machandelboom [Baum]', and in the English selection from that work entitled German Popular Stories, under the title of The Juniper Tree. The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a inniper tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little hoy as white as snow and as red as blood is born; the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is huried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villainy, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and huries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out Rose Tree '.

of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song:—

Din Mober be mi flacht't,

Min Baber be mi att, Din Swefter be Marleenfen

Gocht alle meine Beeniten, Und bindt fie in een fpben Doot,

Lagte unner ben Dachanbelboom;

Rywitt! Rywitt! ach watt en fcon Bogel bin ich!'

It is, however, a common European fairy tale. The English foru may be found in Mr. Jacobs' English Fairy Tales, entitled 'The

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Stage Direction. Dinwalgent. 'Throwing' .- H. Anster, as in text.

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4449. Gin aftet Märden: the 'old tale' here is that referred to in Gretchen's song. See note to II. 4412-4420.

a 4467. Rappen: high Gorman for Rappern, 'to gnash with the teeth', and is so used by Luther in translating Matt. viii. 12.

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